Gospel Praise Book

COMPLETE EDITION

BY

A. S. A. HULL

Nellie S. Young.

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GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE GEMS OF SACRED SONG

SUITABLE FOR

Church Service, Gospel Praise Meetings,

AND

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

BY

ASA HULL,

Author of "Garlands of Praise," "Wreath of Praise," "Gem of Gems," "Jewels of Praise," "Hull's Chorus Book," etc., etc.

COMPLETE EDITION.

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PREFACE.

GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK, having grown to the respectable size of 320 pages, can no longer be considered a "*little volume.*" To the original edition of 128 pages there have been two additions, but the "*Complete Edition,*" as it now stands, will not be disturbed by further changes. As a Sunday School Hymn and Tune Book, the "*Enlarged Edition*" proved a success wherever used for that purpose. For Prayer and Praise Meetings it has been universally pronounced ahead of anything in the market, and a large number of Churches have found it to be a first-class *Congregational* Hymn and Tune Book, and are still using it as such with great pleasure and profit. It needs to be used in order to be fully appreciated, and those who use it for Sunday School, Prayer Meeting and Church combined, are the most enthusiastic over it.

The last addition of 64 pages has greatly strengthened the book, both in old and new music—particularly in the choice new pieces introduced. The great element of strength in *Gospel Praise Book* is the very large number of valuable copyrighted pieces which are only found in our books. Some of them have already arrived at a good, respectable age, yet they are as fresh as when first issued, and their popularity has grown rather than diminished with age and use.

The union of life and buoyancy with strength and adaptability is so perfect that those who use the book become more and more attached to it as they become familiar with it. We submit this, the "COMPLETE EDITION OF GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK" to the consideration of a generous public, thanking our patrons for the many words of encouragement so kindly extended to us in the past, hoping to find new friends in the future who will be as much pleased and benefited through its use as others have been in using the former editions.

ASA HULL.

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ASA HULL.

GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK.

THE RIVEN ROCK.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Be - hold the Rock, the smit - ten Rock! With-in its rift - ed side
I've found a bless - ed ref - uge, where I may se - cure - ly hide.

2. Tho' thund'ring Si - nai's ter - rors sound Ap - pall - ing to the ear,
Con-cealed with-in the cleft, I'm safe: No dan - ger will I fear.

CHORUS.

O, the Rock, the Rock, the riv - en Rock! My Sav-iour cru - ci - fied;

No oth - er shel - ter is se - cure But Je - sus' wounded side.

3.

Jesus, dear refuge of my soul!
My hope, my joy, my rest;
Confiding in Thy changeless love,
I am supremely blest.
Chorus.—O, the Rock, etc.

4.

My peace, unbroken by life's storms,
While I in Christ abide,
My spirit rests in sweetest calm,
As in the Cleft I hide.
Chorus.—O, the Rock, etc.

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COME, O COME TO JESUS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. I have found the Sav-iour precious, He has fill'd my soul with cheer;
2. I have found the Sav-iour precious, He is fair - est of the fair;

I have found Him kind and gracious, And would tell it far and near.
He is chief a - mong ten-thousand, O that all His grace may share.

CHORUS.

Come, O come,.... ... dear friends, to Je - - sus, Since His
Come, O come, dear friends, to Je-sus, Come, O come, dear friends, to Jesus, Since His

love..... is full and free; In His hand..... is life e -
love is full and free, is life e - ter - nal, is

ter - nal, There's e - nough..... for you and me.....
life e - ter - nal, There's e-nough for you and me, yes, e-nough for you and me.

for you and me.....

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Music by G. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern-ing,

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn-ing.

CHORUS.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. *Cho.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our [home,
Forever, O, forever! *Cho.*

CONCLUSION OF **COME, O COME**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 I have found the Saviour precious,
Never failing in my need;
For my hungry soul providing,
Jesus is a friend indeed.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.

4 I have found the Saviour precious,
Rock of ages, cleft for all;
O then find that place of safety,
For there's room for great and small.
Chorus.—Come, O come, etc.

BEAUTIFUL STAR, SHINE ON.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.

1. On storm - y seas I sail my bark, Nor fear for once the bil-lows dark;
2. In dark - est night, when all is drear, For that bright Star my bark I steer;

For streaming from the skies a - far Shines out the bright, the morning star.
Its rays out-shine the sil - ver moon, And bright-er yet than gold-en noon.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

Shine on,..... shine on,..... shine on, O beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful star;
Shine on,..... shine on,

Shine on,..... shine on,.... shine on, O beau-ti-ful star.....
Shine on,..... shine on, O beau-ti-ful star.

3 When on the crested wave I'm borne,
Amid the tumult of the storm;
Or, when the sea is calm and still,
'Tis by that light I read God's will.
Chorus.—Shine on, etc.

4 Beyond the main a joyous band
Is waiting on the shining strand,
To welcome to that peaceful shore
My little bark, its perils o'er.
Chorus.—Shine on, etc.

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TAKE THE FORT.

Words by Rev. T. J. Shelton. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Come and join the march for glo - ry, Bear a no - ble part;
2. Take the Bi - ble precious treas - ure, Faith shall be our shield;

Bring the bless - ed "old, old sto - ry," Home to ev - 'ry heart.
Fol - low Je - sus, do His pleas - ure, Nev - er, nev - er yield.

CHORUS.

Take the fort..... of sin and darkness, Je - sus leads us on;.....
take the fort on, leads us on;

Take the fort ..... for Christ our Saviour, And win a star - ry crown.
take the fort

3 Take the helmet of Salvation,
And the Spirit's Sword;
Bear the truth to ev'ry nation,—
Battle for the Lord.
Cho.—Take the fort, etc.

4 God of battles will defend us,
To our help will come;
Angel guards will e'er attend us,
And conduct us home.
Cho.—Take the fort, etc.

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THE CITY OF GOD.

Words by NEWTON. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose?

He, whose word can - not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a-bode.
With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

CHORUS.

Zi - on, Zi - on, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
beau-ti-ful, beauti - ful Zi - on,

He, whose word can - not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a-bode.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.

4 He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

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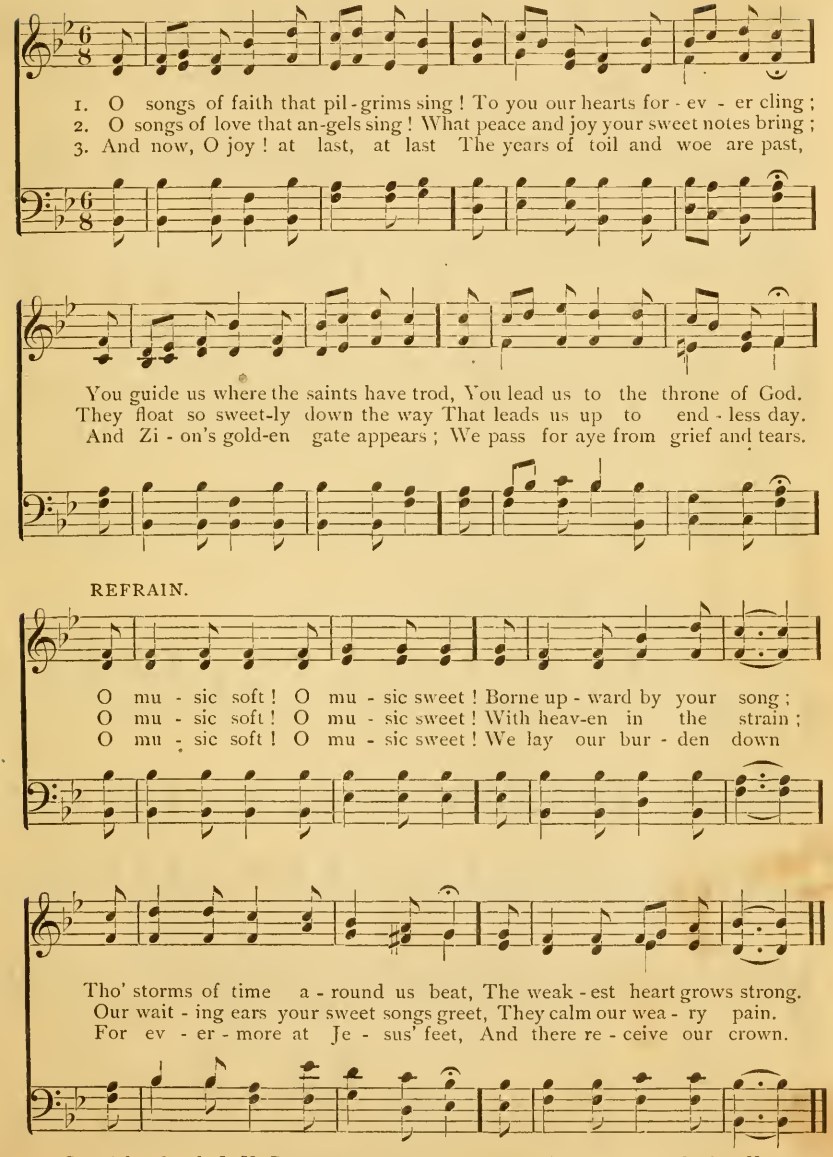
Words by FANNY CHURCH. Music by J. H. TENNEY. Arranged.



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MOUNT OF BLESSING.

Words by EDGAR PAGE. Music by ASA HULL.

1. I've been up the Mount with my Lord to-day, In blessed commun ion a-
2. He told of His own, His most gracious love, And pleasures prepared for
3. He then brought me down by the waters still, To the flow-'ry vale where the

long the way; Tho' He is a King and of roy- al birth, He deigns to lift me a-bove; My heart was a-glow with His blessed word, Because of the song-birds trill; In the pastures green I was led a-long, Till my soul was

Ritard. CHORUS.

up.... the weak ones of earth. O it is a glo-rious place to be, And pres - ence of Christ my Lord. filled with joy and with song.

O what a won-der it is to me, That my Saviour goes with me as I

Ritard.

jour - ney a - long, And fills my soul with joy and with song.

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CLOSER TO THEE.

Revised and Harmonized by Asa Hull.

Words and Melody by Rev. E. H. Long.

Moderato.

1. Draw me, Sav-iour, near-er, Near-er and near-er to Thee;
2. As the ea-gles soar-ing, High-er and high-er as-cend,

Let me see still clear-er, All Thy love for me.
Thus, while Thee a-dor-ing, Up-ward I would tend.

Freed from self, and whol-ly Thine, Let me in Thy beau-ty shine;
Far from earth and sin a-way, Near-er heav-en's per-fect day;

Rit.

While I sing, O, may I be Drawn still clos-er, clos-er to Thee,
E-ven now, O, may I be Drawn still clos-er, clos-er to Thee,

A tempo.

Clos-er, clos-er, clos-er to Thee.
Clos-er, clos-er, clos-er to Thee.

3 As the river flowing
Daily draws nearer the sea,
Thus may I keep going,
Till I'm lost in Thee.
E'er advance and grow in grace,
Till I see Thee face to face;
Then I'll sing eternally,
Drawn still closer, closer to Thee,
Closer, closer, closer to Thee.

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SING ON, SING SWEETLY ON.

Words by Rev. J. Milton Akers. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Sing on, my soul, thy mission prove, Sing sweet-ly on that song of love;
2. Sing on, my soul, the glad re-frain, Thy mis-sion can - not prove in vain;

Up - hold the right, condemn the wrong, And triumph by the pow'r of song.
Sing out the false in heart and mind, Sing er - rors out of ev - 'ry kind.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

Sing on,..... sing on,..... sing on, my soul, sing sweetly
Sing on, sing sweet-ly on, Sing on, sing sweet-ly on,

on; Sing on,.... ..... sing on,..... Till
on, sing sweet-ly on; Sing on, sing sweet-ly on, Sing on, sing sweet-ly on,

all of sin and self has gone.
has gone.

3 Sing in the beautiful and true,
O sing that song forever new;
Sing in the reign of faith and love,
Sing sweetly on, thy mission prove.

4 Sing out the grov'ling and the low,
Sing vices out that ever grow;
Sing in the pure, the noble, high,
Sing graces in that never die.

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BOUNDLESS LOVE.

Words by E. J. Coffin. Music by Asa Hull.

1. O the love of Christ is boundless, Wid-er than the wid - est sea ;
2. O the love of Christ is deep - er Than the darkest, black-est sin ;

Reaching to the vil - est sin - ner, It hath found out e - ven me.
In the wel-come "who-so - ev - er" E - ven I am counted in.

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, yes ! e - ven me ; It hath found out e - ven me.
E - ven I, yes ! e - ven I ; E - ven I am counted in.

Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal-le - lu - jah ! It hath found out e - ven me.
Hal - le - lu - jah ! hal-le - lu - jah ! E - ven I am count-ed in.

3 O the love of Christ is higher
Than our aspirations are ;
And it bids each soul come nearer,
Even me who strayed so far.
Even me, yes ! even me ;
Even me who strayed so far
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Even me who strayed so far.

4 O this love is everlasting,
Naught has power to break the tie ;
One with Christ, I all inherit,
I am His, yes ! even I.
Even I, yes ! even I ;
I am His, yes ! even I.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
I am His, yes ! even I.

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Music by Asa Hull.

*Solo.—*Allegretto.*

1. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y
2. That sa - cred stream, Thine ho - ly word, That all our rag - ing
3. Loud may the trou - bled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our

Inst. *pp*

Duet.

of..... our God;.... Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing
fear..... con - trols;.... Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af-
souls.... a - bide;.... While ev-'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry

pp

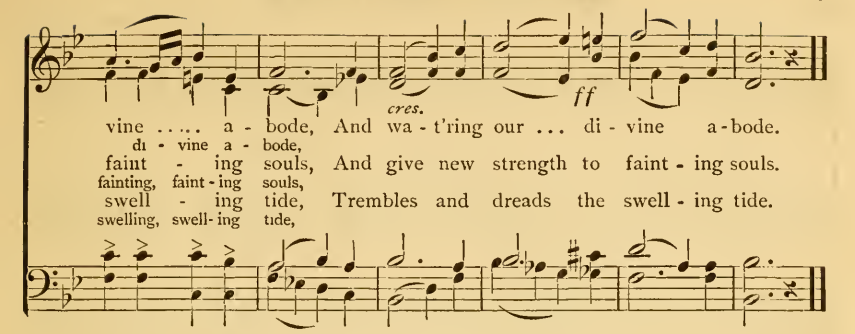
through, And wa - t'ring our di - vine..... a - bode.....
ford, And give new strength to faint - - ing souls.....
shore, Trem-bles and dreads the swell - - ing tide.....

Full Chorus.

mf

Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing through, And wa-t'ring our di-
Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es.... af - ford, And give new strength to
While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles and dreads the

* A fine effect may be produced by singing the small notes to the syllable "la," without Inst. The highest notes may be sung either by the Altos, or as 1st Tenor; the latter is preferable.



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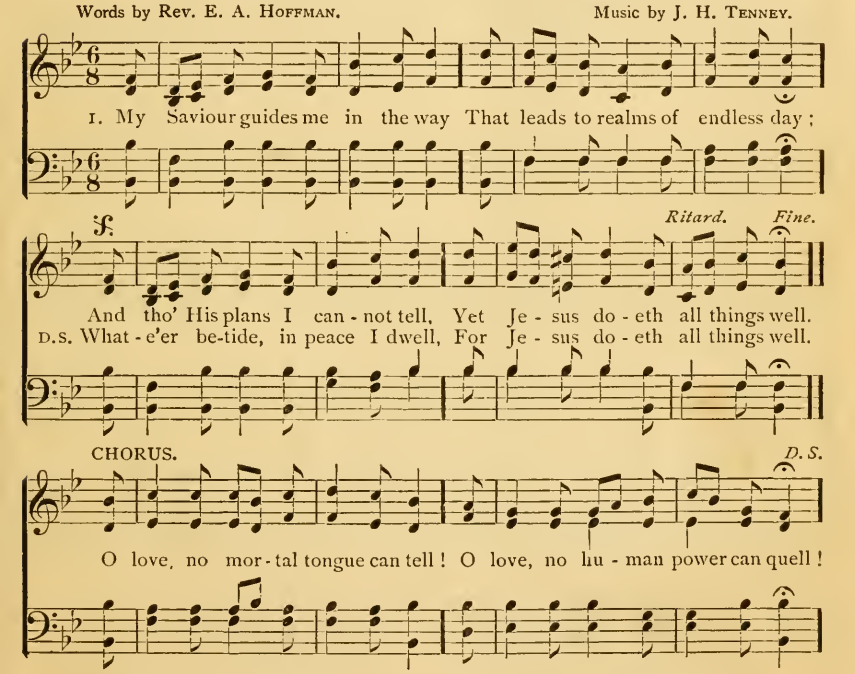
HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by J. H. Tenney.



2 My Saviour is my dearest friend,
And He will love me to the end;
Tho' troubles come, in peace I dwell,
For Jesus doeth all things well.

3 My Saviour never leaves my side,
He knows what sorrows will betide;
And tho' rough billows o'er me swell,
I know He doeth all things well.

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WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Words by Asa Hull. Music by Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps a - right ;
2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth, That shines from God's own word ;

His ho - ly Spir - it sent from heav'n Can cheer the dark - est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith-ful of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Walk..... in the light,..... Walk..... in the
Walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

light,..... ..... Walk..... in the light,.....
beau - ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light of God,

Walk in the light, the light of God.

3 Walk in the light ! tho' shadows dark
Like spectres cross thy way ;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.—*Chorus.*

4 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee ;
The fellowship so sweet below,
In heav'n will sweeter be.—*Chorus.*

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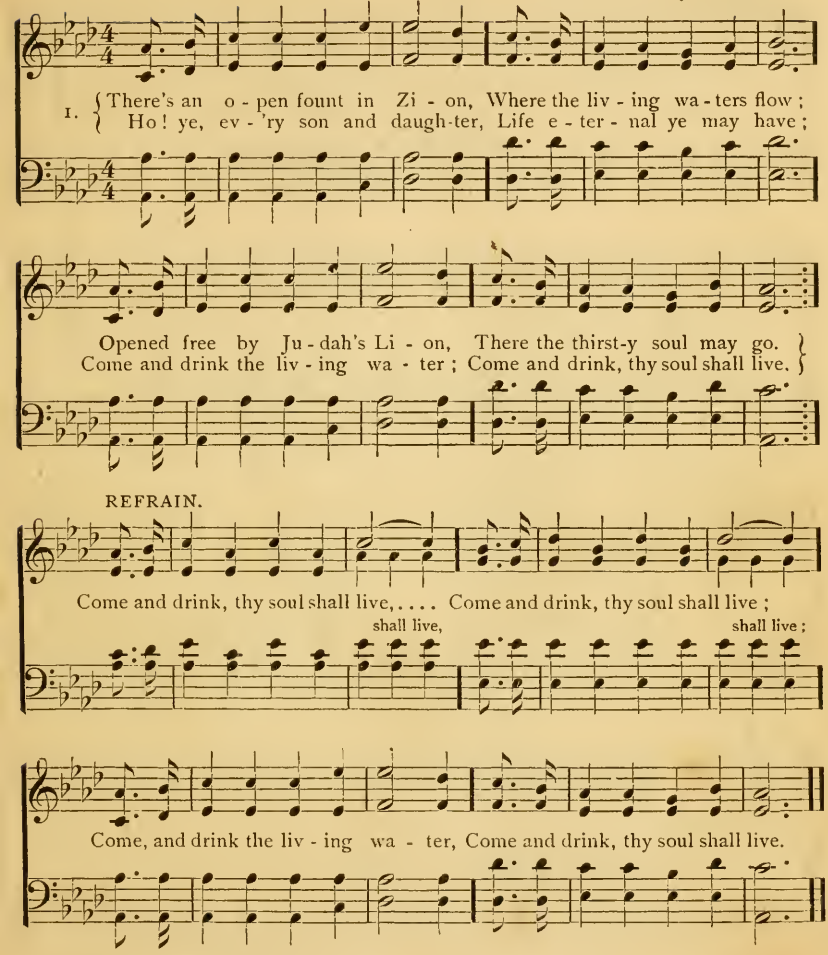
Words and Music by Asa Hull.



2 He that drinketh thirsteth never.
For his soul is satisfied ;
He shall dwell in peace forever,
And sit down at Jesus' side.
Ho ! ye, ev'ry one that thirsteth,
Christ can living water give ;
You can have it without money,
Only drink, thy soul shall live.
Only drink, thy soul shall live, etc.

3 To that fountain ever flowing,
Whosoever will, may come ;
Endless life on all bestowing,
Whosoever will, there's room.
Pilgrim, haste to Zion's mountain,
Everlasting life receive ;
Hie thee to that flowing fountain,
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live,
Drink, O drink, thy soul shall live, etc.

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WHERE ARE THE HARVESTERS?

Words by MARY D. JAMES. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Lo! the rip - en'd grain is wav - ing, Read - y for the har-vest hands;
2. Who is read - y to o - bey Him? Who, re-spon - sive to His word,

Ritard.

Call - ing loud - ly for more la - b'rers, See! the bless-ed Mas - ter stands.
Now will go in - to the har - vest, Glad to la - bor for their Lord?

CHORUS.

Who is read - y for the harvest? Who will work for dy-ing souls to-day?
Who is rea - dy Who will work

Ritard.

Who will speak for the blessed Mas-ter? Who will labor, watch, and pray?
Who will speak

3 Workers, see, your Lord is standing,
Looking with benignant smile;
Watching all your faithful labors,
Giving you good cheer the while.

4 Say, is not the work a pleasure?
Is not toil a present joy?
Is not labor rest, when Jesus
Smiles upon your blest employ?

5 Who can tell the wealth of blessing,
Crowning that rich "harvest-home,"
When within the heavenly portals,
All the faithful lab'rers come?

6 O, the rapture! O, the glory!
O, the wondrous feast of love!
When the sowers and the reapers
Gather in their house above.

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Words by H. R. Trickett. Music by J. H. Rorecrans.

1. Saved! saved! saved! saved by the blood of the Lamb,— Yielding at
2. Saved! saved! saved! ransomed from death and the grave; Strong was the

Saved!.....

last to the soul-sav-ing word, Owning that Je - sus is Saviour and Lord.
arm that redeemed me from sin, Precious the blood that has washed my soul clean,

CHORUS.

Trust-ing a - lone in His name. An-gels rejoice o'er the dead made alive,
Great was the grace that for - gave.

Swelling the cho - rus in praise of His name; Sing, O my soul, for now thou art free!

Rit. ad lib.

Saved by the blood of the Lamb.

3. [believe;
Saved! saved! saved! numbered with those who
Written my name in the Lamb's book of life;
Armed and equipped for the war and the strife,
Daily His grace I receive.—*Chorus.*

4. [I roam;
Saved! saved! saved! never from Christ will
Death with its fetters cannot bind me fast,
Mansions of glory await me at last,
Angels will welcome me home.—*Chorus.*

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ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

Words from "S. S. Gem," by permission. Music by Asa Hull.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on;
2. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set-ting of the sun,

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near-ly done;

Gone for aye—its race is o - ver; Soon the dark - er shades will come;
Thus we feel when o'er life's des - ert Heart and san-dal - sore we roam;

Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning That we're one day near-er home.
As the twi-light gathers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.

REFRAIN. *Repeat pp ad lib.*

Near - er, near - er, One day near - er home; .....
Near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near-er home;

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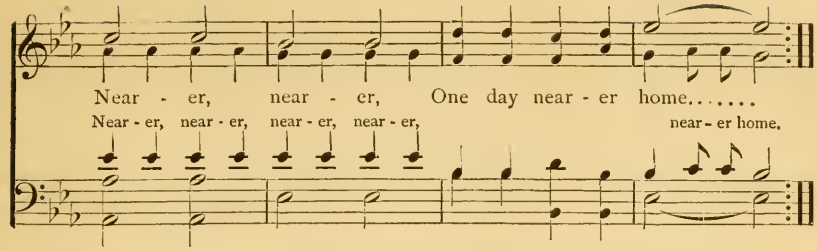
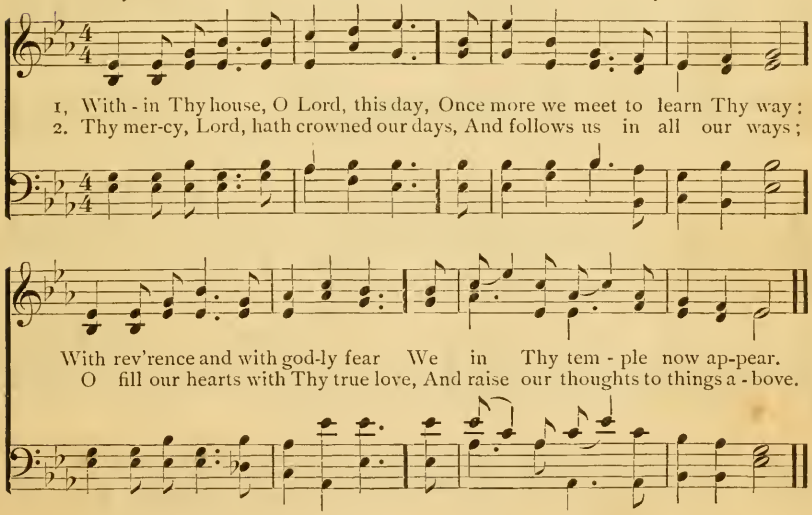


3 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.—*Cho.*

4 "One day nearer," sings the mar'ner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore;
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his life-boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
"I am one day nearer home."—*Cho.*

FREEPORT.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.



3.

Jesus, dear Friend, on Thee we call,
Thou art our strength, our all in all;
O let us now Thy presence feel,
While at the mercy-seat we kneel.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

Words by Arthur C. Coxe. Music by Asa Hull.

Con espressione.

1st time.

1. In the si - lent mid-night watch-es, List! thy bo - som door!
How it knock - eth, knocketh, knocketh, [Omit.....]

2d time.

Knock - eth ev - er - more. Say not, 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing,

'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the Spir - it's voice en - treat - ing

CHORUS.

p *p*

Thee to let the Sav-iour in. Let Him in,..... Let Him in,.....

Let Him in, Let Him in,

'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it knock-eth,—Rise, and let the Sav-iour in.

THE BOLTED DOOR.

Words revised by A. C. Hulse. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Christ is knock-ing, ev - er knocking, At the heart's thrice-bolted door;
2. He is call-ing, ev - er call-ing, In a sad but gen - tle tone;
3. He's en - treat - ing, still en - treat - ing, By His mer - cy, by His care;

Which we're locking, ev - er lock-ing, As we oft have done be - fore.
He would keep thy feet from fall - ing, Cleanse and make thee all His own.
He is knocking and re - peat-ing, Seek - ing for an en-trance there.

Though we hear it, yet we heed not, And still stron-ger bar the door;
Why not an-swer mer - cy's summons, Ere the Spir - it - voice has flown?
Let Him en - ter, let Him en - ter, O - pen wide thy sin-locked door.

CHORUS. *Rep. ad lib.*

Hear it, mortals, o - pen quickly, Christ is waiting, waiting at the door.

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CONCLUSION OF **THE HEAVENLY VISITOR,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

2.

Death comes down with ruthless footstep
To the hall and hut—
Think you death will stand there knocking
When thy door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
Death breaks in the door at last.

3.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He then will know thee not.

ONLY REMEMBERED.

Words by Dr. H. Bonar. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er suc-ceed me, Reaping the fields I in

Rall. ad lib. *A tempo.*

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,
spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,

CHORUS.

On-ly remembered by what I have done. On-ly remembered, on-ly remembered,
On-ly remembered by what he has done. On-ly remembered, on-ly remembered,

On-ly remembered by what I have done, On-ly remembered by what I have done.
On-ly remembered by what he has done, On-ly remembered by what he has done.

3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown,
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest, and what I have done.
Chorus.—Only remembered by what I have done.

4 O, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will His faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done.
Chorus.—Only remembered by what they have done.

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Words and Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There's a firm shelt'ring Rock, and a strong fortress tow'r, Where the weary and
2. 'Tis a ref - uge and rest thro' the con-flicts of life, 'Tis a balm to the

weak can re-new fail-ing pow'r, Where the tempted and care-laden spirit may fly,—
soul, when dismayed in the strife ; 'Tis a spring of salvation, a stream nev-er dry,

CHORUS.

O lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I. Lead me to the Rock,
A nev-er failing Rock that is high-er than I. Lead, O, lead me to the Rock, O lead me,

Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Lead, O, lead me to the Rock, O lead me,

3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliv'rer and joy,
When the heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills that annoy ;
When the fierce sweeping tempest of sorrow is nigh,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

4 When the few joys of life are all flitting away,
Like the soft fading light at the closing of day,
When the shadow of death steals the light from my eye,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

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THE ANGEL AT THE PORTAL.

Allegretto sostenuto.

Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. { I fear not the gloom of mid - night, I dread not the storm at sea ;
I fear not, O, I fear not, Nor heed darksome waves of sin ;

My Saviour can calm the raging billows, And il - lu - mine a path for me. }
For the An-gel is waiting at the por - tal Of glo - ry to let me in. }

CHORUS.

Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing to let me in ; For the

An - gel is wait - ing at the por - tal, Is wait-ing to let me in.

2.

I heed not the world's allurements,
While glory's bright star I see ;
I'll steer for the bright and shining portal,
That the angel will ope for me.
I'm seeking for joys immortal,
And crowns that the righteous win ;—
And the angel is waiting at the portal
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

3.

I shrink not from cross or trial,
I shun not the narrow way ;
I'll watch at the ever-op'ning portal
For a glimpse of eternal day.
I'll join in the praise eternal,
And here will my song begin ;
For the angel is waiting at the portal
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

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JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Words by Rev. A. A. Graley. Music by W. A. Cornell. Arr'd.

1. Je - sus sought and saved me, When a wand'ring child ; In the fountain laved me,

Wretched and de - filed. Dried the eyes so tear - ful, Bade the anguish cease,

CHORUS.

And the heart so fearful, Filled with heav'nly peace. All my song shall be,.... shall be,

"Je - sus died for me," for me, Never sweeter song was sung, Than "Jesus died for me."

2 All unclean He found me,
Poor and comfortless ;
But He threw around me
Robes of righteousness ;
Hushed the cry of sadness,
Taught me to rejoice,
And to songs of gladness
Tuned my heart and voice,
Chorus.—All my song, etc.

3 Saviour, Thine forever
I would wholly be ;
Let me never, never,
Tire of serving Thee.
Gazing on Thy beauty
Will my time employ ;
Toil is more than duty,
'Tis my brightest joy.
Chorus—All my song, etc.

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WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

Words arranged for this work. Music by S. J. Vail.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust;

And the sun - shine warm and ten-der, Falls in beau - ty on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind-ness, When we strug - gle to be just:

We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray:
Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the pain that clouds our day,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have clear'd a - way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known, Nev - er more to walk a - lone,

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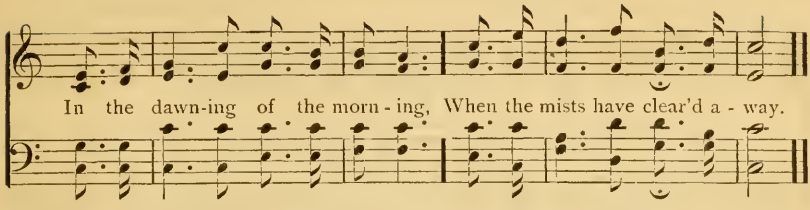


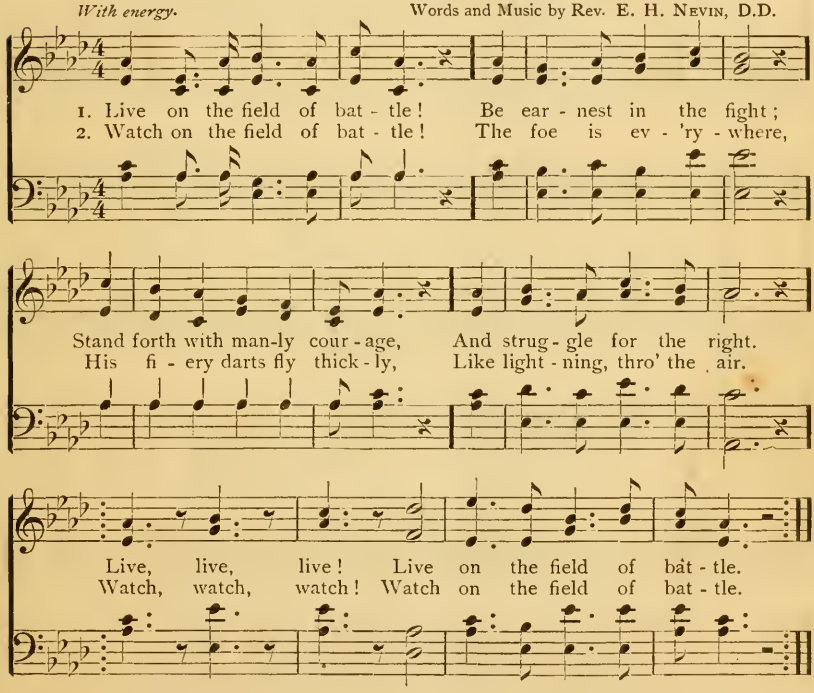
3 When the mists shall rise above us
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.

Just beyond the darkened shadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
We shall see its wondrous brightness,
When the mists have clear'd away.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

With energy.

Words and Music by Rev. E. H. Nevin, D.D.



3 Pray on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray;
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray, pray, pray!
Pray on the field of battle.

4 Die on the field of battle!
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers,—
Their record is on high!
Die, die, die!
Die on the field of battle.

NEW WHITER THAN SNOW.

Allegretto. (New Arrangement.) Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. Dear Sav-iour, how oft - en my heart has been sad, How oft - en it
2. O help me, dear Sav-iour, to pa - tient - ly wait Thy com-ing and

murmurs, when it should be glad ; Come, reign in this bosom, cast out ev - 'ry foe,
cleansing, a - new to cre - ate ; The grace of full par-don, O wilt Thou bestow,

CHORUS.

And wash me that I may be whit - er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
And wash me that I may be whit - er than snow.

whit - er than snow, O wash me that I may be whit - er than snow.

3 My time and my talents, my goods I resign
To Thee, my dear Saviour, they always were Thine ;
O make me Thy steward in all things below,
And wash me that I may be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

4 My dwelling though pitched in a wilderness here,
To me will be Eden, if Thou, Lord, art near ;
Thy presence is life everlasting, I know,
Thy blood, it hath cleansed me, I'm whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

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SOLO OR DUET. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come, at the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

DUET, *1st time. Rep.* FULL CHORUS.

mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish, Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can remove.

SECOND HYMN FOR **NEW WHITER THAN SNOW,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

1 DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain;
Apply Thine own blood, and extract every stain;
To get this blest washing, I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

3 Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst no,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

4 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

JAMES NICHOLSON.

THE SUMMER TIME.

Words by W. H. Flaville. Music by Asa Hull.

1. O come un - to the Saviour, for why will you delay? The Spir - it now in-
2. O come un - to the Saviour, He's mer-ci-ful and true, A full and free sal-

vites you, O do not turn a-way; The door is o - pen now, but it
va - tion, He kind - ly of - fers you; O come while yet you may, or you'll

will be closed at last, For the sum - mer will be end - ed, and the
find it true at last That the sum - mer time is end - ed, and the

CHORUS.

har-vest will be past. O come, sinner, come! for thy sands are running fast;
har-vest time is past.

Soon the sum-mer will be end - ed, and the har - vest will be past.

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Words by Rev. M L. Hofford. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful! Its glo - ries are un - told;
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful! Its gates of pearl - y white,
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful! My ev - er - last - ing rest!

Its walls are built of pre-cious stones, Its pavements made of gold;
To voice of prayer and song of praise, Are o - pen day and night;
My glo - rious home, the saints' a - bode, The cit - y of the blest;

Its mansions for the ransomed ones In matchless splendor shine;
And shin - ing ones a - round the throne In sweet-er rap - ture sing;—
The tem - ple of the Ho - ly One, Thy light is all di - vine;

Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful! Je - ru - sa - lem di - vine!
Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful! Where saints their tribute bring.
Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful! I love to call thee mine.

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CONCLUSION OF **THE SUMMER TIME,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 O come unto the Saviour, the night is coming on,
There's danger in delaying, for the Spirit may be gone;
He's waiting to release you from the chains that sin has cast,
Ere the summer time is ended, and the harvest time is past.—*Chorus.*

4 O come unto the Saviour, nor let Him plead in vain,
There is a crown of glory, and eternal life to gain;
His offers now accept, ere the sky is overcast,
Or the summer time is ended, and the harvest time is past.—*Chorus.*

Words by J. L. Louderback. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wea - ry, wand'ring child of grief, Hear the Sav - iour's plead - ing call,
2. What tho' steeped in dark-est crime, Foul, un-clean, and stained with sin,

Who for sin-ners, e'en the chief, Died to save you from the fall.
Je - sus knows it all the time, Seeks to make and keep you clean.

CHORUS.

O believe Him, O receive Him, Christ in mercy bids you come ;.....
bids you come ;

O believe Him, O re-ceive Him,— In thy sins no lon - ger roam.

3 In thy course, O wand'rer, pause,
Listen to the voice of love,—
Christ the Saviour pleads thy cause
In the courts of heaven above.
Chorus.—O believe Him, etc.

4 And when life's great race is run,
And thy conflicts all are past ;
Heav'n in view, thy victory won,
God shall crown you His at last.
Chorus.—O believe Him, etc.

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WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

Words by W. H. Bellamy. Music by J. P. Truitt.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain, nor sorrow, toil, nor care;
2. Yet, when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n ordain'd thine earthly lot,

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest a-bode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, and murmur not, and murmur not;

Wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O wait, and mur - mur not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
O, think who bore them on His brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
They reached a holier than thou.—*Chorus.*

4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee,
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.—*Chorus.*

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STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words by R. Torrey. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
2. Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!

Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like rag - ing floods, around thy soul!
Spread ye His glo-rious word a - broad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord.

CHORUS. *Rit ad lib.*

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on o-cean's strand!

A tempo.

Stand up His righteous cause de - fend; Stand up for Je - sus your best friend,

3.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.
Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

4.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.
Chorus.—Stand up for Jesus, etc.

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LOOK TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Words by Mrs E. W. Chapman. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. A bea - con bright the Christian stands Up - on the shore of time;
2. A tow - er high the Christian stands, A clear and shin - ing light,
3. Grand sen - ti - nel up - on life's coast, Be faith-ful, true, and brave;

A light-house built on sol - id rock, That rears its head sub - lime.
To cast a gleam a - cross the sea Of earth's dark, gloomy night.
And ev - er keep your light a - blaze, Be - night - ed souls to save.

CHORUS.

Look! Look! Look to the light-house,
Look to the light - house, Look to the light - house,

sai - lor, It tells of danger near; Look! Look!
Look to the light-house, Look to the light-house,

Look to the light - house, sai - lor, And guide thy ves - sel clear.

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TRUSTING THE LORD.

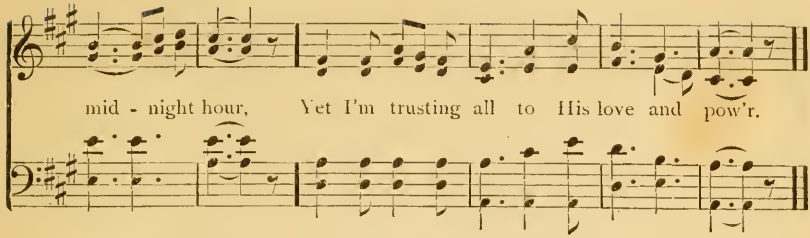
Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Watching thro' the night and wait - ing for the dawn; Look-ing for the first bright ray of morn; Feel - ing all the gloom of the mid - night hour, Yet I'm trust-ing all to His love and pow'r.
2. Liv - ing in the val - ley, hum-ble, meek, and low; Thus it is I triumph o'er ev - 'ry foe; Wait - ing till the sum-mons shall call me home; Out in - to the sunshine be - yond the gloom.
3. Work-ing for the Mas - ter, pa - tient-ly I wait; Knock-ing for ad - mittance at Mer - cy's gate; Trust-ing Him to guide, where I can - not see; Knowing that His care is still o - ver me.

CHORUS.

Watching thro' the night; Wait-ing for the dawn; Look - ing for the first bright ray of morn; Feel - ing all the gloom of the

Watch - ing thro' the night; Wait - ing for the dawn; Feel - ing all the gloom of the



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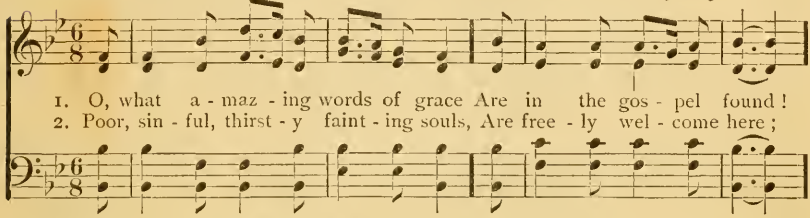
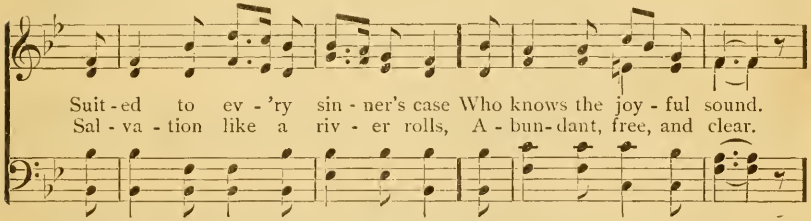
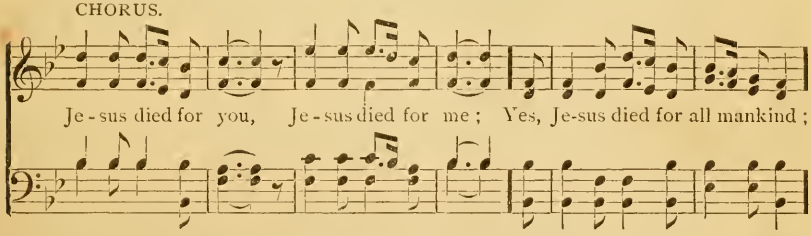
JESUS DIED FOR YOU.

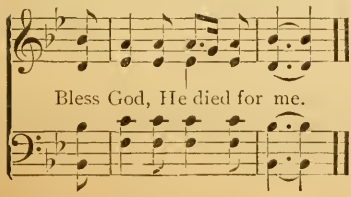
Words by SAMUEL MEDLEY. Music by S. J. VAIL.





CHORUS.





3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.—*Cho.*

4 Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.—*Cho.*

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

Music by Asa Hull.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus, says the Christian heart; Let Him take me
2. An - y-where with Je - sus, tho' He lead - eth me Where the path is

where He will, so we do not part; Al - ways sit - ting at His feet, there's
rough and long, where dan-gers be; Tho' He tak - eth from me all I

no room for fears; An - y-where with Je-sus, in this vale of tears.
love here be - low, An - y-where with Je-sus, glad-ly will I go.

CHORUS.

An - y-where with Je - sus, ev - 'ry-where I go; Je - sus shall my

lead - er be, while I sojourn be - low; Al - ways sit-ting at His feet, there's

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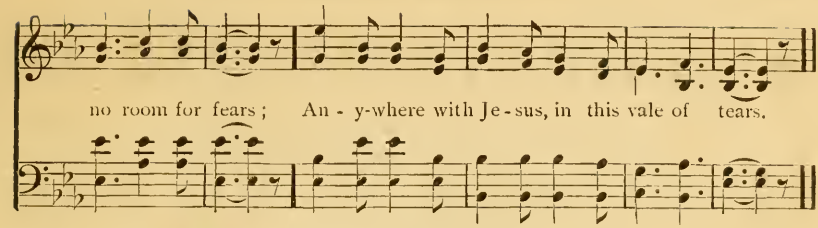
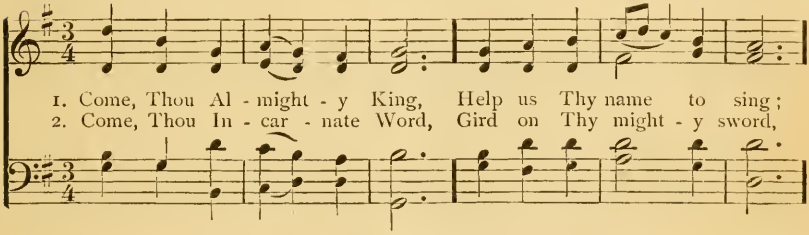


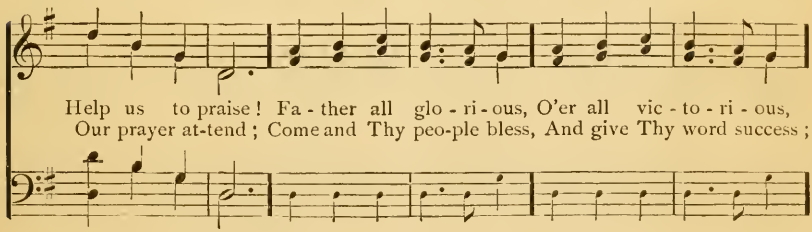
3 Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb,
With its fearful terror, with its dreaded gloom;
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn life,
Fainting in the constant toil, drooping in the strife.—*Chorus.*

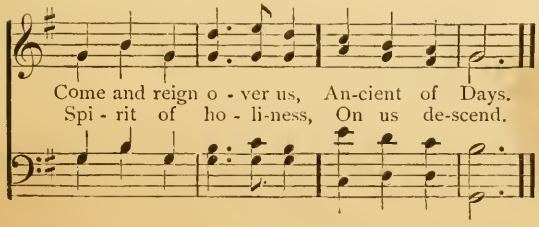
4 Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be,
Dreary, dark, or desolate, where He is with me;
He will love me alway, ev'ry need He'll supply,
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.—*Chorus.*

ITALIAN HYMN.

Words by C. Wesley. Music by Giardini.







3.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

IS IT TRUE?

Words by E. R. Latta. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Is it true that in the garden of Geth-sem - a - ne My Re - deemer wept and
2. Is it true that He the crown of piercing thorns did wear? Is it true that up the
3. Is it true that my Re-deemer loves my spir-it still, And will fit me up a

struggled, wept in pray'r for me? Drops of sweat as blood were fall-ing, death seem'd
mountain He the cross did bear, And was cru - ci - fied up - on it, thus to
man-sion, if I on - ly will? O my heart, make haste to serve Him, while on

draw - ing nigh; Sav - iour, was it for the sake of sin - ners such as I?
ran - som me? O a - maz - ing love and mer - cy! Sav-iour, can it be?
earth I dwell, That in death my voice can whis-per, whis-per it is well!

CHORUS.

Is it true, is it true Thou such
Is it true, O pre - cious Sav - iour? Is it true, O pre - cious Sav - iour? Is it

love hast shown? Come and make us, blessed Sav - iour, ev - er -
true that Thou such love has shown?

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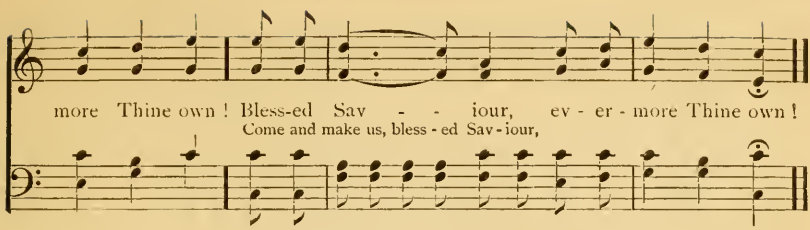
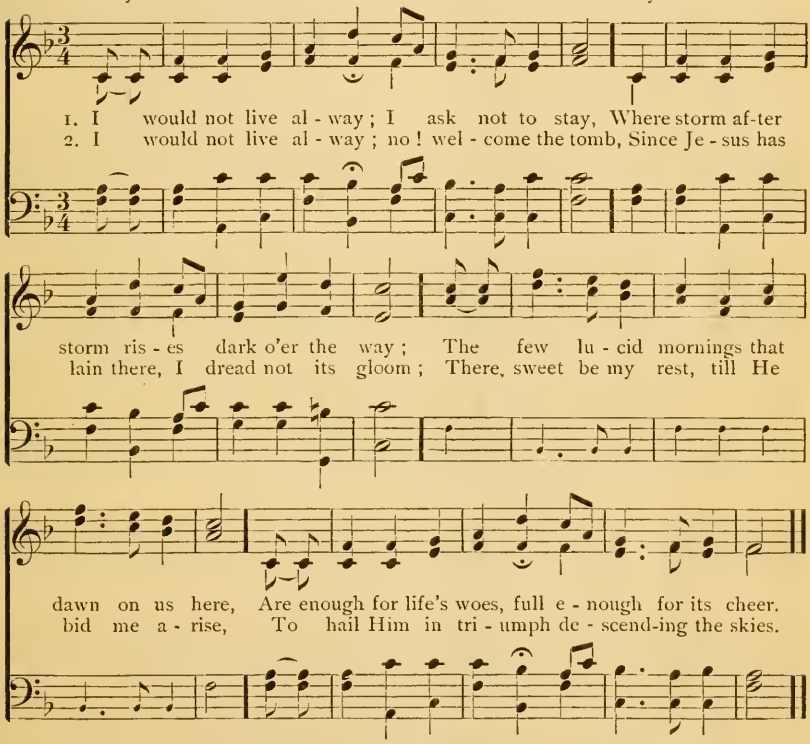


FREDERICK.

Words by W. A. Muhlenberg. Music by G. Kingsley.



3 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode.
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

4 There the saints of all ages in harmony meet ;
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

I'M NEARING HOME.

Words by MARY D. JAMES. Music by ASA HULL.

1. I'm near-ing home! Life's wintry blast Will soon be o'er, its gloom be past;
2. Tho' rocks and quicksands in-ter-vene, And rag-ing bil-lows roll between,

O, I shall gain the port at last:—I'm near-ing, near-ing home!
My Pi-lot's skill will bring me in:—I'm near-ing, near-ing home!

REFRAIN.

Near - - - ing home!.... Near - - - ing home!....
Near-ing my beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Near-ing my beau-ti-ful heaven-ly home.

O, I shall gain the port at last:—I'm near-ing, nearing my home!
My Pi-lot's skill will bring me in:—I'm near-ing, nearing my home!

3 These heavy gales do me no harm:
Terrific storms do not alarm;
My spirit rests in sweetest calm:—
I'm nearing, nearing home!
Nearing home, nearing home!
My spirit rests in sweetest calm:—
I'm nearing, nearing my home!

4 O home, sweet home! I'll soon be there
The bliss of the redeemed to share;
Only a few more storms to bear:—
I'm nearing, nearing home!
Nearing home, nearing home!
Only a few more storms to bear:—
I'm nearing, nearing my home!

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Moderato, con Espressione. Music by Asa Hull.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gathered home;

On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beams has flown;
At the por - tals long I've wait - ed, Wea - ry, poor and des - o - late;
For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the au - tumn leaves have come;

Till the light of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day;
E - ven now I hear their foot - steps And their voi - ces far a - way;
Quick-ly, reap - ers! quick-ly gath - er The last ripe hours of my heart;

Till the stars of heav'n are break-ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray;
If they call me I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey;
For the bloom of life is withered, And I'm read - y to de - part;

Rit. ad lib.

Break - ing, break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray,
Wait - ing, wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
Read - y, read - y, I am read - y to de - part.

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OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. C. L. Schacklock. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. We are com - ing, we are com - ing From the dark-some ways of sin,
2. On - ly thro' Thy ten - der mer - cy Can we hope to en - ter there,

Rit.

And we seek the heav'n-ly king - dom, Je - sus, Sav - iour, let us in!
Where the stream of life is flow - ing, Where the flow'rs are ev - er fair.

From the fold, O gen - tle Shep-herd! We would wan - der nev - er more;
In that home, O bless-ed Sav - iour! When this earth - ly life is o'er,

To Thy lov - ing breast en - fold us, O - pen wide for us the door.
We would dwell with Thee for-ev - er; O - pen wide for us the door.

CHORUS.

O - pen wide for us the door! We will leave Thee nev - er - more;

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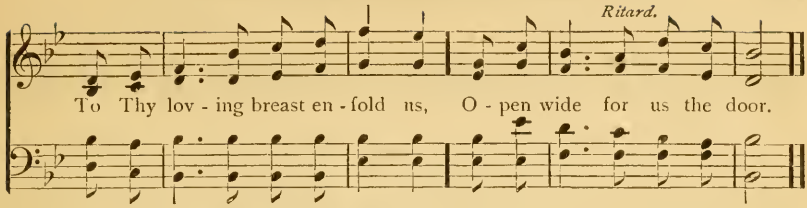
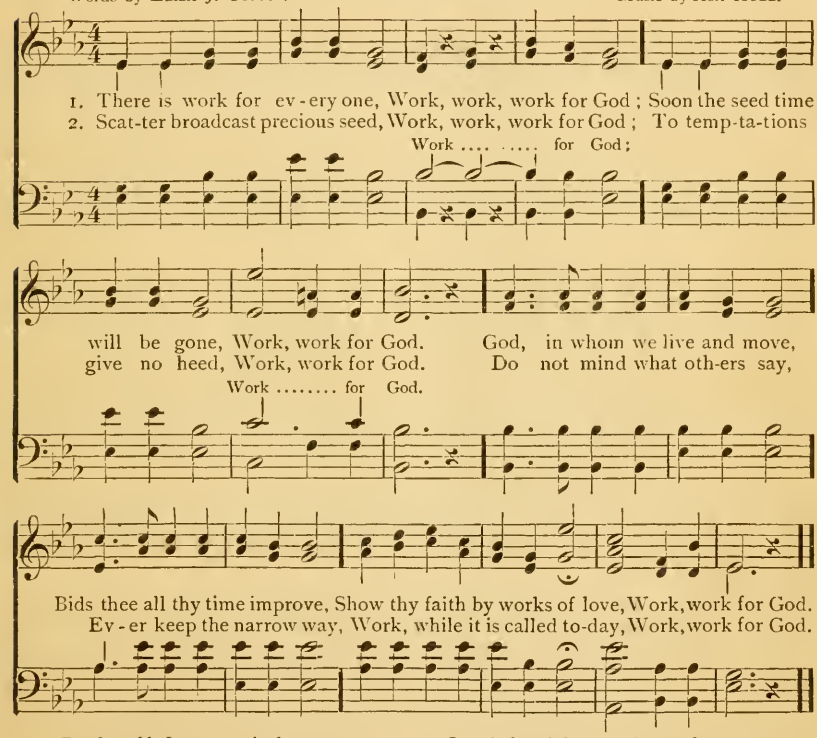


WORK, WORK FOR GOD.

Words by ELIZA J. COFFIN. Music by ASA HULL.



3 Be thyself first pure in heart,
Work, work, work for God ;
Then thy joy to all impart,
Work, work for God.
Tell the story of the cross,
Counting earthly things but dross,
Thou shalt never suffer loss,
Work, work for God.

4 Laud the right, condemn the wrong,
Work, work, work for God ;
All results to Him belong,
Work, work for God ;
Find thy joy in God's sweet will,
Every promise He'll fulfill,
And His peace will keep thee still.
Work, work for God.

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WILLING HEARTS, READY HANDS.

Words by D. D. Buck, D.D. Music by Asa Hull

1. If we can not plant our cot - tage 'Mid an E - den's blooming bow'rs,
2. If we can not win a ti - tle To enwreathe our hum-ble name;

Whil-ing life's de - light-ful sum - mer Gai - ly 'mid un - fad-ing flow'rs—
If we boast not birth nor beau - ty, Wealth nor wis-dom, might nor fame—

We with ho - ly love can la - bor, Till - ing Zi - on's fer - tile lands;
We can still be kind - ly - heart - ed, Act - ing well our low - ly part;

We can con - se - crate to du - ty Will - ing hearts and read - y hands.
And, tho' men may be un - grate-ful, God will prize the hum-ble heart.

3 If we can not read the future,
Whether weal or woe betide,
If within the veil of darkness
Mercy from our vision hide,—
We can understand our mission,
What is here to do or bear;
We can love and help each other,
And the cross with Jesus share.

4 Let us, then, be ever doing;
Day declineth, night is near;
Short the time of toil and suff'ring;
Jesus numbers every tear.
See! the pearly gates are opening;
Lo! the splendor from above;
List to lov'd ones yonder singing,
Welcome to the land of love.

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Words by ELIZA J. COFFIN. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Dear Sav - iour, does Thy love, So won - der - ful and free,
2. Give us a deep - er love, That loves Thy love a - lone;

De - light to own Thy weak-est child, Who up - ward looks to Thee?
Re - signs all hope of earth - ly gain, This wondrous gift to own.

CHORUS.

O love! O won - drous love! O love that stoops to me!

Slower.

A love that cov - ers all my sins, And makes me free in Thee.

3 Thee only would we love;
Be this our constant aim,
To lose all thought of self in Thee,
And glorify Thy name.
Chorus.—O love, etc.

4 Then beautify us, Lord,
And may we meekly show
Our hearts to be Thy temple-home.
Where love shall ever flow.
Chorus.—O love, etc.

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O COME, COME TO-DAY.

Words by E. RINEHART. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Burden'd soul, come seek the Saviour, Hear Him call, "Come un-to Me;"
2. Look not at thy guilt or sta - tion, Tho' un - wor - thy, He'll re-ceive;

In His sight find grace and fa - vor, In His love there's rest for thee.
Je - sus died for thy sal - va - tion, Waits to bring thee thy re-prieve.

CHORUS.

Then come, come a-way, The Sav-iour calls, why lon-ger wait?
Then come, come a-way, O come, come a-way,

O come, come to-day, For the morrow may be too late, may
O come, come to-day, O come, come to-day;

pp

be too late, may be too late.

3 Full salvation Jesus offers;
Full redemption in His blood;
Come, accept the proffered pardon,
And be reconciled to God.

4 Will you come? while He is pleading!
Will you come and be at rest?
Follow now the Spirit's leading,
Come, for 'tis your Lord's request.

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By permission. Music by T. J. Cook.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti - ful cit - y that I love!
2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti - ful angels, cloth'd in white;

cres. *f*

Beau-ti - ful gates of pear - ly white, Beau-ti - ful tem-ple—God its light!
Beau-ti - ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti - ful harps thro' all the choir;

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens those pear - ly
There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor-ship - ing at the

CHORUS.

gates to me. Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful
Sav - iour's feet.

Rep. pp ad lib.

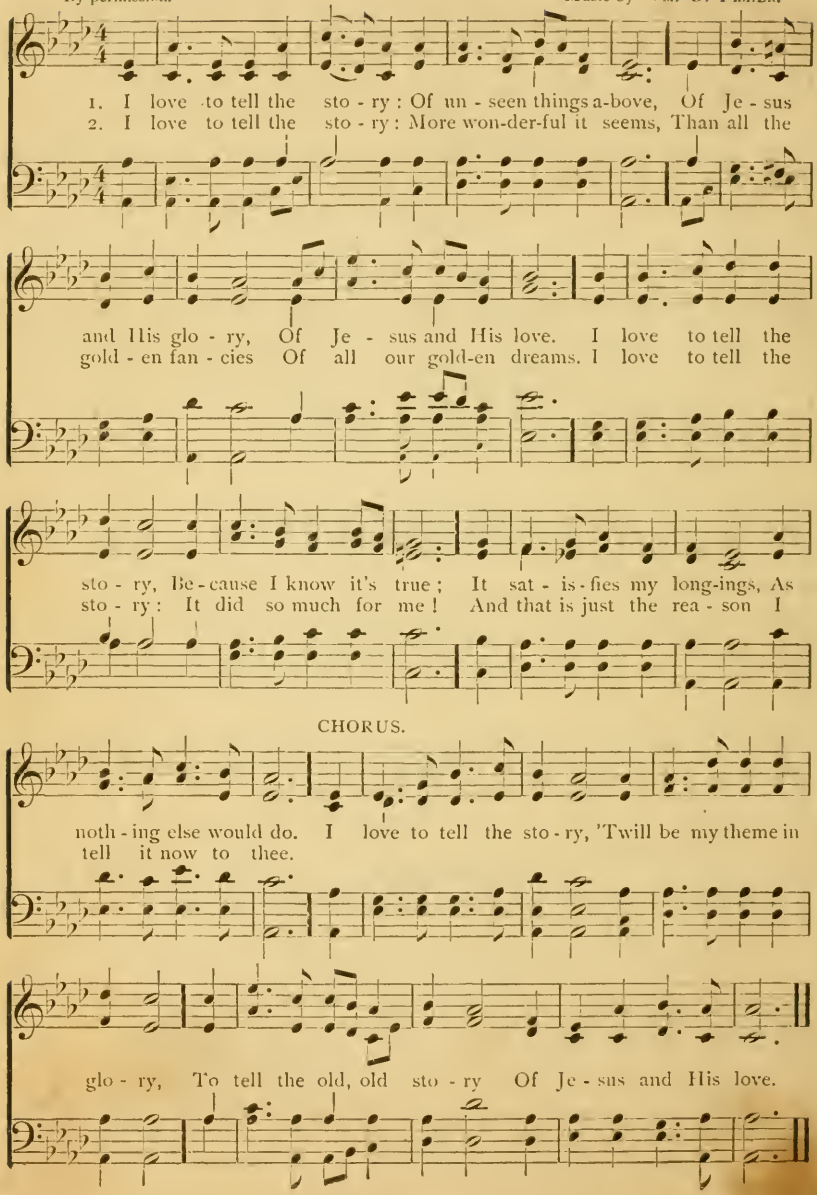
Zi - on, cit - ty of our God.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Cho.—Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

By permission. Music by Wm. G. Fisher.



Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by Asa Hull. From "Songs of Faith."

1, I am com-ing to the Saviour, At His feet I bow; I am pleading for His
2. All my sin and guilt confessing, At His feet I bow; I am wait-ing for His
3. In con-trition humbly kneeling, At His feet I bow; I am seeking grace and

CHORUS.

fa - vor, Just now, just now. I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am
bless - ing, Just now, just now.
heal - ing, Just now, just now.

com - ing just now, I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am com-ing just now.

4 I believe Him, I believe Him,
At His feet I bow;
I receive Him, I receive Him,
Just now, just now.—*Chorus.*

5 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the Lamb once slain;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen! Amen!—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF **I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The Message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.—*Cho*

UNDER HIS WINGS.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON. Music by ASA HULL.

1. In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a - bide;
2. I dread not the ter - ror by night; No ar - row can harm me by day;
3. The pes - ti - lence walk-ing a - bout, When darkness has set - tled a-broad,

No ref-uge nor rest so complete, And here I in - tend to re - side.
His shad-ow has cover-ed me quite; My fears He has driv - en a - way.
Can nev - er com-pel me to doubt The presence and pow - er of God.

CHORUS.

O, what com - fort it brings, as my soul sweet - ly sings:

I am safe from all dan ger while un - der His wings.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful forboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.—*Cho.*

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand fall at my right hand;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.—*Cho*

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FOR YOU AND ME.

Words by Mrs E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. There is a mansion bright and fair, For you and me; There is a welcome
2. There is a garment clear as light, For you and me; There is a robe of
3. There is a ta - ble rich-ly spread For you and me; There is a full sup-

wait - ing there For you and me: Why home-less then, and wand'ring wide,
pur - est white For you and me: O why on rags a thought be-stow,
ply of bread For you and me: Then why in want and sore dis - tress,

Since Je - sus doth a place provide, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.
Since Christ hath raiment white as snow, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.
Since Je - sus doth all things pos-sess, For you, O sin - ner, you and me.

REFRAIN. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

For you and me, For you, yes, you and me; For
For you and me, For you and me;

Ritard.

you and me, For you, yes, you and me.
For you and me.

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SING OF HIS LOVE.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King. As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing,
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod;

Sing your Saviour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

CHORUS.

Sing of His love, ye angels of light; Carol His praise, ye seraphs so bright; Join in the song, ye saints, with delight; Praising the name, won-der-ful name of Je - sus.

Sing of His love, ye an-gels of light; Car-ol His praise, ye seraphs so bright; Join in the song, ye saints, with delight;

Rit. ad lib.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

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Words by Rev. JOHN PARKER. Music by ASA HULL.

1. More Thou art than friend or broth-er, Thou art all to me;
2. Glad to bring my con - se - cra - tion, Give my life to Thee;

Not in earth or heav'n an - oth - er Half so dear as Thee.
Glad to know Thy full sal - va - tion, Ho - li - er to be.

CHORUS.

All in all, O Christ, Thou art, Thou dost fill my trust - ing heart;

All in all, O Christ, Thou art, Thou dost fill my trust - ing heart.

3.

Thou hast washed my soul with whiteness,
I have liberty;
Thou dost fill my life with brightness,
And sincerity.
Chorus.—All in all, O Christ, etc.

4.

Henceforth Thou my perfect Saviour,
All in all to me;
Walking ever in Thy favor
I Thy face shall see.
Chorus.—All in all, O Christ, etc.

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MERCY'S GATE.

Words by SAMUEL CALLAN. Music by ASA HULL.

1. { There are joys we fondly cher - ish, While we tread this vale of earth ;
{ All who share the bliss of heav-en En - ter'd in at mer-cy's gate ;

There are those that never per - ish, But in heav'n they have their birth.
Thro' the grace by Je - sus giv - en, They have reach'd their high estate.

CHORUS.

Let us ev - er strive to en - - ter, Nev-er for the morrow wait ;
Let us strive to en - ter, Nev-er for the mor-row wait ;

Ritard.

Strive to en-ter, strive to en-ter, En-ter in at mercy's gate.....
at mercy's gate.

2 Earth may have its many pleasures,
They are fleeting as a day ;
But above are dearer treasures,
That shall never pass away.
In the path of right and duty
Many ills may be our fate ;
But religion has a beauty ;
It is found at mercy's gate.

3 Up the hill ascending ever,
With our eyes upon the goal,
Let the world's allurements never
Cause us to forget the soul.
Soon our toil will here be ended,
Bright rewards for us await,
When to Him we are ascended,
Who has opened mercy's gate.

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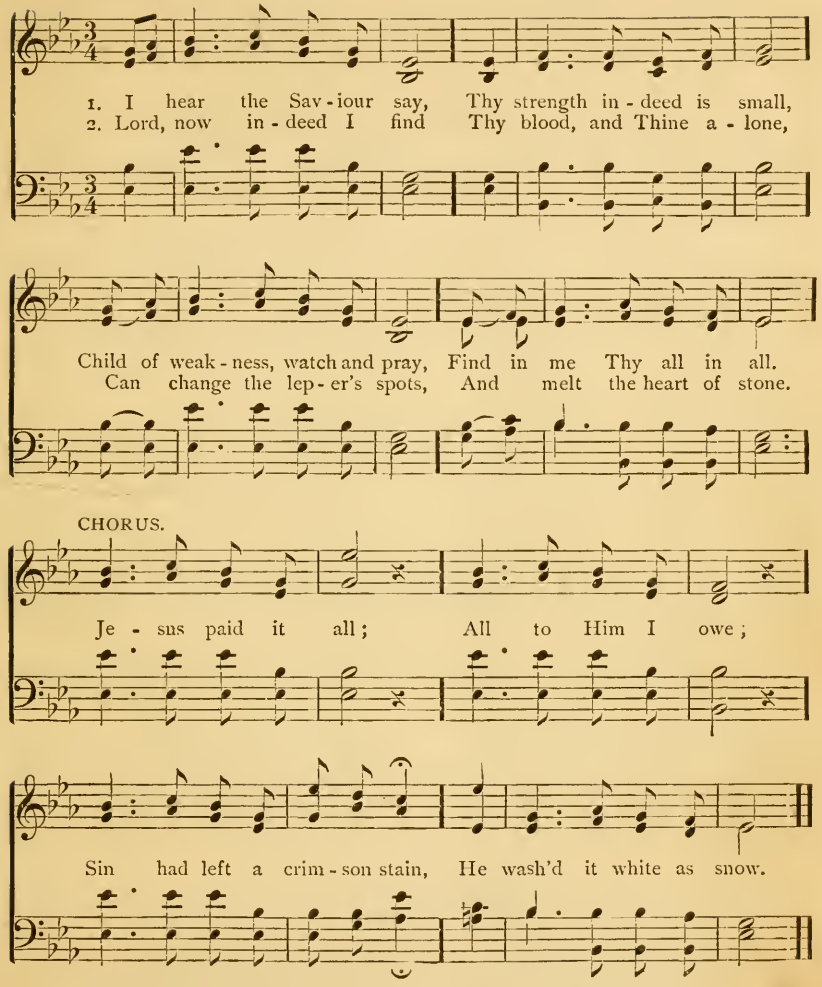
Words by E. M. Hall. Music by J. T. Grape. Arr. by Asa Hull.



3 For nothing good have I,
Whereby Thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 And then complete in Him,
My robe His righteousness,
Close-shelter'd 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.

5 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall fill the vaulted skies.

6 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Words by Isaac Watts. From Rink.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints immor - tal reign ;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain ;

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - 'ring flowr's ;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.

2.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between :
But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

SONGS OF THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Striving at the narrow gate, the narrow gate,
Toiling with a heav-y weight, a heavy weight,
2. Fleeing from the heavy cross, the heavy cross,
See-ing Je-sus suf - fer loss, I suffer loss,

All in vain, All in vain; Leaving at the cross my sin,
All in vain, All in vain; the cross my sin,
Sore dismayed, Sore dismayed; Tak-ing up my cross for God,
Sore dismayed, Sore dismayed; my cross for God,

Sing-ing as I en-ter in, Sweet re-frain, Sweet re-frain.
I en-ter in, Sweet refrain, Sweet refrain.
Sing-ing with my lightened load, Fears al-layed, Fears al-layed.
my lightened load, Fears al-layed, Fears allayed.

CHORUS.

Songs of the cross, of the cross, I love to hear, All of their strains are sweet and clear; I'm joy-ous and glad-some, my heart is light and free;

Songs of the cross, of the cross, come sing to me.

3.
Coming to ‖:the river's brink,:‖
Fearful 'mid ‖:the waves I sink,:‖
Save Thou me,
Save Thou me;
Clinging to ‖: the cross I rise,:‖
Shouting to ‖:the upper skies,:‖
Safe with Thee,
Safe with Thee.

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THE HALLOWED SPOT.

Words by Rev. W. Hunter. Music by Asa Hull.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than na - tive vale or mountain :
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up - on the o - cean ;

A spot for which af - fec - tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain ;
A - bove me was the thun-der's roar, Be - neath, the waves' commo-tion ;

'Tis not where kin-dred souls a - bound—Tho' that on earth is heav - en—
Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown A - round me, faint with ter - ror ;

But where I first my Sav-iour found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
In that dark hour, how did my groan As - cend from years of er - ror.

3.

Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me !
Then quick as tho't I felt Him mine,—
My Saviour stood before me ;
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted, Glory ! Glory !

4.

O sacred hour'! O hallowed spot !
Where love divine first found me ;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee ;
And when from earth at last I soar ;
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast mine eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

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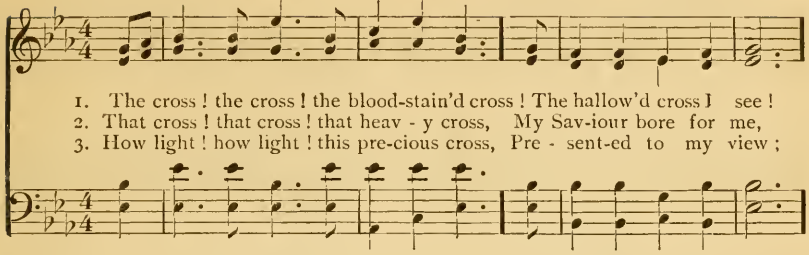
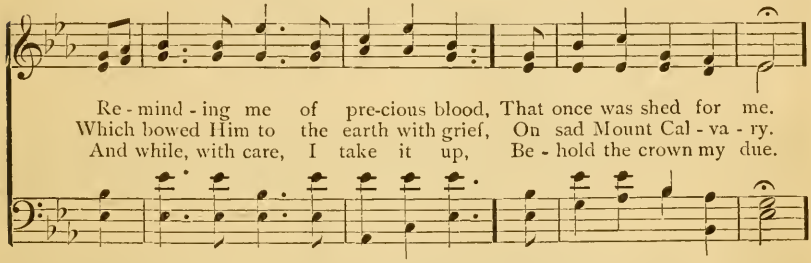
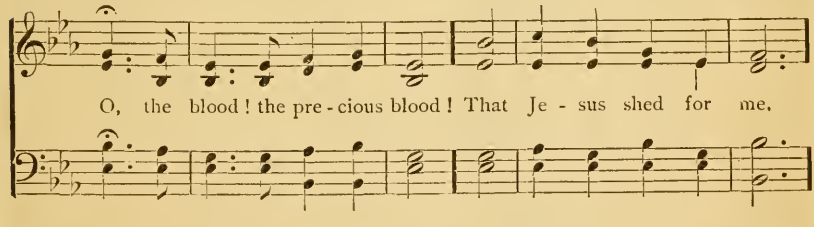
Arranged by A. H., 1871. Music by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

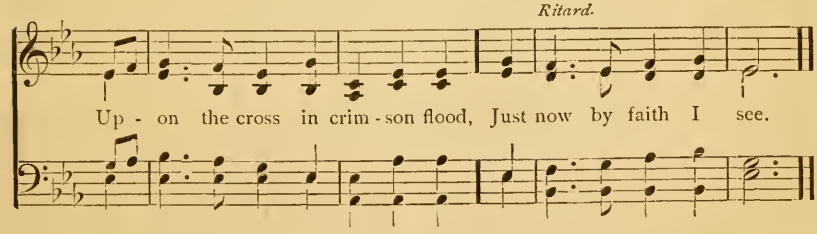




CHORUS.



Ritard.



4 The crown ! the crown ! the glorious crown !
The crown of victory !
The crown of life ! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.
Cho.—O, the blood, etc.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of woe,
And points to joys above.
Cho.—O, the blood, etc.

WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

Cheerfully.

Music by Asa Hull.

1. { There are lone-ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
{ There are wea-ry souls to per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }

{ If a smile we can re - new, }
{ As our jour - ney we pur - sue, } O, the good we all may do,

CHORUS.

While the days are go - ing by. Go - ing, go - ing by, While the days are going by; Do all the good you can, While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
O, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes—
Help your fallen brothers rise,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seed of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

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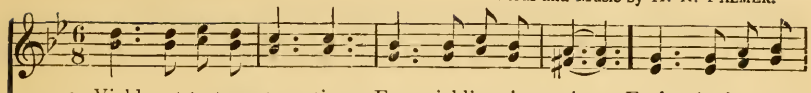
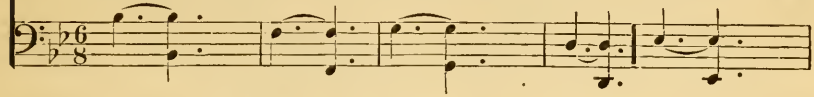
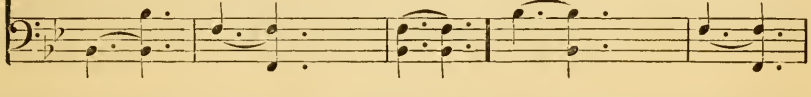
Words and Music by H. R. Palmer.



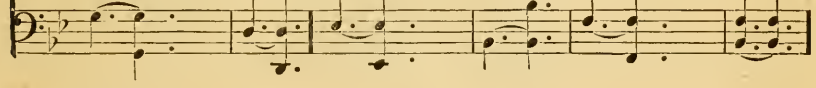
1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom - eth God giv - eth a crown ; Thro' faith we shall



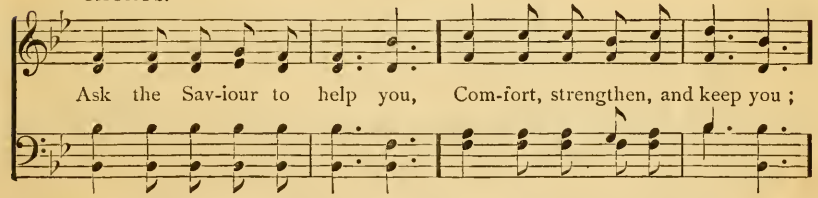
help you Some oth - er to win ; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain ; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down ; He who is our Sav - iour,



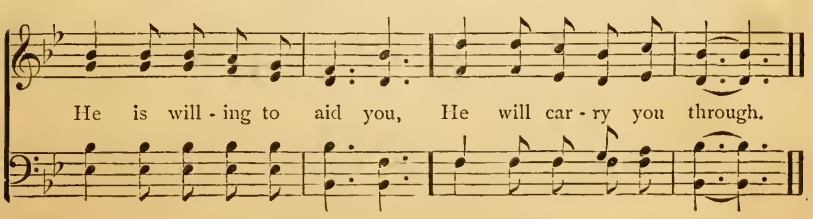
Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you ;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

THANKS BE TO GOD.

Words by H. S. Perkins. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Thanks be to God for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin ; Thanks for His Word and the
2. Thanks for the gift of His loved, His on-ly Son ; Thanks for the work which on
3. Thanks for redemption and purchase by His blood ; Thanks for the love He has

teachings therein ; Thanks for His Son who was giv-en to proclaim Ti - dings of
earth He be - gun ; Thanks for the peace which it brings unto the soul, Working for
taught in His Word ; Thanks for His Spirit, for ev-er-more to reign, Peace on the

CHORUS.

good, and the earth to reclaim. Sing, Sing,
Je - sus, His love to un-fold.
earth, and good will un-to men. Sing a glad ho - san-na, Sing a glad ho - san - na,

Sing for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin ; Sing a glad ho-san-na,
Sing a glad ho - san-na. Sing ho - san-na,

Sing a glad ho - san-na ! Ho - san - na ! ho - san - na ! ho - san - na !
Sing ho - san - na !

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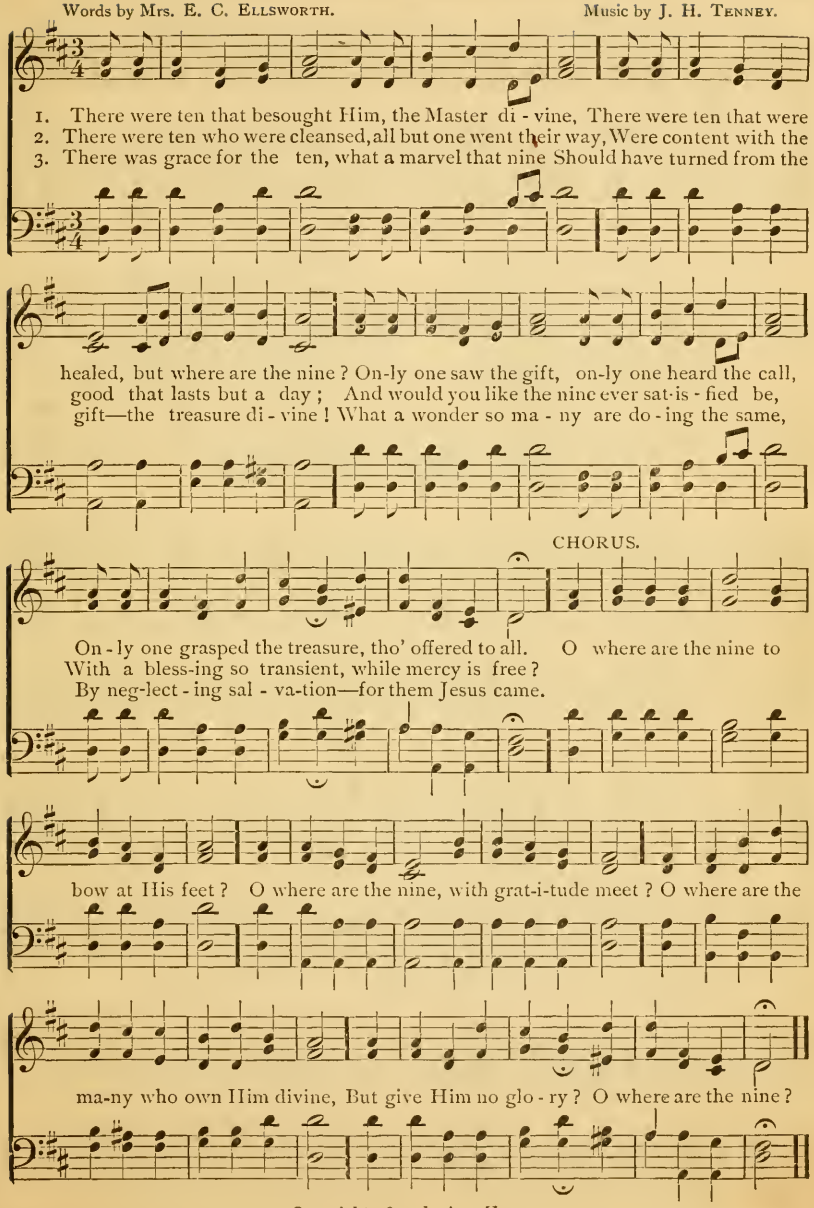
Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.



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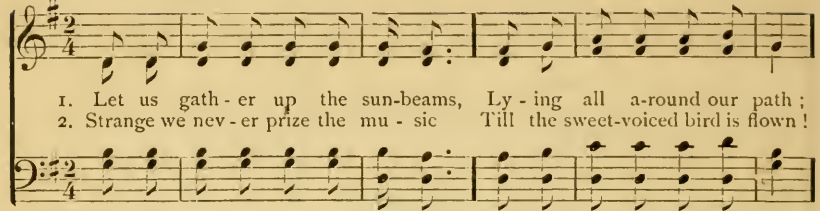
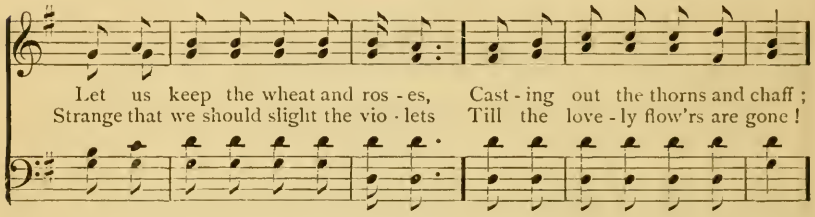
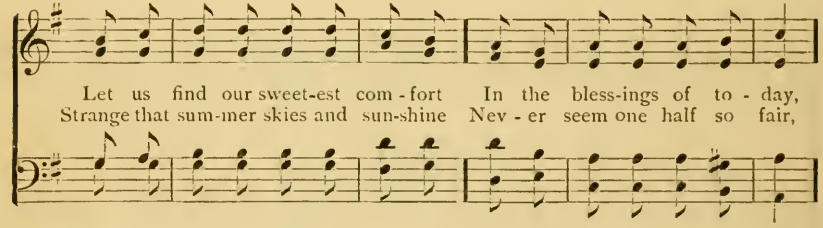
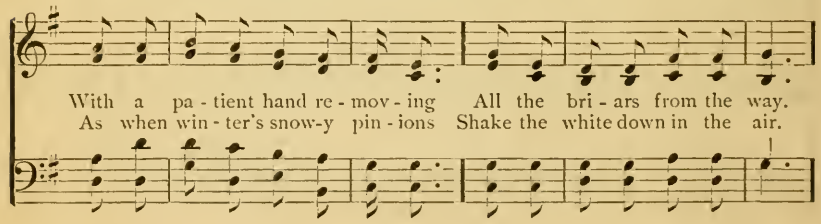
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Words by Mrs. Albert Smith. Music by S. J. Vail.

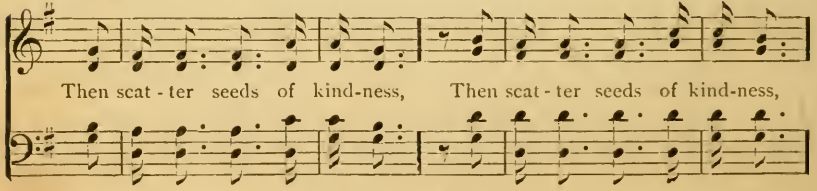


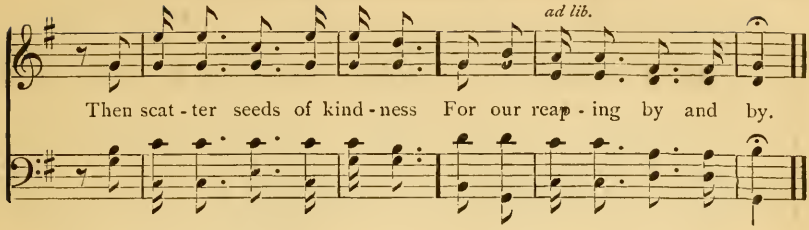






CHORUS.



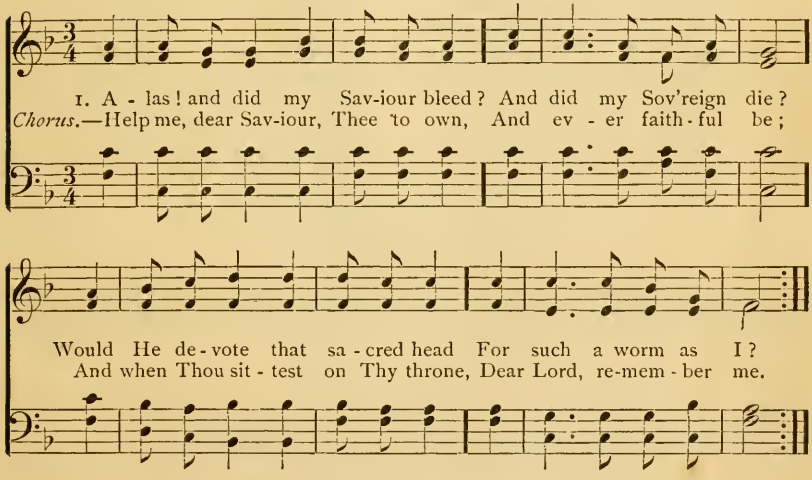


3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again,—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?—*Cho.*

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point the memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn around our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.—*Cho.*

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

From "Palm Leaves." Music and Cho. by Asa Hull.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.—*Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

Copyright, 1867, *by* Asa Hull.

ALL FOR JESUS!

Words by Mary D. James. For Mixed Voices. Music by Asa Hull.

1. { All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs; }
{ All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours. }

ff Repeat pp. *Rit. 2d time.*

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Worldings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus, crucified!

5 O, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

Copyright, 1877 *and* 1879, *by* Asa Hull.

ALL FOR JESUS!

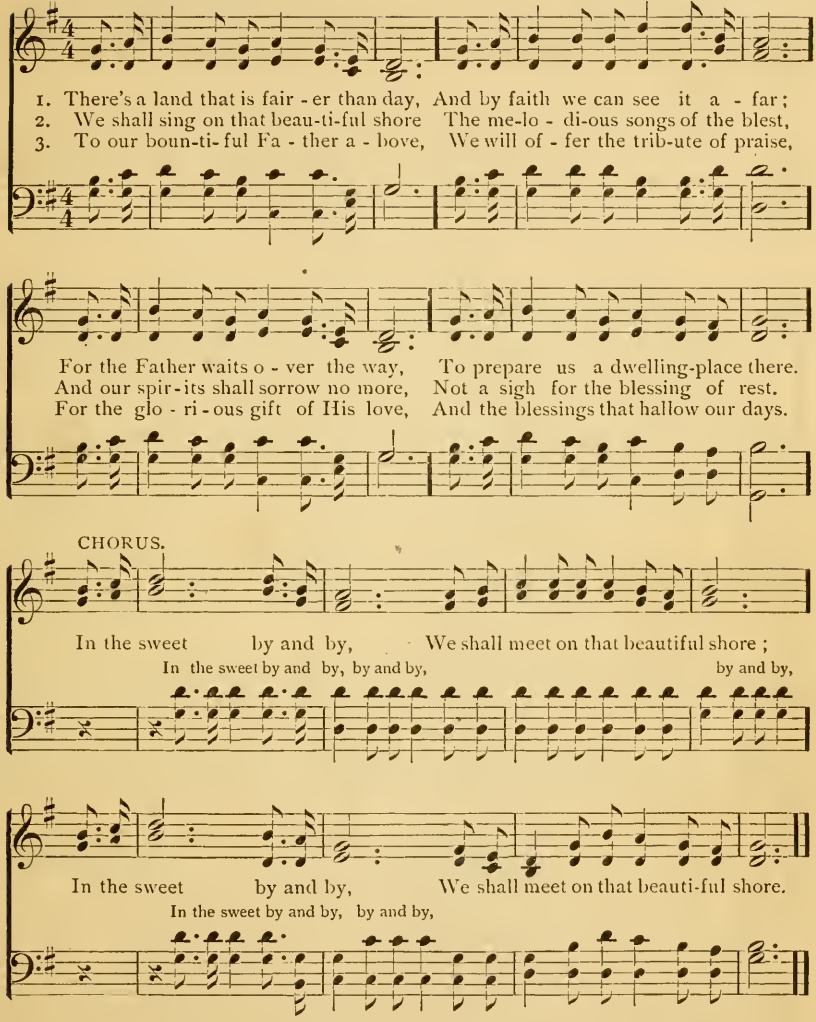
1st and 2d Tenor. For Male Voices. Music by Asa Hull.

1st and 2d Bass.

Repeat pp *Rit. 2d time.*

Copyright, 1873, *by* Asa Hull.

Words by S. F. Bennett. Music by J. P. Weester.



4.

We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.
Chorus.—In the sweet, etc.

5.

We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.—
Chorus.—In the sweet, etc.

THE REAPERS.

Words by Asa Hull.
Moderato.

Music by Asa Hull.
Chorus suggested by another melody.

1. Be-hold the changing autumn leaves, Be - hold the fields of rip'ning grain,
2. Be-hold the har - vest of the Lord ! Behold the broad and whitening fields !
3. Why i - dly stand ? there's work for all ; The Master calls, why lon-ger wait ?

Go gath - er in the gold - en sheaves From val-ley, hill, and dis - tant plain.
Send out the call, send forth the word, Till hun-dred - fold the har-vest yields.
Go, gath - er in both great and small, Make haste, or you will be too late.

CHORUS.—*A little faster.*

Then, reap - ers, haste,..... the skies are clear,.....
Then, reap - ers, haste, the skies are clear,

The fields re - sound..... the glad re - frain.....
The fields re - sound the glad re - frain,

The har - vest - ers,..... from far and near,.....
The har - vest - ers, from far and near,

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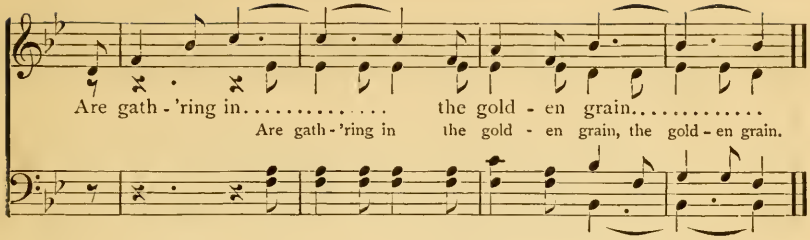
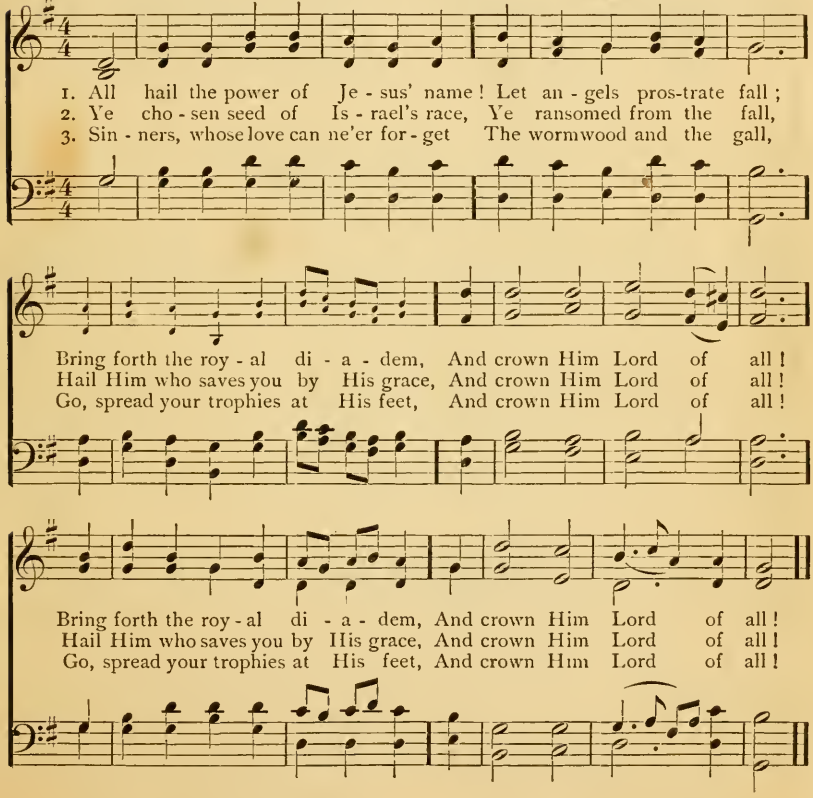


CORONATION.

Words by PERRONET. Music by O. HOLDEN.



4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

TALKING WITH JESUS.

Adagio, Eepressivo. Music by Asa Hull.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug-ged road;
2. I know the way is drear - y To that bright and hap - py clime;

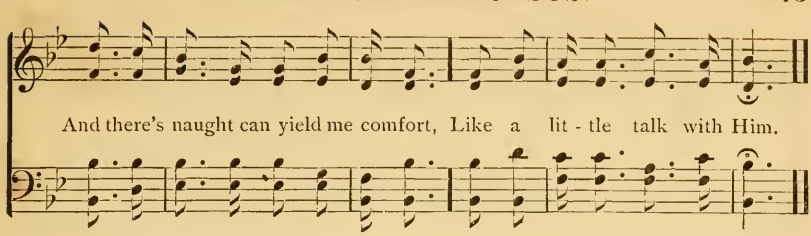
How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint be-neath my load.
But a lit - tle talk with Je - sus Will re - fresh me an - y time.

When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are dim,
And as yet the more I know Him, And His mer - cy I ex - plore,

There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
On - ly prompts my heart to long - ing For a lit - tle talk the more.

CHORUS.

O I love to talk with Je - sus, For earth - ly joys grow dim;



3 I'll tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest;
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast.
Once He gave His life a ransom,
And would have me all His own,
Can He now forget His promise,
And reject His purchased one?

4 I'll wait a little longer,—
Till His own appointed time;
And will glory in the knowledge
Of a prospect so sublime.
Then, when in my Father's dwelling,
Where the many "mansions" are,
I will sweetly talk with Jesus,
And forever dwell up there.

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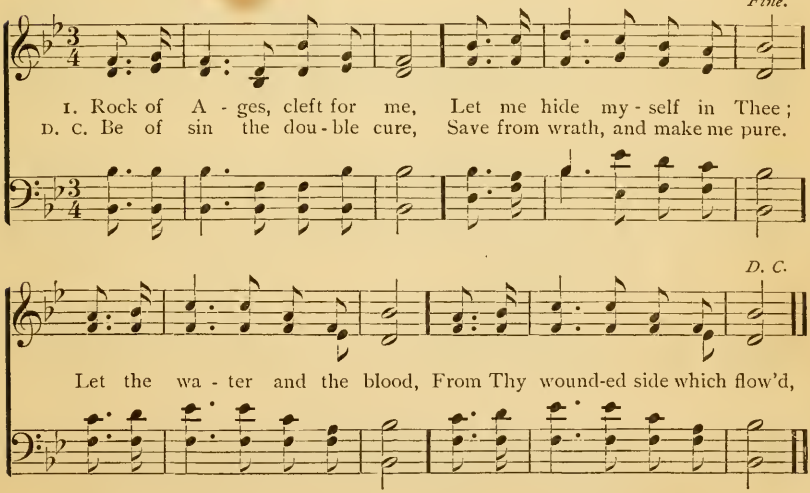
ROCK OF AGES.

Words by Toplady. Arr. Music by Dr. T. Hastings. Arr.



2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

I REST IN THY LOVE.

Words by Rev. R. W. Todd. Music by Harry Sanders.

1. While way-worn and wea - ry, I jour - ney a - long, Dear Sav - iour, Thy
2. While burden'd with sor-row, and lad - en'd with woe; Dear Sav - iour, to

love is the theme of my song; Thy smile is my bea - con, as
Thee, 'neath Thy cross will I go; I think of Thy sor - row, and

on - ward I move; Thy cross is my shel - ter, I rest in Thy love.
an - guish for me, And yield at Thy bid - ding, my sor - rows to Thee.

CHORUS.

I rest in Thy love,.... yes, rest in Thy love,.... Tho' way-worn and
Rest in Thy love, Rest in Thy love,

rit. pp

wea - ry, I rest in Thy love, Rest in Thy love, yes, rest in Thy love.
Rest in Thy love, in Thy love.

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BETHANY.

Words by Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Music by L. Mason. Arranged.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Though like a wan - der - er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps up to heav'n: All that Thou sendest me

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, etc.
In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, etc.

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee,:‖
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer my God, to Thee,:‖
Nearer to Thee.

CONCLUSION OF **I REST IN THY LOVE,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 While struggling for Thee in the heat of the strife,
Dear Saviour, Thy truth is the shield of my life;
My foes shall be vanquished—shall die 'neath my feet;
I'll rest from the conflict with vict'ry complete.—*Chorus*

4 And when,—all the pangs of mortality o'er,—
I'll join with the blood-washed who sing on the shore;
I'll dwell with the pure in Thy temple above;
Forever and ever I'll rest in Thy love.—*Chorus.*

BREEZES FROM LAND.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. From "Praise Songs." Music by Asa Hull.

1. When sail - ing o'er time's rest - less sea, Be - neath a cloud-ed sky;
2. Loud raves the voice of an - gry gales, But while the breakers foam,
3. Then let the frown-ing clouds grow dark, The tem - pest wild - ly rave;

How sweet the whis-per comes to me, A Sav - iour ev - er nigh.
A soft wind fans the spreading sails, The pleasant breeze from home.
A strong hand guides the lad - en bark A - cross the storm-y wave.

Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep across the sea; They waft the mu-sic
Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep the billows o'er, The voi - ces of a
Breezes from the heav'nly land, They murmur o'er the wave, The wel-come of an

CHORUS. *Animato.*

on the strand, The song of hope to me. O, wait-ing souls, re-joice, We're
lov - ing band Are waft - ed from the shore.
outstretched hand, A heart that bled to save.

near the ho-ly strand, List! 'tis the Saviour's voice, The welcome breeze from land.

Copyright, 1871, *by* Asa Hull.

Music by JOHN M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. On-ward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands;

And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright, im-mor - tal bands.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore;

Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Cho.—Rocks and storms, etc.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation!
We are safe at home at last!
Cho.—Rocks and storms, etc.

SOLO OR QUARTETTE. Arranged. Music by FRANZ ABT.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy power-ful hand:
Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro';

cres.

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more;
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De-liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield;

FULL CHORUS.

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,

Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee;
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.
I will ever give to Thee.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Be strong to do His will;
2. Put on the ar - mor, girt with truth, The work is not thine own;

Dare not go forth for once un-armed, Thy foes would do thee ill.
Bind to thy heart the law of God, Ful - filled by Christ a - lone.

CHORUS.

Then stand! stand firm, de-fy the foe! Thou in the Master's strength shalt go, En-
Then stand! stand firm,

dur - ing to the end. Then stand! stand firm, de - fy the
Then stand! Then stand! stand firm,

foe, En - dur-ing to the end.

3 Put on the armor; shod with peace
Thy feet shall firm endure;
Tho' snares beset and thorns shall pierce,
He makes thy footsteps sure.—*Cho.*

4 Put on the armor; take thy shield,
Faith in the risen Lord;
Once pierced with darts still aimed at thee,
He conquers with a word.—*Cho.*

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NO BOOK IS LIKE THE BIBLE.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby. Music by Asa Hull.

Duet.

1. No book is like the Bi - ble, For childhood, youth and age ; Our duty, plain and
2. It tells of man's cre-a-tion, His sad, pri-me-val fall ; It tells of man's re-
3. O, let us love the Bi - ble, And praise it more and more ; Our life is like a

Semi-Chorus.

sim - ple, We find on ev - 'ry page ; It came by in - spi - ra - tion ; A
demp-tion, Thro' Christ, who died for all ; In sa - cred words of wis - dom It
shad - ow, Our days will soon be o'er ; But if we close-ly fol - low The

light to guide our way, A voice from Him who gave it, Reproving when we stray.
bids us watch and pray, And early come to Jesus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
counsel God has giv-en, We then may hope with angels To sing His praise in heaven.

Chorus.

No book is like the Bi - ble, The bless - ed book we love,

The pil-grim's chart of glo - ry, It leads to God a - bove.

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WILL IT, O LORD, BE MINE?

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

Moderato.

1. There's joy for the soul when the Master has come, Will it be mine? Will it be mine?
2. There's rest for the soul when its race has been run, Will it be mine? Will it be mine?

There's joy in re-un-ion, when all are at home, Will it, O Lord, be mine?
There's rest for the soul when with sin it has done, Will it, O Lord, be mine?

Joy in the welcome to yonder bright shore, Joy in the meetings where partings are o'er;
Rest for the weary, with burdens oppressed, Rest for the toiler, with patience possessed,

Joy in the greet-ing of friends gone before, Will it, O Lord, be mine?
Rest in the Lord, O the sweetest and best; Will it, O Lord, etc.

Slower.

Will it be mine? Will it be mine? Will it, O Lord, be mine?

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BURNING THE CHAFF.

Words by Rev. H. R. Trickett. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Min - gled to - geth - er the wheat and the chaff, Waiting their doom in the
2. Gath-'ring the wheat for the gar - ner of God, Rob - ing the vic - tors in
3. On - ly the wick - ed shall be as the chaff; Now is the time when dear

day of His ire; Soon will the Mighty One win - now His threshing-floor,
gar - ments of light; Nev - er to sin a - gain, nev - er to sor-row more,
sin - ners may turn; Soon will they pass be-yond mer - cy's redeeming power,

CHORUS.

Wheat for His gar - ner, the chaff for the fire. Burn - ing the chaff in the
Stand - ing for - ev - er approved in His sight.
And found among the chaff, like chaff must they burn.

day of His wrath, Purging His floor with His fan in His hand; Burning the

chaff with un-quench-a - ble fire, Who in that day will be a - ble to stand?

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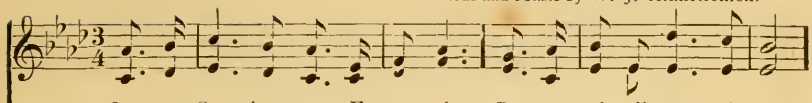
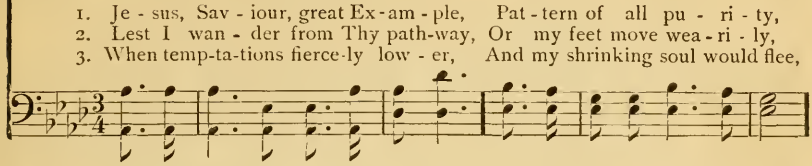
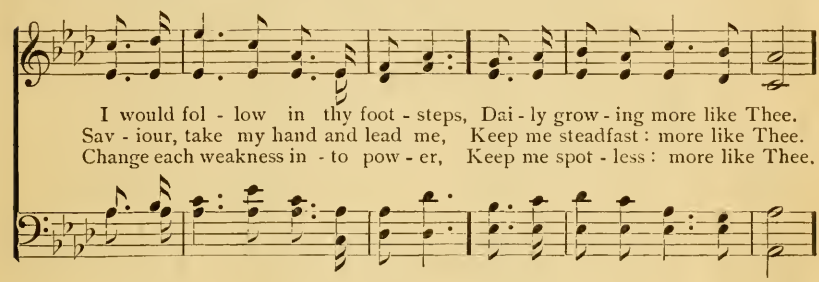
Words and Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



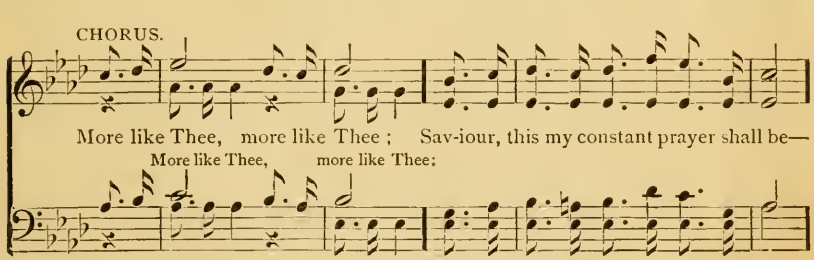
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, great Ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pu - ri - ty,
2. Lest I wan - der from Thy path-way, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly,
3. When temp-ta-tions fierce-ly low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee,



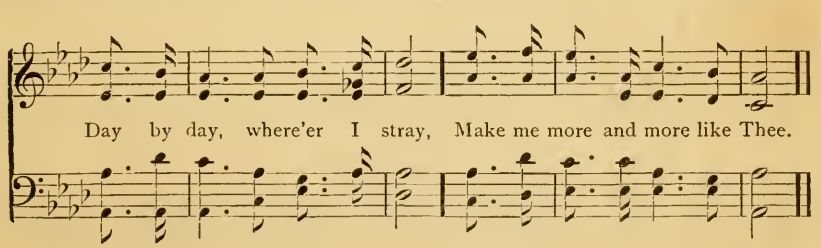
I would fol - low in thy foot - steps, Dai - ly grow - ing more like Thee.
Sav - iour, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast: more like Thee.
Change each weakness in - to pow - er, Keep me spot - less: more like Thee.



CHORUS.



More like Thee, more like Thee; Sav-iour, this my constant prayer shall be—
More like Thee, more like Thee:



Day by day, where'er I stray, Make me more and more like Thee.

4 When around me all is darkness,
And Thy beauties none may see,
May Thy beams, O glorious Brightness,
In effulgence shine through me.
Cho.—More like Thee, etc.

5 When death's cold, repulsive finger
Leaves its impress on my brow,
May Thy life, within me swelling,
Keep me singing then as now.
Cho.—More like Thee, etc.

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FLEE TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

Words by Mrs. S. B. Dana. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;
2. He will pro-tect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev-'ry sad, fall-ing tear;

Go to the clear, flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will for-sake thee, O, nev - er, Cher-ish'd so ten - der - ly there:

Fly, for th'a-veng-er is near thee; Call, and the Saviour will hear thee;
Lose not the hours that are fly - ing; Spend not the moments in sigh - ing;

Slow. *Ral - len - tan - do.*

He on His bo - som will bear thee; O thou who art wea-ry of sin,
Cease from your sor-row and cry - ing; The Sav-iour will wipe ev-'ry tear,

A tempo.

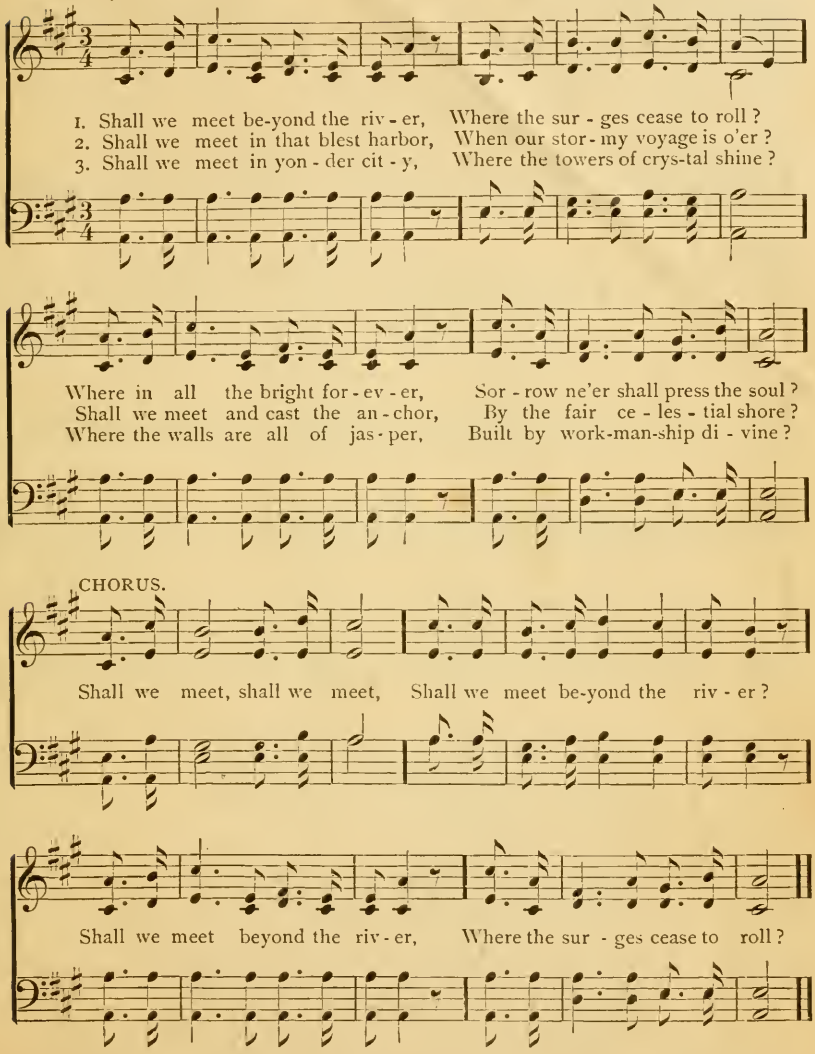
O thou who art wea - ry of sin.
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear,

3.

Come, then, to Jesus, thy Saviour:
He will redeem thee from sin,
Bless with a sense of His favor,
Make thee all glorious within;
Call, for the Saviour is near thee,
Waiting in mercy to hear thee,
And by His presence to cheer thee,
‖: O thou who art weary of sin. :‖

Copyright, 1865, *by* Asa Hull.

Words by H. L. Hastings. Music by E. S. Rice. From the "Little Sower."



4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Chorus.—Shall we meet, etc.

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour.
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?
Chorus,—We shall meet, etc.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

Words by H. Q. Wilson. Music by Asa Hull.

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Saviour, who died on a tree, To o - pen a foun - tain for sin - ners like me; His blood is that foun-tain, which par - don be - stows, And cleanses the foul-est wher-ev - er it flows.

Cho.— For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev' - ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

[has bro - ken,] [gives] [has broken] [gives]

Rit. un poco.

2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty,—His love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.

3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss;
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.

4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground.
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.

5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at His feet and His mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
Chorus.—For the Lion of Judah, etc.

Words by Sidney Dyer. Music by Dr. L. Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor,— Rest comes sure and soon:

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev' - ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, while the fields are white;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work, while hopes are bright;
Gather thy sheaves of morning;
Rest not thy hand at noon;
Labor and strive till ev'ning;
Rest when daylight's gone.

THE HARPERS OF GOD.

Words by Rev. H. R. Trickett. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. With crowns on their heads and with harps in their hands, And robed in white raiment the
2. For Thou hast redeemed us from sin by Thy blood, By grace we are made kings and

glo - ri - fied stand ; They are har-pers of God and for - ev - er they sing
priests un - to God ; O !.... strike ev - 'ry chord, and let heav - en a - gain

CHORUS.

All wor-thy, all wor-thy our Sav-iour and King. O sing-ers of heaven ! O
Resound with the praise of the Lamb that was slain.

glo - ri-fied throng ! O spotless and ho - ly ones, harpers of God ! By faith I can

see you and join in your song, The song of redemption, sal - va - tion by blood.

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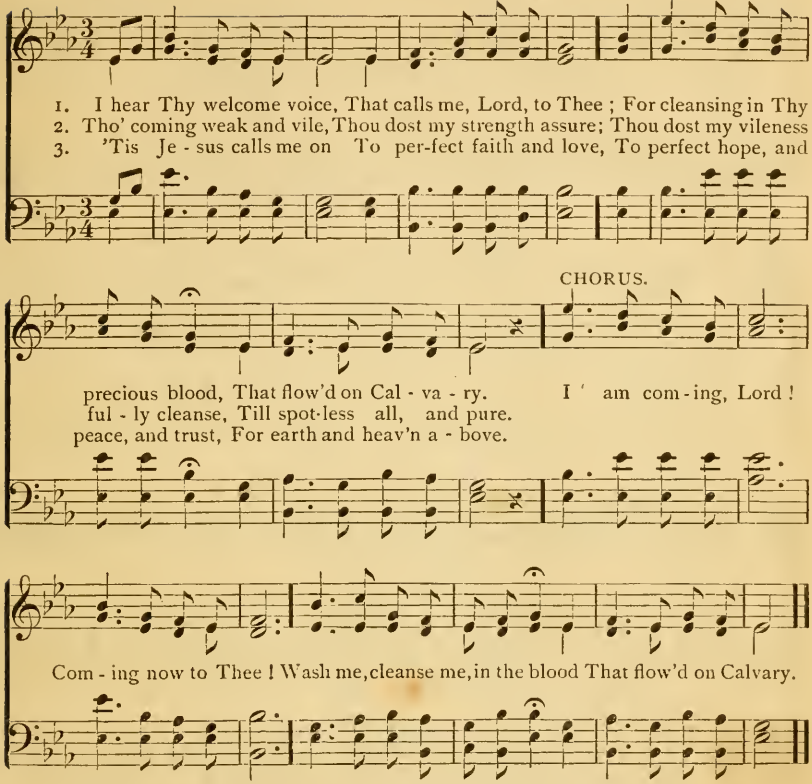
By permission. Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.



4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
Cho.—I am coming, etc.

5 All hail ! atoning blood !
All hail ! redeeming grace !
All hail ! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.
Cho.—I am coming, etc.

CONCLUSION OF **THE HARPERS OF GOD**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 O harpers of God, hallelujah I cry,
I join in the chorus that rings through the sky ;
I too am forgiven, I'm saved by the blood.
I love Him, I own Him, my Lord and my God.—*Chorus.*

4 O glorified singers, through Jesus I come,
To join you, and rest in my heavenly home ;
I long for the moment, it cannot be long,
When rising in rapture I join in your song.—*Chorus.*

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Words by R. Torrey, Jr. *May be used as Soprano Solo.* Music by Asa Hull.

1. O have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That's flowing thro' our Father's land?
2. With murmuring sound doth it wander along, Thro' fields arrayed in liv-ing green;

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er golden sand.
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.

CHORUS.

That beau - ti - ful stream.... is the "Riv - er of Life,".....
That beau-ti-ful stream is the "Riv-er of Life," That beau-ti-ful stream is the "Riv-er of Life,"

It flows for all na - tions, it flows for all na-tions free;
It flows for all na-tions, it flows for all na-tions,

Rit.

A balm for each wound in its water is found, O sin-ner, it flows for thee!
for thee!

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Words by WATTS. Music arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And

And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.

sing,.....

And heav'n and na - ture sing,

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

CONCLUSION OF **THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet their taste to weary souls;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
O, come where its bright wave rolls.—*Chorus.*

4 O will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell upon its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, come, all ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more.—*Chorus.*

THE GLORIOUS BY AND BY.

Moderato. Music by Asa Hull.

1. It may be far, it may be near,—There is a hope, there is a fear,
2. Yes, by and by will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear-stained brow;

But in the fu - ture wait-ing, I Shall Je - sus see, yes, by and by.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne; To liv - ing fountains lead His own.

REFRAIN. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and
By and by, yes, by and by,

Rall. *A tempo.*

by, yes, by and by; } But in the fu - ture wait-ing, I Shall
By and by, yes, by and by; } The Lamb shall feed them from the throne; To

Je - sus see, yes, by and by.
liv - ing fountains lead His own.

3.

O verdant fields! O shining shore!
The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;
O golden City! surely I
Shall see your glories by and by.
By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
O golden City! surely I
Shall see your glories by and by.

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Music by PLEYEL.

1. Lord of hosts, how love - ly fair, E'en on earth, Thy tem - ples are?

Here Thy wait - ing peo - ple see Much of heav'n and much of Thee.

2 From Thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate Thy throne;
Here Thy pard'ning grace is known;
Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

HURSLEY.

Words by J. KEBLE. Arranged from F. J. HAYDN.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when death is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Has spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

Words by GRACE GLENN. Music by J. H. FILMORE.

1. When, as of old, in her sad - ness, Ma - ry sat weep - ing a - lone,
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flow - ing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust,
3. Down by the shore of death's riv- er, Some time thy foot-steps shall stray,

Soft - ly the voice of her sis - ter Whispered, "The Master has come."
When of the dear - est earth treas-ures Dust shall re - turn un - to dust:
Where waits an an - gel to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

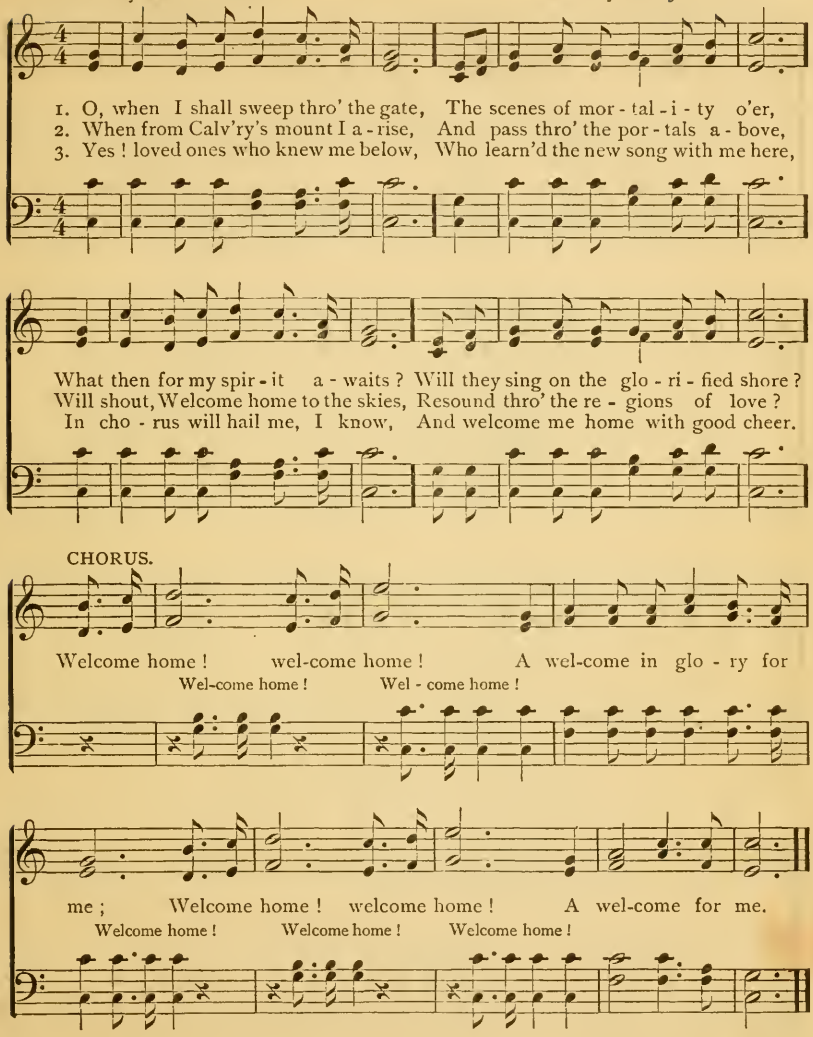
So, in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its foun-tain may be,
Then, tho' the world may in - vite thee, Vain will its of - fer - ing be,
What then tho' dark be his shad - ow, If then his com - ing thou see,

List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Cometh there soft - ly a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

CHORUS. *f* *Rep. pp*

Call - - ing, call - - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee,

Words by Mrs. P. Palmer. Music by Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



4.

The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see ;
The city of saints I'll behold !
For, O, there's a welcome for me !
Cho.—Welcome home, etc.

5.

A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb !
Cho.—Welcome home, etc.

I WILL KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Words revised. Music by Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. The mistakes of my life are ma - ny, And the sins of my heart are more;
2. I'm the low - est of those who love Him; I'm the weak-est of those who pray;

I can scarce-ly see for weeping, But still I will knock at the door.
But I come just as He has bid me, And He will not turn me a - way.

CHORUS.

Come in, come in, wea - ry one, come in, Come
Come in, come in, wea - ry one, come in,

in, wea - ry one, The Sav-iour bids you come in.
Come in, wea - ry one,

3 The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is faint with sin;
Yet, 'mid sorrow, I hear Thee whisper,
Come in, weary one, now come in.
Chorus.—Come in, etc.

4 All my sins Jesus will forgive me:
All my stains He will wash away;
And the feet that so oft have stumbled,
Shall tread thro' the bright gate of day.
Chorus.—Come in, etc.

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Allegretto. Music by Asa Hull.

1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die,
2. We'll cling to Je - sus in the hour When sin and Sa - tan use their power,
3. No dy - ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no part - ing word;

A-mid our tears while here we roam, How sweet the thought we're going home.
And murmur not when sorrows come, For by and by we're go - ing home.
O sin - ner, to the Saviour come, And join the band that's go - ing home.

CHORUS.

Go - ing home, go - ing home, How sweet the thought we're go - ing home.

OLD HUNDRED. Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

ONE BY ONE.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.

Andante, espressivo.

1. One by one are au - tumn leaves Borne a - way on win-try breeze;
2. One by one the stars of night Dis - ap - pear with morning light;

Ritard.

Thus we pass from earth a - way, This life is fleet - ing as a day.
Thus the fee - ble, earth - ly ray Is lost in blaze of end - less day.

CHORUS.

One by one,..... one by one,..... One by one we pass a - way,
One by one, one by one,

This life is fleet-ing as a day, This life is fleet-ing as a day.

3 One by one are voices hushed,
Earthly joys and hopes are crushed;
Both the timid and the brave
Are laid within the silent grave.
One by one they pass away, etc.

4 One by one our friends pass o'er
To the bright and peaceful shore;
And they join in glad surprise
The glorious anthem of the skies.
One by one they pass away, etc,

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Moderato.

Words and Music by H. S. Blunt.

1. Bro-ther, is thy path-way clouded? Does thy sun re-fuse to shine?
2. Hast thou failed to do thy du-ty? Didst thou in-to er-ror stray?

Is thy sky in darkness shrouded? Dost thou in thy sor-row pine?
There are bles-sings with-out num-ber, Christ is off-'ring thee to-day.

CHORUS.

Look up, wea-ry, faint-ing brother, See! the dawn-ing doth ap-pear;

From the east the light is breaking, Night recedes, the day is near.

3 Look, my brother, Christ is ready,
Cast on Him your every care;
Now He waits to bear your burdens,
And will all your sorrows share.
Cho.—Look up, etc.

4 See! a golden crown is waiting—
Waiting for thee over there,
Studded with the gems of heaven,
If for Christ the cross you bear.
Cho.—Look up, etc.

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TRUST IN GOD.

DUET OR QUARTETTE. From "Praise Songs." Music by ASA HULL.

1. What tho' the fig - tree blossoms not, Nor fruits a - dorn the ol - ive grove?
2. 'Tis sure - ly in His love a - lone, The Lord our God His judgment sends;

What tho' it be my fear - ful lot, 'Midst bar - ren vines and fields to rove?
In all His ways is mer - cy shown, Throughout the earth's remotest ends.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Tho' bleat - ing flocks no more I see, Nor herds with-in the stall ap - pear;
So let us then our banners raise, To all the world His love proclaim;

Yet, still in God my trust shall be, I'll serve Him more from love than fear.
The God of our sal - va - tion praise, With triumph in His ho - ly name.

CHORUS.

Oh, praise His name! His glories sing! Ce - les - tial joy shall tune your voice;

ff

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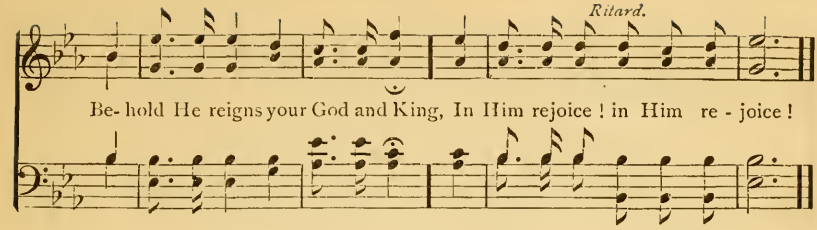


3.

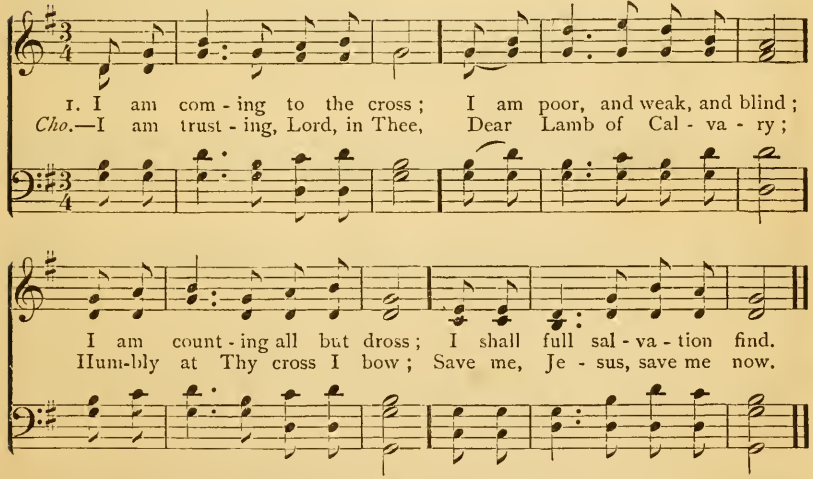
What though thro' death's dominion lies
The path that leads to yonder rest,
Yet, still my song of praise shall rise
To Him whose hand my soul hath blest.
Yea, though I pass the shade of death,
With clouds and darkness overcast,
I'll praise Him with my latest breath,
For O, He loves us to the last.

4.

I know that my Redeemer lives ;
I know that He ascends on high ;
In love His children He forgives,
And wipes the tears from ev'ry eye.
Hosanna to His name I'll sing,
In whom such goodness I have found ;
My light, my joy, my everything ;
Let saints and men His praise resound.

TRUSTING.

Words by Rev. Wm. McDonald — Music by Wm. G. Fischer.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee ;
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—forever more.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust ;
Now I feel the blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust ;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

5 Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !
Perfected in love I am ;
I am every whit made whole ;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—*Cho.*

Words by Flora L. Best. Music by Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird... in spring; But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the
din... of strife; But I know of a home that is won-drous fair, And I

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

dawn shines out in the dark-ness drear. O, the new, new song, O, the
sing the psalm they are sing-ing there. O, the new, new song,

new, new song, I can sing it now With the
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - - - som'd throng: Pow-er and do - min-ion to Him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng.

reign ;..... Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign ;

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When He points where the many bright mansions be,
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee?"—*Chorus.*

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall,
When I come to the gloom of the even fall,
For I know that the shadows so dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to Him.—*Chorus.*

MARTYN.

Words by C. Wesley. Music arranged from S. B. Marsh.

Andante. *Fine.*

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
{ While the near - er wa - ters roll While the tem-pest still is high ; }
D. C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False, and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

THE SPIRIT'S WELCOME.

Legato.

Music by Asa Hull.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome;
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,

When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing, Glad-ly bid us wel - come home;
Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glo - rious spir - it land?

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us, as in days of yore?

In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we feel their dear arms twin-ing Fond-ly round us, as be - fore?

CHORUS.

1st time. *2d time.*

Shall we know, shall we know, shall we know each other there? there?
Shall we know each oth-er there? Shall we know each oth - er there? oth - er there?

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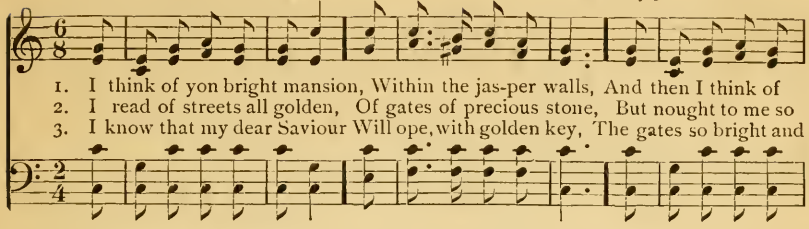
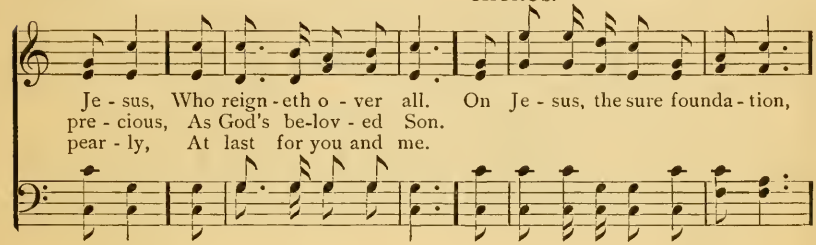
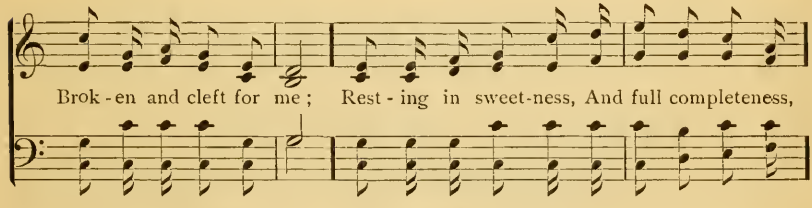
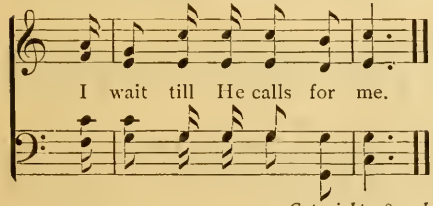
Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Music by J. H. Tenney.



CHORUS.







4 One look of life from Jesus
Will fill my raptured soul
With joy and heav'nly sweetness,
Beyond my heart's control.—*Cho.*

5 One smile of recognition,
To show that I am His,
Will be a full fruition,
A perfect sea of bliss.—*Cho.*

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CONCLUSION OF **THE SPIRIT'S WELCOME**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light;
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright
That shall welcome us in heaven
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.
Chorus.—We shall know, etc.

4 O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear;
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
"We shall know each other there."
Chorus.—We shall know, etc.

RESTING AT THE CROSS.

Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,
2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je-sus, smiling, bade me live;

Burden'd, faint, and broken-hearted, Pray-ing, "Je-sus, make me whole."
I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus, I am counting all but dross,

I have found a full sal-va-tion, I am rest-ing at the cross;

I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing, I'm rest-ing at the cross.
at the cross, at the cross,

Arranged by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
2. Your ma-ny sins are all forgiven, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus;
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Sweet-est note of ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,
Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

CONCLUSION OF **RESTING AT THE CROSS,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 At the cross, while prostrate lying,
Jesus' blood flowed o'er my soul;
All my guilt and sin were covered,
And He whispered, "Child, be whole."

4 At the cross I'm calmly trusting;
Every moment now is sweet;
I am tasting of His glory;
I am resting at His feet.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

Words and Melody by Rev. R. H. McCray.

1. We shall meet in that beautiful land, On the banks of the bright golden shore,
2. O - ver there on the bright azure plains, Where the riv-er of life sweetly flows;

And with all the redeemed spirit-band, There with Je-sus to reign ev - er more.
For the Sav-iour e - ter - nal-ly reigns, And the beau-ti - ful gates never close.

CHORUS.

In a bright, happy home, we shall meet, In that beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful
we shall meet,

land,..... In a bright, hap- py home we shall meet,..... In that
beau-ti - ful land, we shall meet,

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti ful land.
beautiful land.

3 Blessed Jesus has gone to prepare
Us a crown that is brighter than day;
Then forever we'll dwell with Him there,
And His hand shall wipe all tears away.

4 There no sorrow shall e'er taint the air,
Where God dwells evil never can come;
And no weeping will break on the ear,
When the day of life's turmoil is done.

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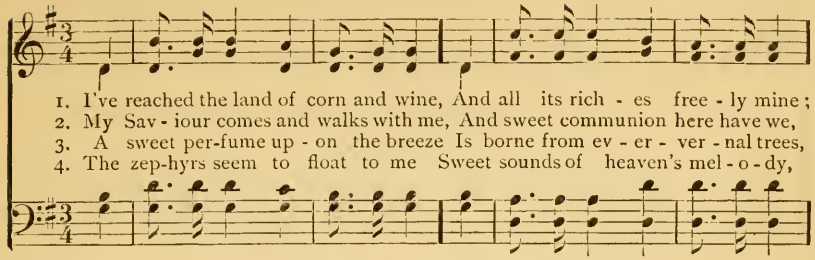
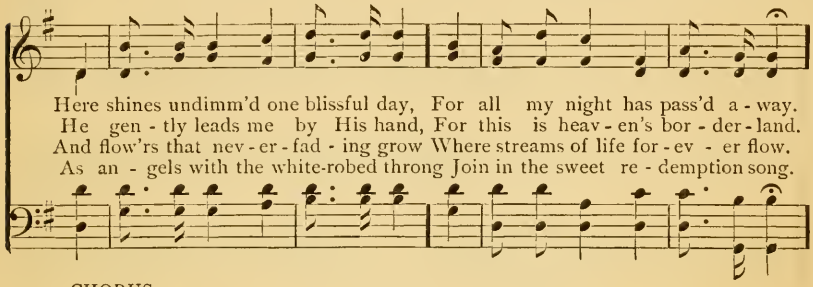
Words by EDGAR PAGE. From "Goodly Pearls." Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

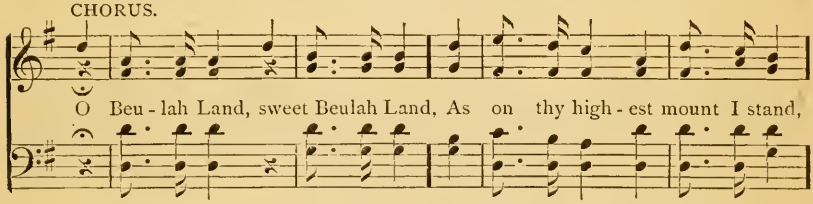


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we,
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zep-hyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,

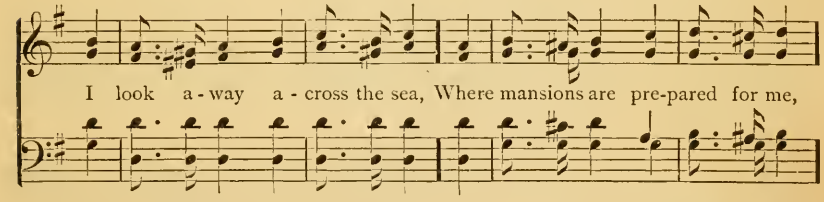


Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
And flow'rs that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an - gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.

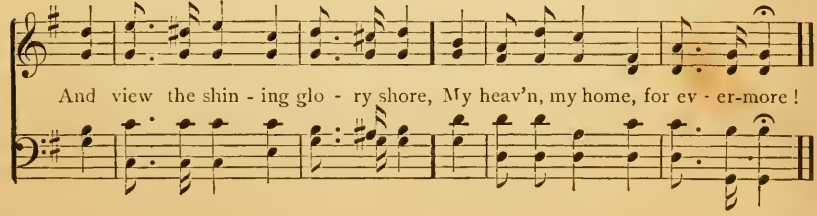
CHORUS.



O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,



And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ev - er-more!

LIVE NEARER TO JESUS.

Words and Music by ALEX. S. ARNOLD.

1. Live nearer to Je - sus, Trusting ev-er in Him ; He waiteth to free us
2. Live nearer to Je - sus, Ev-er trust in His pow'r ; Thro' life He will lead us,
3. Live nearer to Je - sus, And His Spirit re - ceive ; He'll never deceive us—

From the bondage of sin. Stand up for the Saviour, Stand up ever for Him ;
Cheering ev'-ry dark hour. Stray not from His keeping, In Him always abide ;
O, His promise be-lieve. Sweet is the communion, Yes, more precious than gold ;

Rit. ad lib. CHORUS. *A tempo.*

In du-ty ne'er waver, He is Saviour and King. In His love we're stronger,
Joys constant-ly reaping, Clinging close to His side.
In heaven - ly u - nion We His beauty behold.

In His strength we conquer ; Trust in self no longer, Trust Thy Saviour and King.

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Words by E. H. Nevin. Music by Asa Hull.

1. O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee! When I'm weak and weary
2. O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee! When the winds are blowing,

Ritard.

And my path is drea - ry; O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee
And my tears are flow-ing; O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee.

3 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When my friends are leaving,
And my heart is grieving;
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

4 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When I cross the river,
Which from earth doth sever,
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

Copyright, 1879, *by* Asa Hull.

BOYLSTON.

Words by C. Wesley. Music by L. Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Words arr. by Asa Hull. Music by Asa Hull.

Soli. *mp* Tutti. *f*

1. My soul with rap - ture waits for thee, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest;
2. Thy ra - diant fields and glow-ing skies, Beau-ti - ful vale of rest;

Soli. *mp* Tutti. *f*

My home be - yond the roll - ing sea, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest;
Too pure and bright for mor - tal eyes, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest;

Soli. *A little slower.*

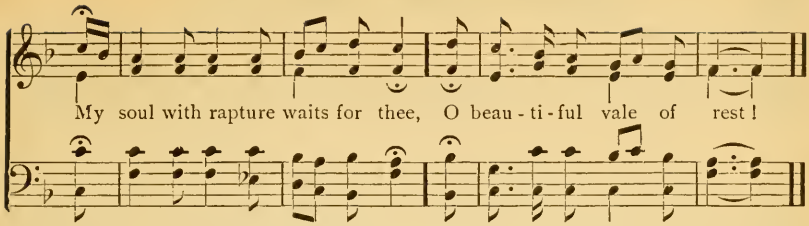
I long to sing thy pleas - ures o'er, The beau - ties of thy tranquil shore,
Be - side the liv - ing stream that flows, The wea - ry heart that finds re - pose;

Tutti. *A tempo.*

Where pain and sor - row come no more, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.
Thy pearl - y gates shall nev - er close, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful vale..... of rest, Beau-ti - ful vale..... of rest,
Beau-ti - ful vale of rest, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.



3.
The joys of earth, how soon they fade!
Beautiful vale of rest;
Like morning dew or evening shade,
Beautiful vale of rest;
Yet when we reach thy golden strand,
Our gentle Saviour's promised land,
We'll sing with all the ransomed band,—
Beautiful vale of rest.

4.
O, who would dwell for ever here,
Beautiful vale of rest;
With joy, unfading joy, so near?
Beautiful vale of rest;
O, may I live, that I may wear
A starry crown for ever there,
And breathe thy sweet and balmy air,
Beautiful vale of rest.

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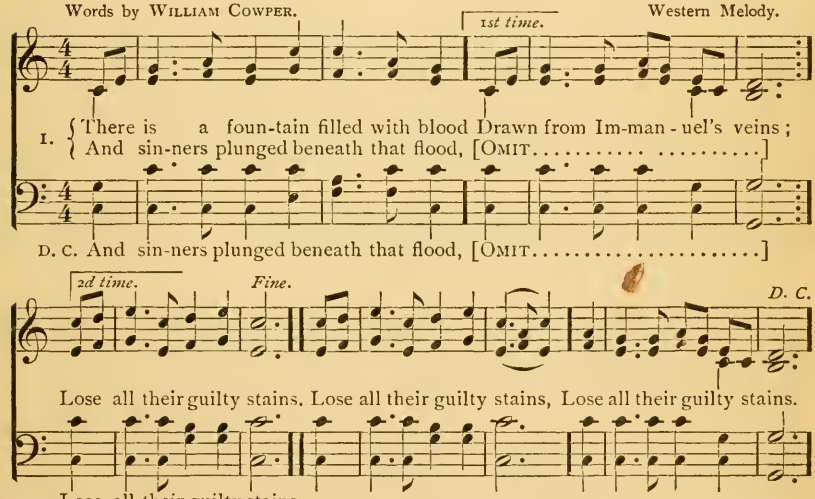
THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

Words by WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! O, joy supreme - ly sweet!
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side,— So close that I can hear
3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast A long life's wea - ry way;

Com - pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete;
The soft - est whis - pers of His love,— In fel - low - ship so dear;
My path, il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows bright-er day by day;

In u - nion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
And feel His great al - migh - ty hand Pro-tects me in this hos - tile land.
No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al - might - y Friend so near.

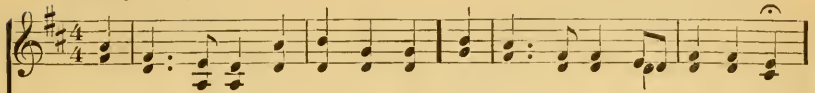
CHORUS.

O, wondrous bliss, O, joy sublime, I've Je - sus with me all the time;

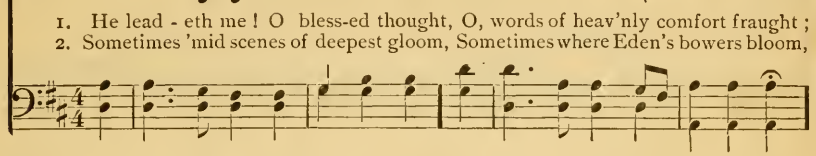
O, won-drous bliss, O, joy sublime, I've Je - sus with me all the time.

Copyright, 1875, *by* J. H. Stockton *and* W. J. Kirkpatrick.

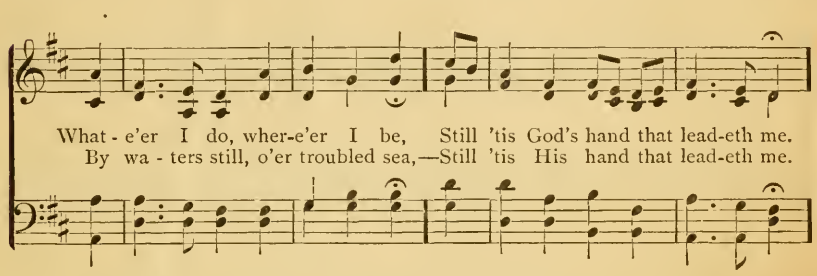
Words by Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.



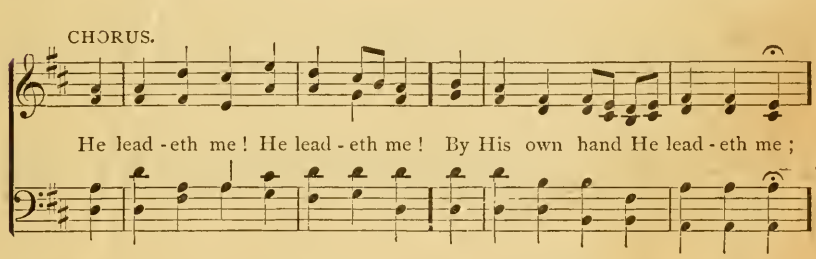
1. He lead - eth me ! O bless-ed thought, O, words of heav'nly comfort fraught ;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,



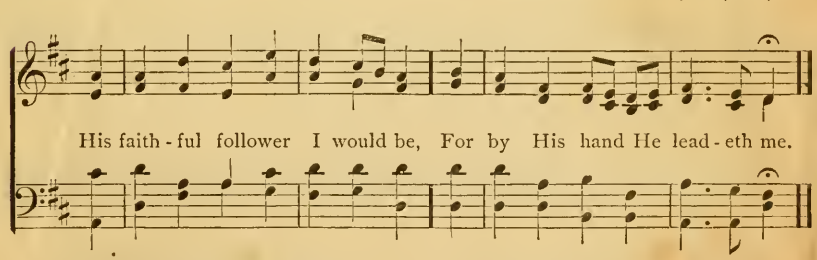
What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.



CHORUS.



He lead - eth me ! He lead - eth me ! By His own hand He lead - eth me ;



His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
Chorus.—He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Chorus.—He leadeth me. etc.

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WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Words by Dr. H. Bonar. Music by C. C. Converse.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to Him in prayer.

O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what need-less pain we bear;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to Him in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake th
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shiel
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Words by C. Wesley. Music by Jos. P. Holbrook. By per.

Duet.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:

Full Chorus.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is [illegible]ed, All my help from Thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

Words by Dr. Muhlenburg. Music by Asa Hull.

With Energy.

1. Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord, Al - le - lu - ias of
2. For the sunshine and rainfall, en - rich - ing a - gain Our a - cres in

freedom with joyful accord : Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,
myriads with treasures of grain ; For the Earth still unloading her manifold wealth,

CHORUS.

Sea, mountain, and prairie [illegible] Thanksgiving song. Give thanks, all ye people, give
For the Skies beaming vigor, the Winds breathing health.

thanks to the Lord, Al - le - lu - ias of free-dom with joy - ful ac - cord.

3 In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs ;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Union to keep the Elect of His care.—*Chorus.*

4 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more ;
Peace, Lord ! righteous Peace, as Thy gift we adore,
And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the Land.—*Chosus.*

Music by Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God.
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown,

CHORUS.

p

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er;

f

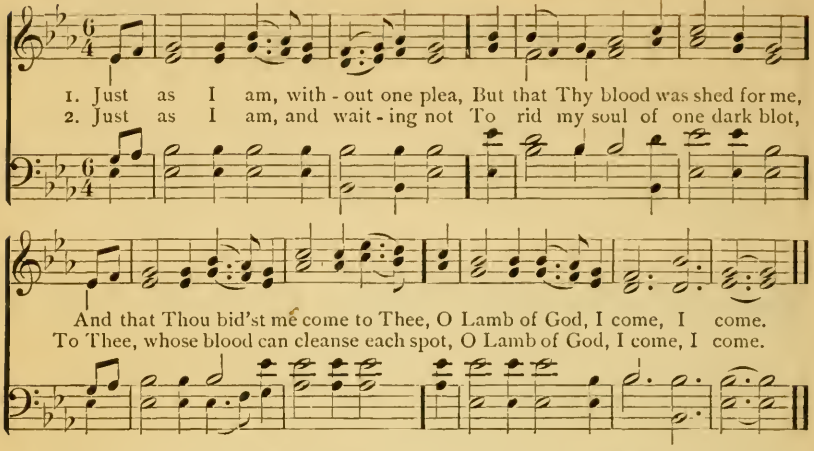
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

JUST AS I AM.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

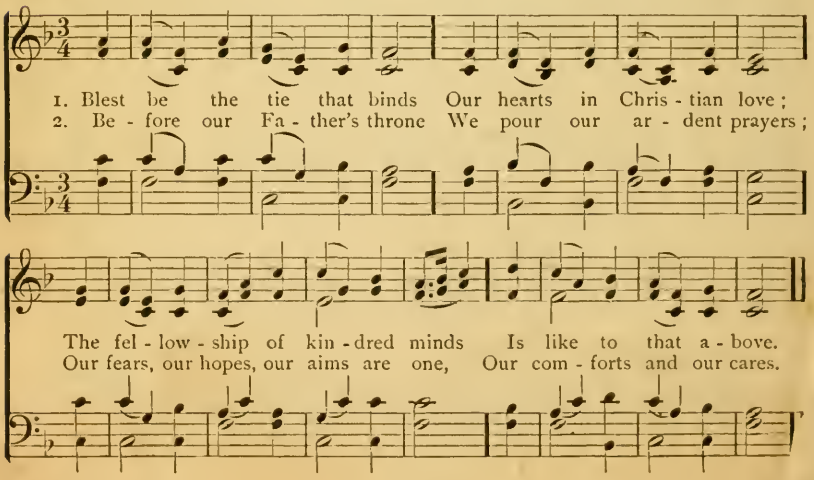
4 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

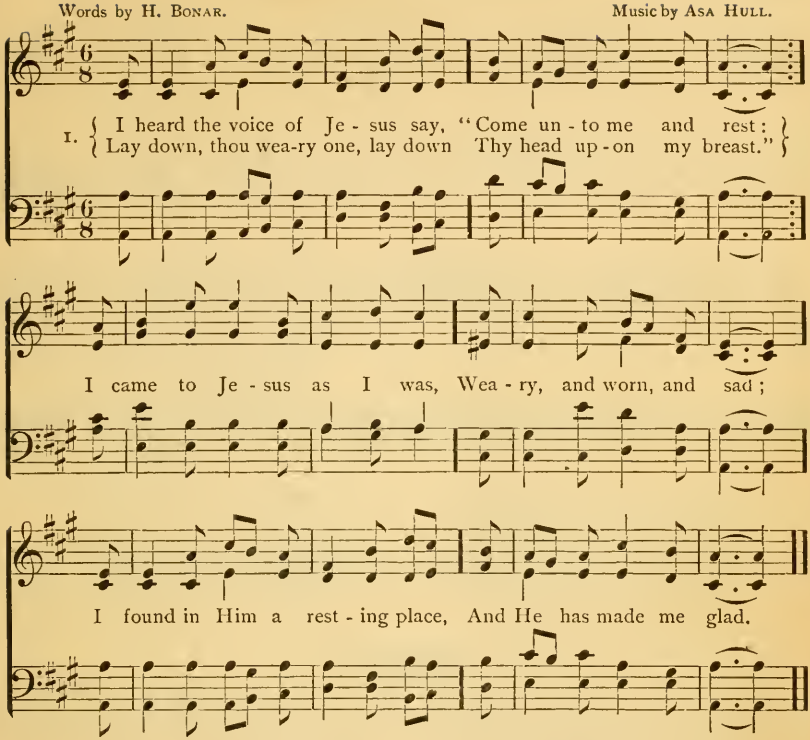
6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

DENNIS.

Words by JOHN FAWCETT. Arranged from NAGELI.



Words by H. Bonar. Music by Asa Hull.



2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till trav'ling days are done.

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CONCLUSION OF **DENNIS**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The symphathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

SICILIAN HYMN.

Words by Walter Shirley.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

{ Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace;
O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav'ling through this wilderness. }

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
:‖: May Thy presence :‖:
With us evermore be found.

3 So, where'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
:‖: May we ever :‖:
Reign with Christ in endless day.

OLIVET.

Words by Ray Palmer. Music by L. Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav-iour Di-vine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire!

{ Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt a - way; } O, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine!
{ As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee } Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv-ing fire!

Words by JAMES ALLEN. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace pos-sess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend;
D. S. Still in faith and hope a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.

Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;

2 O, how blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from His gracious eye;
Here I'll sit forever, viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise:
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove each day His blood more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

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CONCLUSION OF **OLIVET,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

BELIEVING AND TRUSTING.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I'm not afraid to trust in Je - sus, For His blood was shed for me;
2. I'm not afraid to trust in Je - sus, Tho' my sight is growing dim;

I cannot doubt His love and mercy When His wounded hands I see.
For He has made a full a - tonement, And I'll ven - ture all on Him.

CHORUS.

rall.

I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid to trust in Him;

tempo.

I'm not afraid, for He's my friend, And He'll keep me to the end.

3 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
On His word I can rely;
He can save my feet from falling,
He can keep me till I die.
Chorus.—I'm not afraid, etc.

4 I'm not afraid to trust in Jesus,
Though the world should pass away;
For He is faithful who hath promised,
He will keep me in that day.
Chorus.—I'm not afraid, etc.

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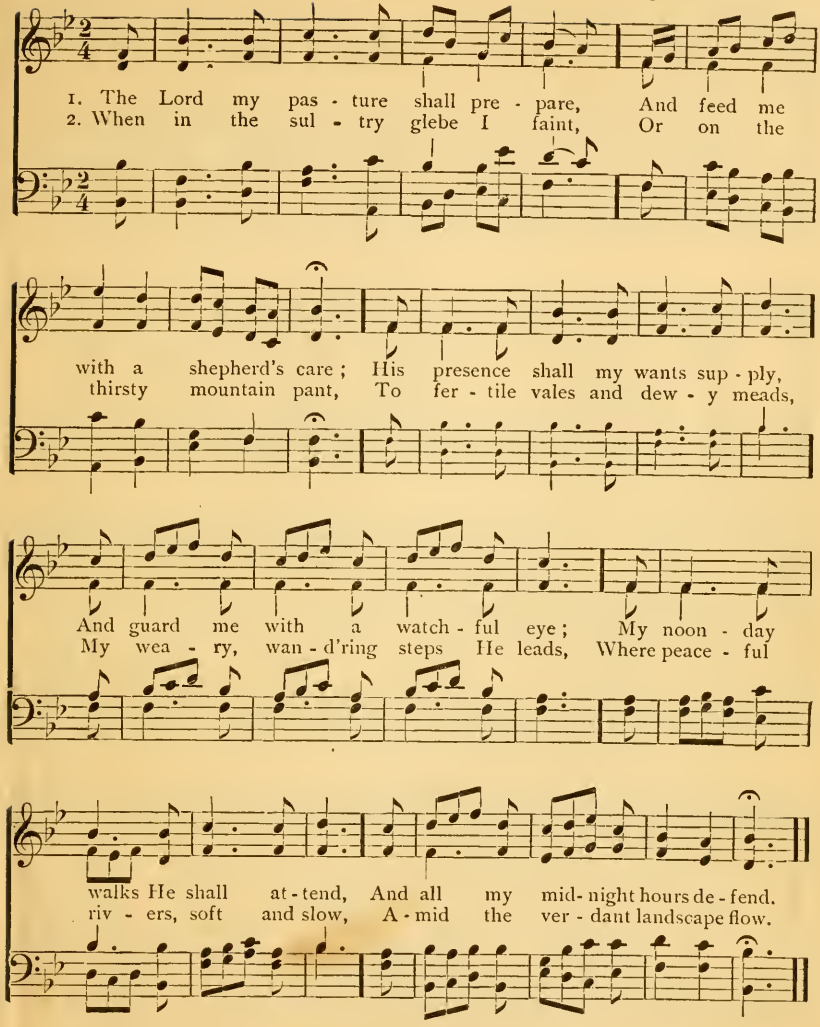
Arranged from HAYDN.



3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

THE HIDING PLACE.

Words arranged for this work. Music by Asa Hull.

1. By faith the cleansing blood I see, That riv - en side was cleft for me;
2. Not in my - self—a - lone in Thee, My joy, my strength, my life shall be;
3. Dear Saviour, let me there a - bide, Close nestling to Thy wounded side,

From self and sin I'd quickly flee, Je - sus, to hide in Thee.
For Thou art all in all to me While I am hid in Thee.
So peaceful and so sat - is - fied, While I am hid in Thee.

REFRAIN.

To hide, to hide, to hide, to hide, Je - sus, to hide in Thee;
While I, while I, while I, while I, While I am hid in Thee;
While I, etc.

To hide, to hide,..... Je - sus, to hide in Thee....
to hide, to hide, Je - sus, to hide, to hide in Thee.
While I, while I,..... While I am hid in Thee....
while I, while I, While I am hid, am hid in Thee.

4 Thus safely sheltered 'neath Thy wing,
Of Christ, my righteousness, I'll sing,
And fear no more death's bitter sting
While I am hid in Thee.
‖: While I, while I,
While I am hid in Thee. :‖

5 And when I stand before the throne,
Saviour, I know, Thy love will own,
The soul for whom Thou didst atone,
The soul that hides in Thee.
‖: The soul that hides,
The soul that hides in Thee. :‖

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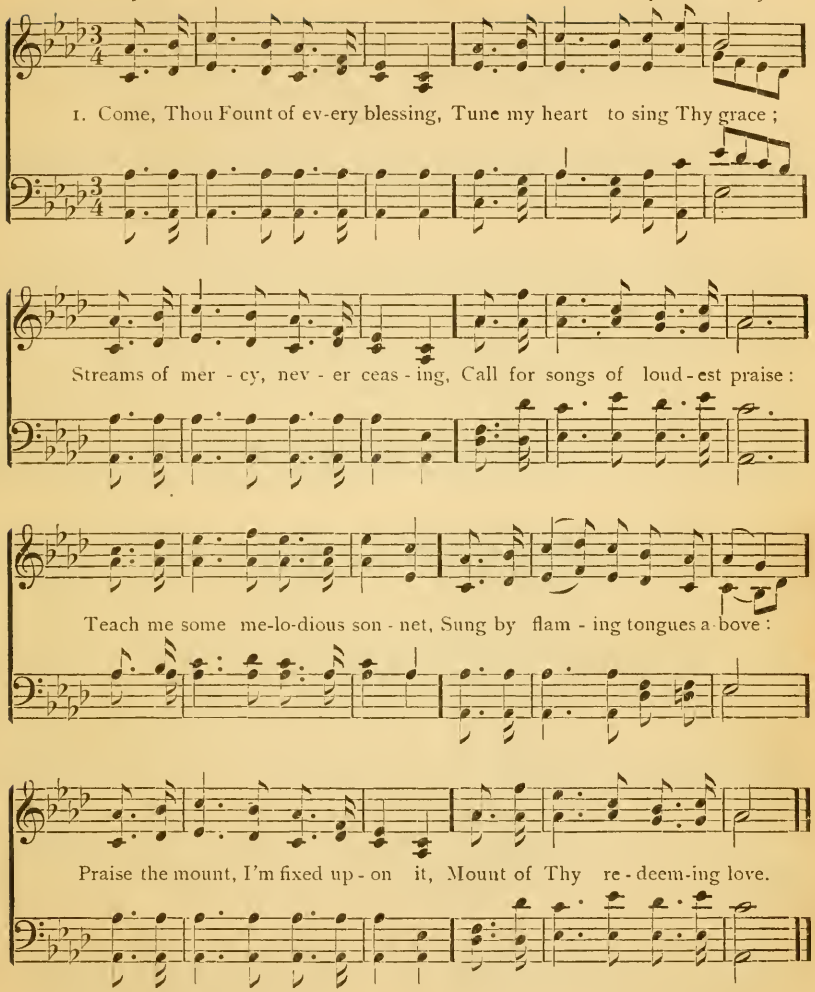
Words by R. Robinson. Spanish Melody.



2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer ;
Hither, by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart—oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Moderato. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Af - flic - tions though they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent,
2. What have I gained by sin, he said, But hun - ger, shame and fear?
3. I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face,

Ritard.

They stopp'd the prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re - pent.
My father's house abounds with bread, While I am starving here.
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place.

CHORUS.

I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in for- eign lands;

Ritard.

My fa - ther's house has large sup - plies, And bounteous are his hands.

4 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!
Enough! the father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, but now is found.
Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

7 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.
Chorus.—I'll die no more, etc.

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OVER THERE.

Music by T. C. O'Kane.

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,

O-ver there,

Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.

Over there,

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there;
Over there, over there, O, think of the friends o-ver there;

Over there,

O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.
Over there, o - ver there, O, think of the friends o-ver there.

3

My Saviour is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest:
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

GO AND TELL IT.

Words by MARY D. JAMES. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Go tell the great Redeemer's love, The Lamb of God, who died
2. Go tell the restless slaves of sin That they may be set free;
3. Go tell the wretched, starving poor, Of Christ, the liv - ing Bread;

That we might live in realms a - bove; Tell of the Cru - ci - fied.
That Je - sus died their souls to win, And bought their lib - er - ty.
And lead them to the o - pen door, Where famished ones are fed.

CHORUS.

Go and tell the wonders of sal - va-tion; Go and tell the riches of His grace;

Carry the tidings un- to ev -'ry nation; Sound forth the great Redeemer's praise.

4 Go tell the weary, thirsting souls
Of living streams that flow;
Tell them salvation onward rolls,
Go tell the tidings, go!
Chorus.—Go and tell, etc.

5 Tell how He took away thy sin,
And how He gave thee rest;
How full of joy thy life hath been,
Since He hath made thee blest.
Chorus.—Go and tell, etc.

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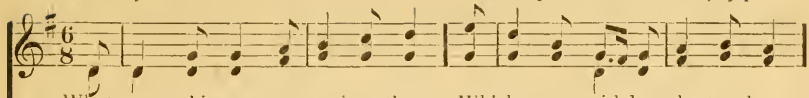
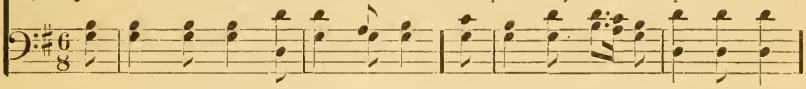
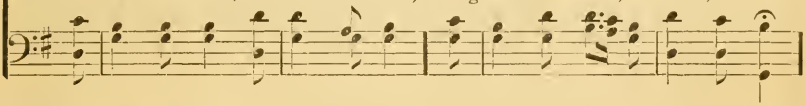
Words by Miss Eta Campbell. Music by Theo. E. Perkins, by per.



1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long—
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?
3. Je - sus, 'tis He who once be - low Man's path-way trod, 'mid pain and woe;

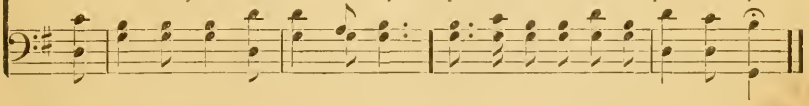


These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A pass - ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
And burden'd ones, where'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.



In accents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by;"
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by;"
The blind re-joic'd to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by;"

In accents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
The blind re-joic'd to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."



4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wand'rers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffer'd grace.
‖: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :‖

5 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
‖: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.* :‖

THE PORTALS OF PEARL.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When ent'ring the portals of pearl I'll meet all the lov'd and the blest,
2. A-way from these scenes of de - light, My eyes I shall hasten to turn
3. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? No object, below or a - bove,
4. To dwell in His presence on high, His own blessed image to bear,—

And gaze on the cit - y of gold, And see the bright mansions of rest.
To Him who hath ransom'd my soul, To Je - sus, the Lamb on the throne.
So precious as Je - sus to me, So wondrous, so boundless His love!
This, this is the ful - ness of joy My spir - it is longing to share!

CHORUS.

O glo - ri-ous sight! transcendent delight! The King in His beauty to His
see;..... His im - age to bear, and His glo - ry to share, O, that will be beauty to see;
heaven for me, for me, O, that will be heaven for me..... for me.

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Words by Isaac Watts. Arranged for this work.

1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the vail, and see
2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears;
3. I ask them, whence their vict'ry came: They, with u - nit - ed breath,

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
They wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
As - cribe their con-quest to the Lamb,—Their tri - umph to His death.

CHORUS.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand;

Many are the voi - ces call-ing us a-way, To join their glorious band;

Rep. pp.

Calling us a - way, Calling us a - way, Calling to the bet - ter land.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.—*Cho.*

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.—*Cho.*

WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

Moderato.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der- ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed one, gives to all Won-der- ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the Gos - pel call, Won-der- ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par- don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;

Words of Life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en;
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er;

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful words, Wonder - ful words, Wonder - ful words of Life:

Beau - ti - ful words, Won-der- ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life.

Arranged for this work. Melody by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt

O, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
I am, I am;

O, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.

3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own Name's sake,
And take me as I am!—*Chorus.*

4 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
O, take me as I am!—*Chorus.*

5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!—*Chorus.*

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!—*Chorus.*

Words by T. J. Potter. Music by Asa Hull.

mp

1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers onward
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,

mp

To their homes on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See the chil - dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,

CHORUS.

mp

And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our banner,
Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.

Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'rers on-ward To their homes on high.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou, and save us
In the last dread hour.—*Chorus.*

4 Then with saint and angels
May we join above,
Offering pray'rs and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,—
Jesus in His beauty;
Songs that never cease.—*Chorus.*

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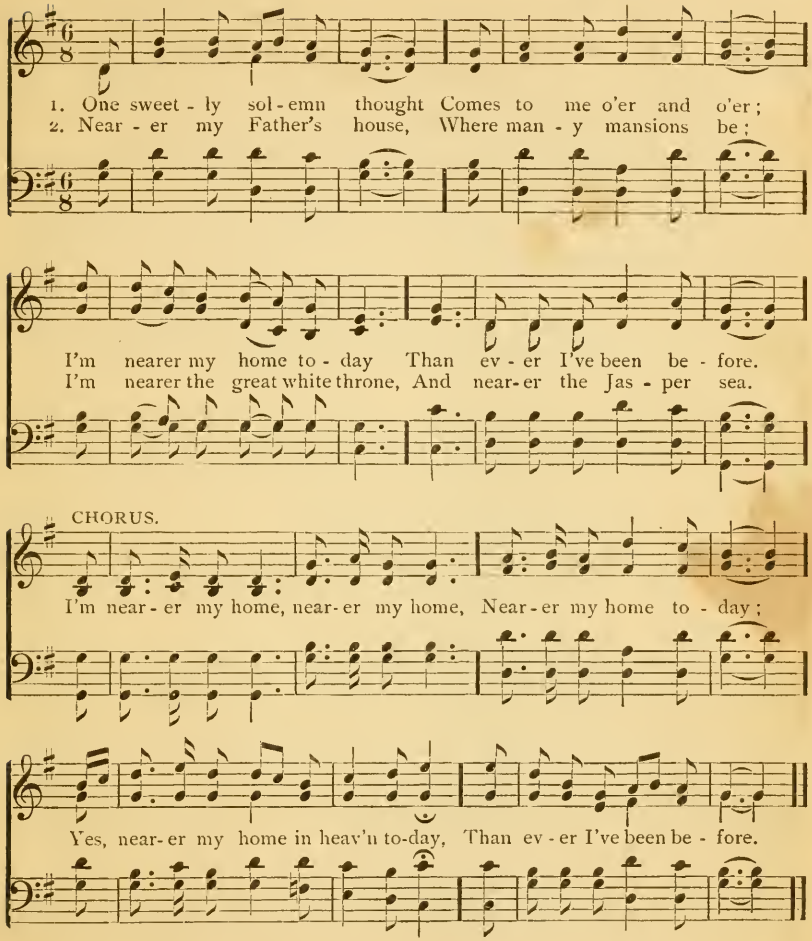
Words by PHŒBE CARY. Music by JOHN M. EVANS.



3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
I'm nearer leaving the cross,
And nearer wearing the crown.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
In silence that unknown stream
Is bearing us to the light.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

5 Perhaps my weary feet
Now tread upon its brink;
And I may be nearer my home
Than even I now may think.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

6 Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my feeble faith;
O, bear me triumphantly o'er,
Though crossing the river death.
Chorus.—I'm nearer, etc.

COMING TO THE SAVIOUR.

Words by E. D. Mund. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1st.

1. { We have heard Thy call, blessed Saviour, Ringing o - ver mountain and plain ;
{ It has touched our hearts by its ac - cents, And no [Omit. . . . . .]

2. { We are coming with heart-felt sorrow, That we came not long, long a - go ;
{ That we strayed so far in the des - ert, Where we [Omit. . . . . .]

2d.

CHORUS. *Rep. pp. ad lib.*

long - er shalt Thou call in vain. We are com - ing, we are
found nothing but sin and woe. We are com - ing, blessed Saviour, We are

coming, We are com-ing, Saviour, at Thy call ; We are
coming for Thy fa - vor ; We are com - ing, Saviour, at Thy call, at Thy call ;

coming, O receive us ; We are coming, O forgive us ; We are

coming, coming at Thy call.

3 We are coming, truly repentant ;
All our inmost thoughts Thou dost know ;
O forgive our long faithless wand'rings,
And Thy pardon graciously bestow.—*Cho.*

4 We are coming, O blessed Saviour,
On Thy promises would we rest ;
Trusting in Thy grace and Thy favor,
May our hearts now be supremely blest.—*Cho.*

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Arranged from PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far away
2. O, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jasper

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail intervenes Be -

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni- ty roll ; Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me ; Till I

storms ev - er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter- ni-ty roll.
fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in- tervenes Be - tween the fair cit-y and me.

3.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
‖: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands ; :‖
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

4.

O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain ;
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
‖: To meet one another again ; :‖
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

Words by Dr. C. R. Blackall. Music by H. R. Palmer. By per.

1. The prize is set before us, To win, His words implore us, The
2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pasture where He feed - eth, We'll
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But

from on high ;

eye of God is o'er us From on high ;..... His lov - ing tones are calling,
yield to Him who pleadeth From on high ;... Then naught from Him shall sever,
Je - sus dear to love us There on high ;..... We'll give Him best endeavor,

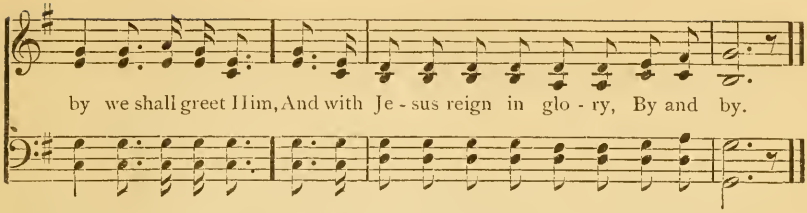
While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, He is nigh.
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, He is nigh.
And praise His name forever, His precious words can never, Never die, nev - er die.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in

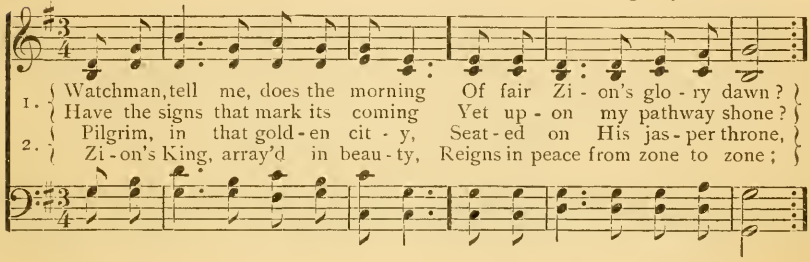
glo - ry, By and by ;..... By and by we shall meet Him, By and

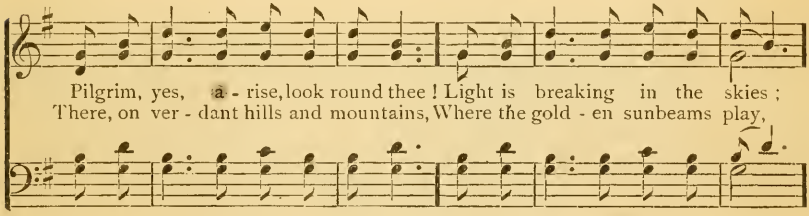
by and by ;

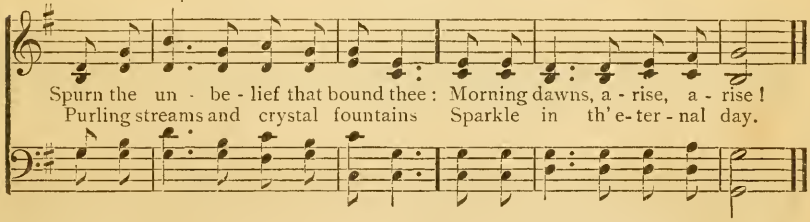


WATCHMAN.

Arranged by Asa Hull.







3 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day.
When the last loud trumpet, sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

4 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder; O, how cheering
Bloom for ever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions! hear them singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

GOD'S ETERNAL MANSIONS.

Words by Mrs. A. L. Davison. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. On the ho - ly hill of Zi - on, God's e - ter - nal mansions stand,
2. They are seeking life im - mor - tal, And they walk the nar-row way,

Thither faithful pilgrims jour - ney From the shores of ev - 'ry land.
Thro' the pearly gates they'll en - ter, By the light of endless day.

CHORUS.

Home of beauty! heav'nly dwelling! Praise shall be thy blest em - ploy;

Of those glorious heav'nly mansions, Je - sus is the light and joy.

3 Some are fainting from the roughness
Of the paths their feet have trod;
There is rest, O weary pilgrim!
In the mansions of our God!
Chorus.—Home of beauty! etc.

4 Others walk with faith unfailing,
Heeding not the thorny road;
Pressing onward, patient ever,
Till they reach their blest abode.
Chorus.—Home of beauty! etc.

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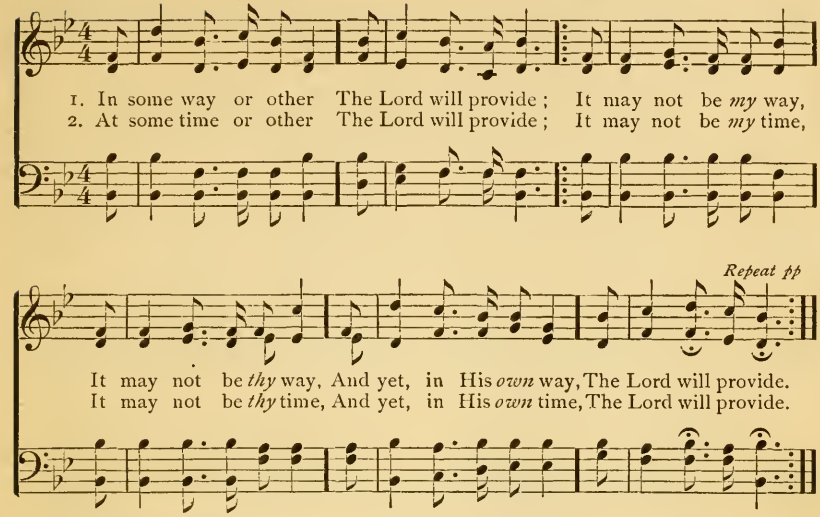
Music by Professor C. S. Harrington.

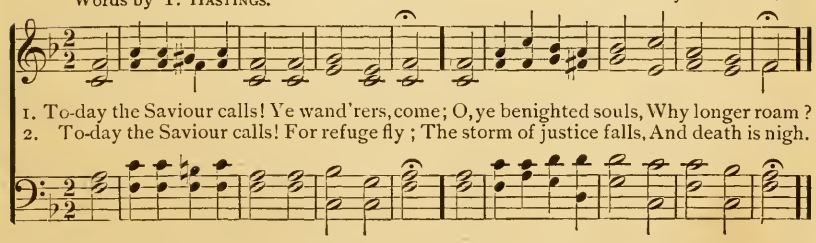


3 Despond, then, no longer ;
The Lord will provide :
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
The Lord will provide.
It may not be *my* way, etc.

4 March on, then, right boldly ;
The sea shall divide ;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide.
It may not be *my* way, etc.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Words by T. Hastings. Music by Asa Hull.



3 To-day the Saviour calls !
O, hear Him now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :
Yield to His power ;
O, grieve Him not away,—
'Tis mercy's hour.

SHOW ME THE PATH OF LIFE.

Copyright, 1876, *by* Asa Hull.

Words and Music by Asa Hull.

1. There is a straight and narrow path That leads to joys a - bove;
2. A - mid earth's tu - mult and its strife, A - mid its toil and care,

Where free from sin, and fear, and wrath, The air is filled with love.
How few will seek the path of life, And less do en - ter there.

CHORUS.

Show me the path of life, Show me the path of life;
Show me the path, the path of life, the path of life, Show me the path, the path of life, the path of life;

Show me the path of life, That I may walk therein;
Show me the path, the path of life, the path of life, That I may walk, may walk therein.

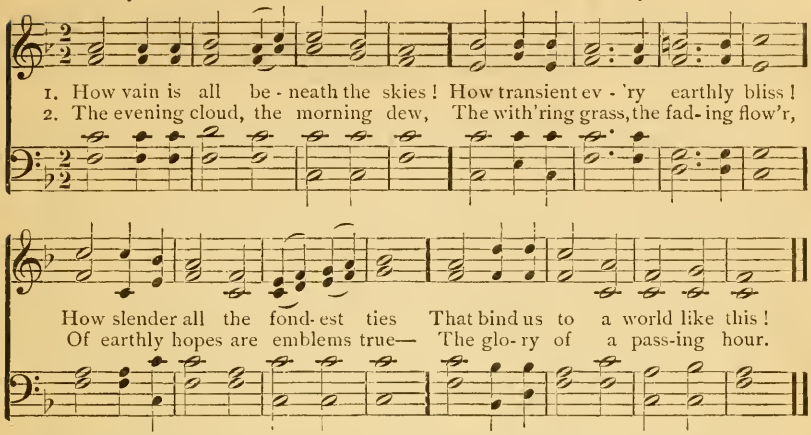
Show me the path of life, That I may walk therein.
That I may walk, may walk therein.

3 The eager throng is pressing on;
With breathless haste they fly
From toy to toy, till life is gone,
And then for mercy cry.—*Chorus.*

4 Help me, O, Lord, the path to shun,
That leads to endless woe;
Though broad the road that many run,
The narrow way I'll go.—*Chorus.*

FEDERAL STREET.

Words by David E. Ford. Music by H. K. Oliver.

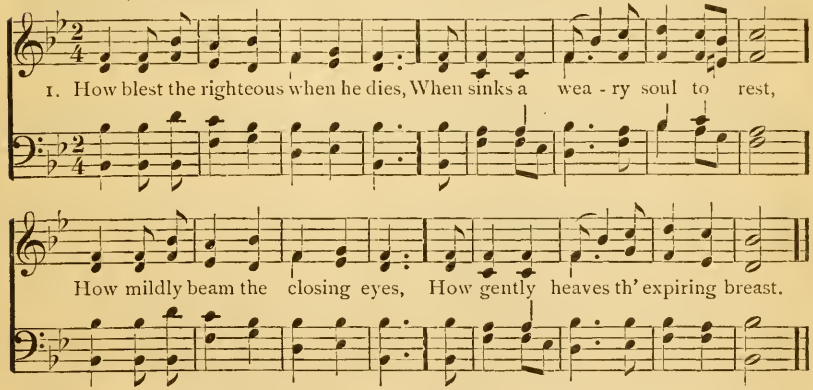


3 But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing thro' a vale of tears.

WARD.

Words by Mrs. A. L. Barbauld. Scotch Melody.



2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs the peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging happiness!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from the load, the spirit flies,
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

LOOK AND LIVE.

Words by Amelia M. Hull. Music by Rev. E. G. Taylor. By per

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci fied One, There is
2. O, then, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3. It is not by thy tears of re - pentance and pray'rs, But the

life at this moment for thee; Then look, sinner, look un - to Him and be saved,
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? O, why from His side flow'd the sin-cleansing blood,
Blood, that a - tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once

CHORUS.

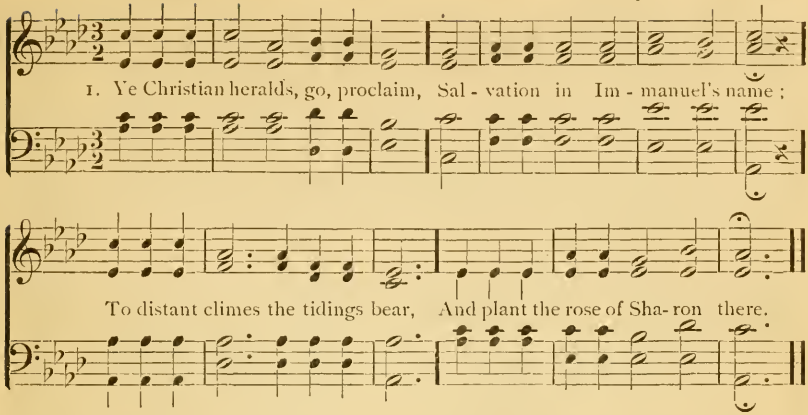
Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree. Look! look! look and live! There is
If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
All thy weight of in - i - qui - ties roll.

life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this moment for thee.

4 Sinner, doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.—*Chorus.*

5 O, then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.—*Chorus.*

Music by CHAS. ZEUNER.



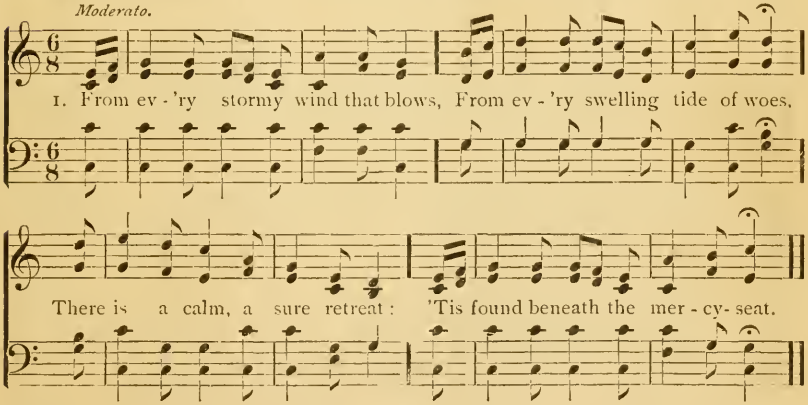
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their furies cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the blood-bo't throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

RETREAT.

Words by HUGH STOWELL. Music by Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Moderato.



2 There is a place where Jesus shed
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend :
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

LET THY MERCY SHINE ON ME.

Music by W. T. Giffe.

Moderato.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Saviour, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
2. Pass me not, O lov - ing Saviour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
3. Pass me not, O mighty Saviour, Thou canst make the blind to see;

Never leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy shine on me.
For I'm long - ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O, call me.
Wit-ness - es of Thy great mer - it, Speak some word of power to me.

CHORUS.

E - ven me, ... O bless - ed Sav - iour, Let Thy mer - - - cy shine on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy shine on me, e - ven me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - - - - - cy shine on me. e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy shine on me, e - ven me.

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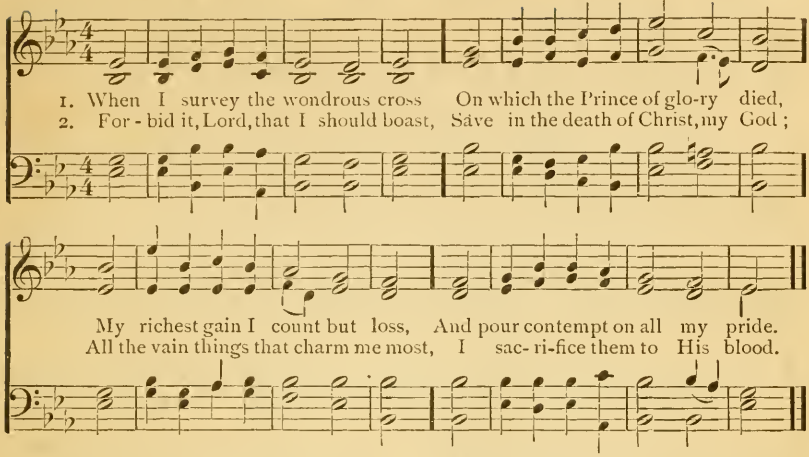
UXBRIDGE.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by Dr. L. MASON.

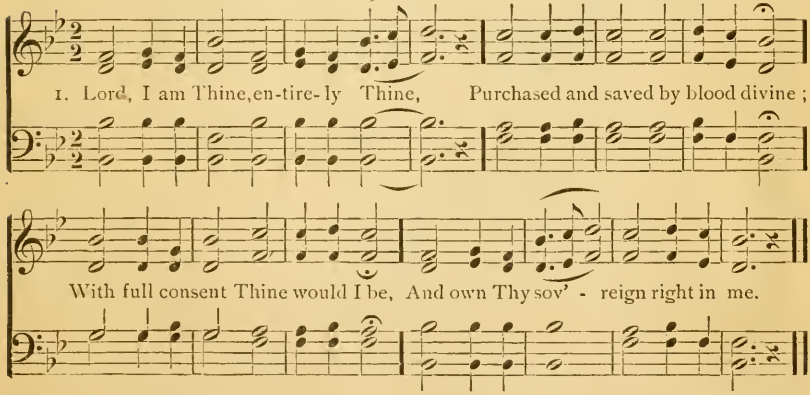


3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

SESSIONS.

Words by SAMUEL DAVIES. Music by L. O. EMERSON.



2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

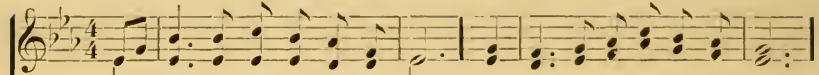
3 Thine would I live—Thine would I die;
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood,
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

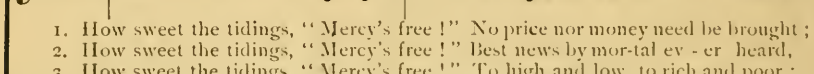
5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

MERCY'S FREE.

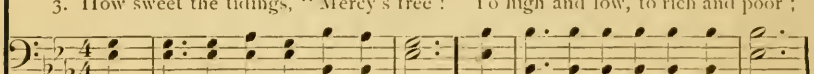
Words by W. H. Clark. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" No price nor money need be brought;
2. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" Best news by mor-tal ev - er heard,
3. How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!" To high and low, to rich and poor;

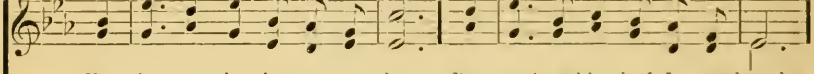


For sin - ner, lo, it comes to thee, By precious blood of Je - sus bought.
Sent down to earth, as heav'n's decree, And sure as the e - ter - nal world.
For who will His dis - ci - ple be, Shall find His word of promise sure.

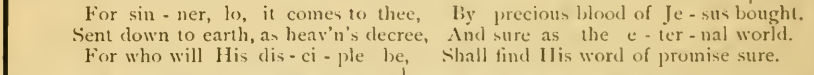


CHORUS.

"Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!" How sweet the tid-ings, "Mercy's
"Mercy's free!" "Mercy's free!"



free!"..... 'Tis free for you,..... 'tis free for me,..... How
"Mercy's free!" 'Tis free for you, 'tis free for me,



sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"

4 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
And rebels pardon may obtain;
Since Jesus died upon the tree,
That sinners all might mercy gain.—*Cho.*

5 How sweet the tidings, "Mercy's free!"
O joyful sound, O wondrous grace;
To Jesus, then, at once we'll flee,
And rest secure in His embrace.—*Cho.*

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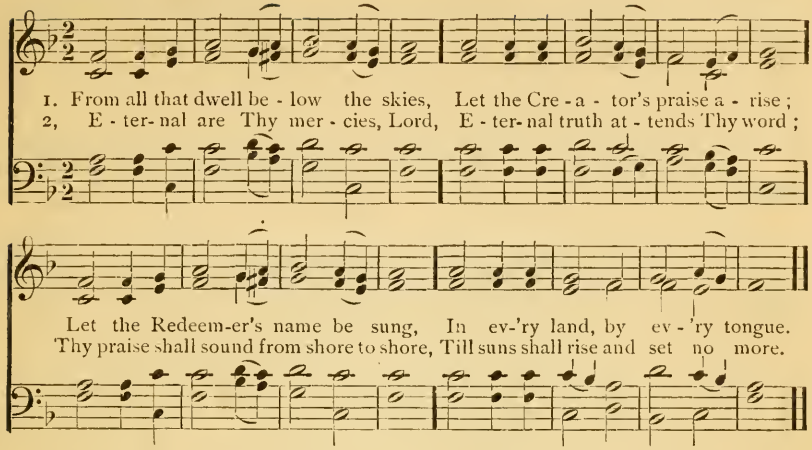
HAMBURG.

Words by Isaac Watts. Arranged by Dr. L. Mason.

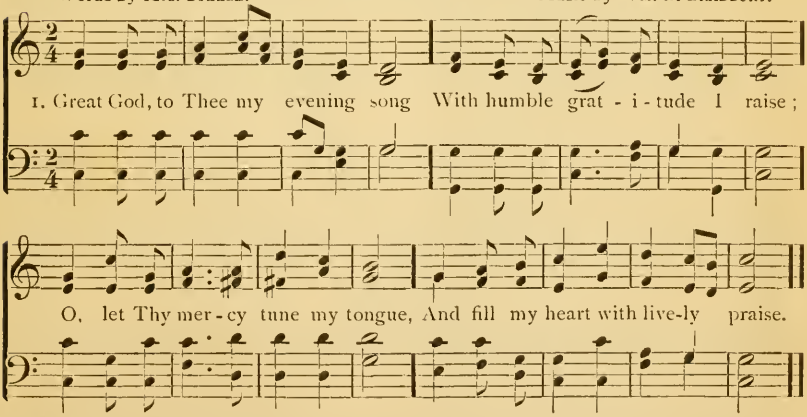


3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring !
In songs of praise divinely sing !
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song—
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

ZEPHYR.

Words by Mrs. Steele. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.



2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and pow'r.

3 And yet this thoughtless wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus ; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name !

SALVATION'S FREE.

Words by Isaac Watts.—Arranged. Arranged.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Cho.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free,

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round His throne.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak His praise abroad.—*Cho.*

3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.—*Cho.*

4 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.—*Cho.*

5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.—*Cho.*

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

EVEN ME.

Words by Mrs. E. Codner. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }
{ Show'rs the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing;—Let some droppings fall on me,— }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

Words by DODDRIDGE. English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
{ Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

CHORUS. *Fine.*

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way!

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ery day;

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let sacred anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

5 High Heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Chorus.—Happy day, etc.

CONCLUSION OF **EVEN ME,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me;
Even me, even me,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of pow'r to me;
Even me, even me,
Speak some word of pow'r to me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me;
Even me, even me,
Magnify it all in me.

5 Pass me not, the lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me;
Even me, even me,
Blessing others, O bless me.

BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

Words by A. E. Childs. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood, In robes made white thro' Je - sus' blood,
2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus-tains this thought of home,

And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain,
And spir - it voi - ces soft - ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way,

CHORUS.

Beyond the swelling flood! Be - yond.... the swelling flood, Be
Beyond the swelling flood!" Be - yond the swelling flood,..... Be-

yond.... the swelling flood, Be - yond ... the swelling flood, We'll
yond the swelling flood,..... Be - yond the swelling flood,.....

meet to part no more; We'll meet... to part no more, We'll meet.. to
We'll meet to part no more,..... We'll meet to part no

part no more, We'll meet . . . to part no more, Beyond the swelling flood.
more, ... We'll meet to part no more, ...

3 That meeting, O how sweetly dear!
What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear!
What thrills of rapture wake the soul
As back those golden gates shall roll,
Beyond the swelling flood!—*Chorus.*

4 Dear Saviour, guide my willing feet,
That I may have that joy complete;
And live to praise through endless day
The love that dries all tears away,
Beyond the swelling flood!—*Chorus.*

HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Words by Reginald Heber, D.D. Music by Rev. John B. Dykes.

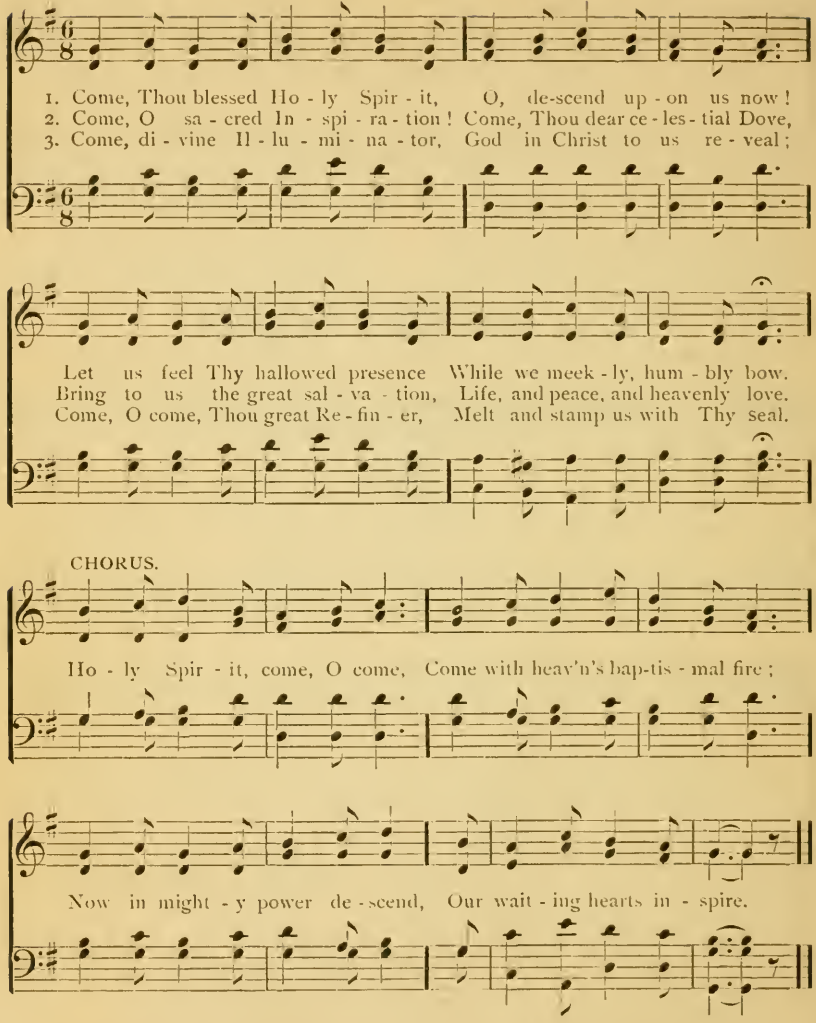
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al- might- y! All Thy works shall

morn- ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Seraphim
sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer-ci- ful and Mighty! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
falling down before Thee, Which wert and art, and ev- ermore shalt be.
there is none beside Thee Perfect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer-ci- ful and Mighty! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-men.

BAPTISMAL FIRE.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



4 Come, Thou blessed Sanctifier,
Wash our souls from ev'ry sin;
Now apply the blood that cleanseth,
Now set up Thy throne within.
Chorus.—Holy Spirit, etc.

5 Come in Pentecostal glory,
Come with all Thy wondrous grace;
Now with all Thy wealth of blessing,
Come and fill this sacred place.
Chorus.—Holy Spirit, etc.

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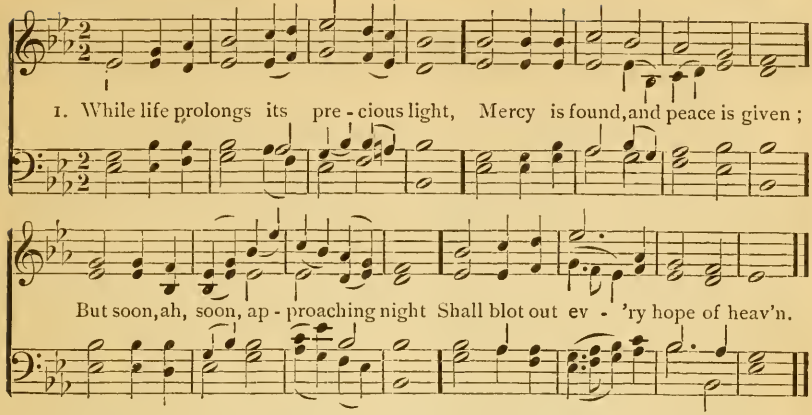
DUKE STREET.

Words by Timothy Dwight. Music by J. Hatton.



2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away, [sound!
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

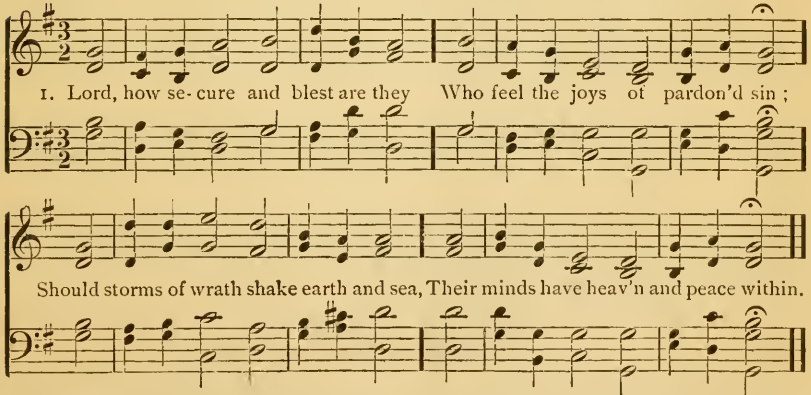
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites ; how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away, [sound!
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

ROCKINGHAM.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by Dr. L. Mason.



2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come [on,
But fly not half so swift away :
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

AFTER HIS LIKENESS.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Growing in grace day by day,
2. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Dai - ly with sinners to meet,
3. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Do-ing the Father's own will;
4. Aft - er the likeness of Je - sus, Loving, and gentle, and kind,

Ev - er in - creas-ing in stat - ure, Till we His image por - tray.
Ne'er with a stain on the garments, Full of a pur - i - ty sweet.
Seek-ing to know of His wis - dom, Law of our God to ful - fil.
Strong in re - sist - ing the e - vil, Firmness and sweetness combined.

CHORUS.

Sing of that won-der - ful Je - sus! Sing of that beau - ty di - vine!

Sing of the brightest and fair - est! Sing for His grace may be thine!

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DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

A. C. Hulse. Tune.—"*After His Likeness.*"

After the blackness of midnight,
Cometh the dawning of day;
After the cloud and the tempest,
Sunshine drives darkness away.

Cho.—Joy is the fruit of the morning,
Gloom is the offspring of night;
Faith is the noblest adorning,
Patiently waiting for light.

2 After the sadness of doubting,
Doubting and walking by sight,
Cometh the sweetness of trusting,
Trusting that all will be right.—*Chorus.*

3 After the heart has been troubled,
Torn by some deep hidden grief;
Cometh the calm and the sunshine
Bringing a welcome relief.—*Chorus.*

HEBRON.

Words by JOSEPH HART. Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Pray'r is ap-point-ed to convey The blessings God de-signs to give;
2. If pain af-flict, or wrongs oppress, If cares distract, or fears dismay;

Long as they live should Christians pray; They learn to pray when first they live.
If guilt de-ject, if sin distress, In ev-'ry case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' tho't be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him—thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, His merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith—it shall be done.

EVENING.

Words by W. H. BATHURST. Music by E. L. WHITE.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day, When all is peaceful and se-rene;

And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lus-tre o'er the scene.

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with pow'r,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Moderato. Words and Music by O. Snow. Arranged.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing;
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes;

A world where peace and pleasure reigns, And heav'nly prais - es ring.
A world where tears shall nev - er fall In sighing for our home.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear,

Ritard.

In that beau - ti ful world on high.

3 There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there;
That home is fair and bright.—*Cho.*

4 There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love;
O, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.—*Cho.*

REST, BLESSED REST.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless - ed, glo - rious hope! The sum - mons soon will come:
2. This tire - some strife will cease, Life's con - flicts soon be o'er;

"My child, thy toils are o'er; come up, And rest in thy sweet home!"
The wea-ry ones shall rest in peace On the E-ly-sian shore.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

O rest, blessed rest, in the home of the blest;
sweet rest, blessed rest, blest, blessed rest;

O rest, blessed rest, in the home of the blest,
sweet rest, blessed rest, blessed rest,

Where no sor-row can come, and the pilgrim at home Shall rest, sweetly

1st. 2d.

rest ev-er-more, more.....
blessed rest, ev-er-more.

3 Look up, poor pilgrims, see
That city bright and fair,
Where many lovely mansions be—
We'll find our rest up there!
Chorus.—O rest, blessed rest, etc.

4 Within those pearly gates
Our loved and lost we'll find;
What untold bliss our souls awaits
When with our dear ones joined!
Chorus.—O rest, blessed rest, etc.

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CLOSE TO THEE.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby. Music by S. J. Vail.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Not for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

All a - long my pilgrim jour - ney, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

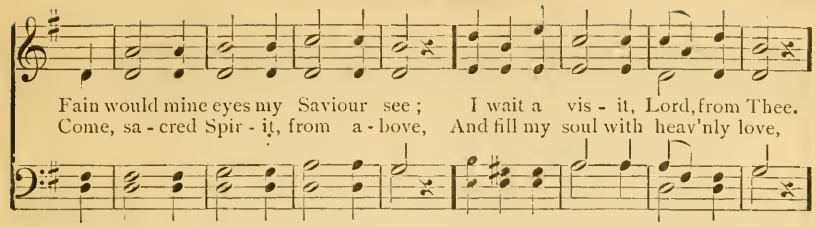
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

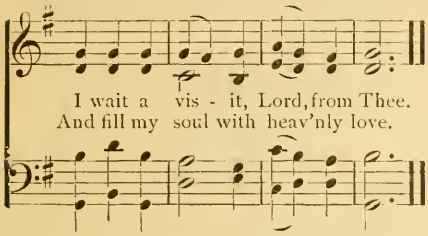
All a - long my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

PARK STREET.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by Venua.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone;
2. O warm my heart with ho - ly fire, And kindle there a pure de - sire;



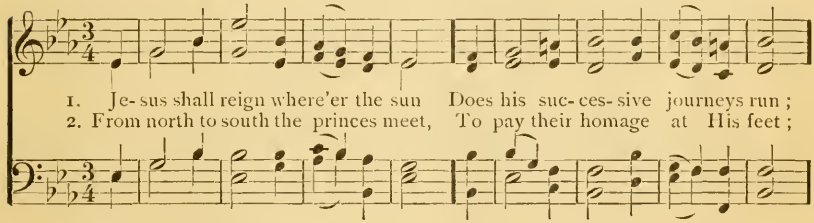


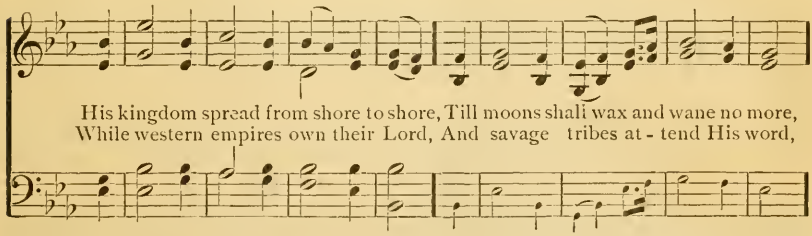
3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

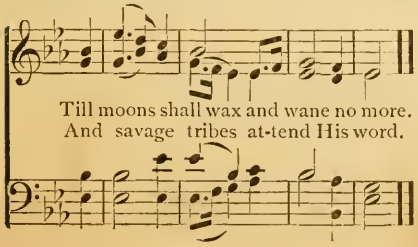
4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In Thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And ev'ry tongue confess Thee Lord.

ROTHWELL.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by W. Tansur.







3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head ;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
Like every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by Asa Hull.

1. I'm standing on the mountain, On Pisgah's glorious height!
2. On these blest heights of Zi - on, The sky is ev - er clear;
3. Here love - ly, fragrant flowers Are blooming all a - round,

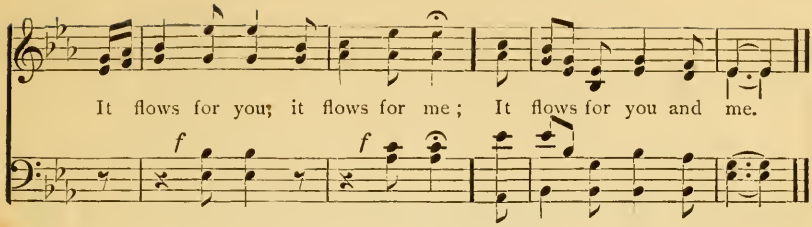
I'm drinking at the fountain Of heaven's pure delight!
No ravenous, prowling li - on, Nor aught to harm, is here;
And charming groves and bowers, And luscious fruits abound.

This fountain so re-fresh-ing, Ex-haust-less, pure, and free,
The birds are al - ways singing, And balm - y is the air;
O, this is near the ha - ven Of pur - est joys a - bove!

Is flow - ing rich in bless - ing, For you as well as me.
Ce - les - tial mu - sic ring - ing, And scenes di - vine - ly fair.
For rich - est bliss is giv - en, And all the air is love!

CHORUS.

I'm drinking. I'm drinking, I'm drinking at the fountain;



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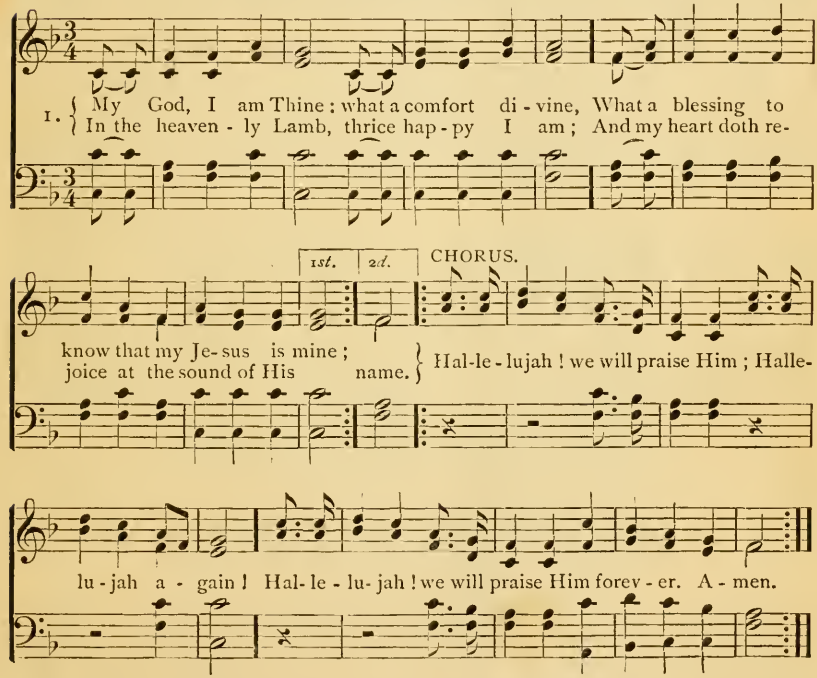
THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

As published in 1864.



2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel His blood flow,—
This is life everlasting; 'tis heaven below.—*Chorus*,

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus' love.—*Chorus*.

SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Words by Rev. F. Bottome. Music arranged for this work.

1. { O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the
2. { O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied Je - sus is mine; No long - er in
In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up-

CHORUS.

crim - son tide opened for me, } O, sing of His might - y love,
print of the nails in His hand. }
dread con-dem - na - tion I pine: } O, sing of His might - y love,
on me the smiles of His face! }

Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save!

3 O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—*Chorus.*

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the mighty to save!—*Chorus.*

JESUS IS MINE.

Words by Dr. H. Bonar. Music by Asa Hull. Arranged.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness;
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn - ing bright,, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried

Earth has no resting place; Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!

Welcome, O loved and blest;
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

NAOMI.

Words by Miss Anne Steele. Music by Dr. L. Mason.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will de - nies;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 O, let the hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine.
And crown my journey's end.

ONCE FOR ALL.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.

1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath
2. Now are we free—there's no con-dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro-
3. "Children of God." O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His

bled, and *there* is re - mis- sion ; Curs'd by the law and bruis'd by the fall,
vides a perfect sal - va- tion ; "Come un-to Me," O hear His sweet call,
grace will keep us from fall - ing ; Passing from death to life at His call,

CHORUS.

Grace hath redeemed us once for all. Once for all, O sinner, re-
Come, and He saves us once for all.
Blessed sal - va - tion once for all.

ceive it, Once for all, O brother, be- lieve it ; Cling to the

Cross, the burden will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

CROSS AND CROWN.

Words by THOMAS SHEPHERD. Music by GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.

AZMON.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY. Arranged from GLASER.

1. O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,—
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak:
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of love.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Words by R. G. Staples. Music by Asa Hull.

Moderato.

1. 'Tis Je - sus calls, "Come unto me," Thou weary one, when sins dis-tress;
2. 'Tis Je - sus calls, "Come unto me," His voice oft whispers in thy ear;

At morn and eve bend thou the knee, And freely all thy guilt confess.
Though heavy - la - den, "Come to me," And cast a - side thy ev - 'ry care.

CHORUS.

p *cres.* *p* *cres.*
'Tis Je - sus calls, ... that voice so sweet, ... Invites thee

'Tis Je-sus calls, that voice so sweet,

p *p*

all thy grief to lay Down at the cross, His love entreat, And learn of

Him, the Liv - ing Way.

3 'Tis Jesus calls; though racked with pain,
He'll soothe thy anguish, give thee peace;
Thou'lt seek all other helps in vain;
The gospel only can release.—*Chorus.*

4 'Tis Jesus calls! O, now be wise,
Relent, O heart of stone, relent!
Accept the offered sacrifice,
And of thy sins at once repent.—*Chorus.*

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Music by Geo. A. Minor.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sowing in the noontide and the dew - y eves: Waiting for the harvest,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,

and the time of reaping, We shall come re - joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end- ed, We shall come re - joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re - joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

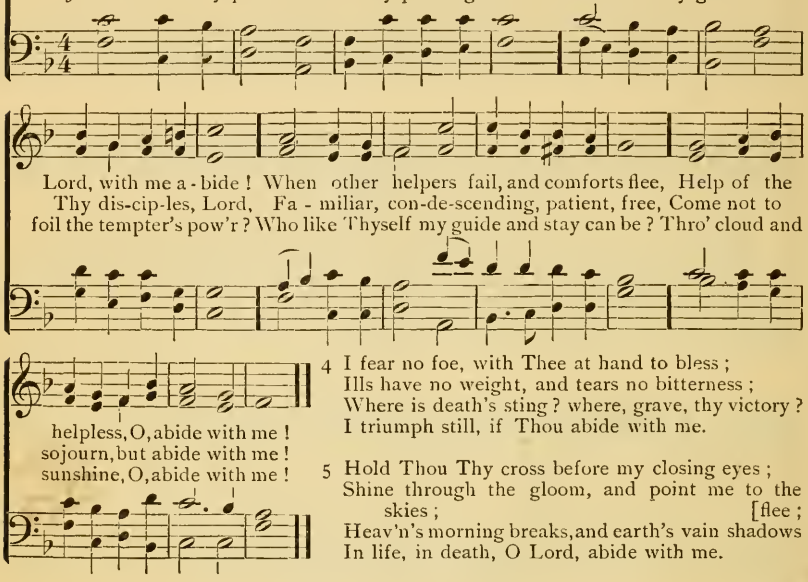
{ Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-
{ Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-

1st. Rep. pp. 2d.

joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves,
joic - ing, [Omit. . . . . .] bring - ing in the sheaves.

THE EVENTIDE.

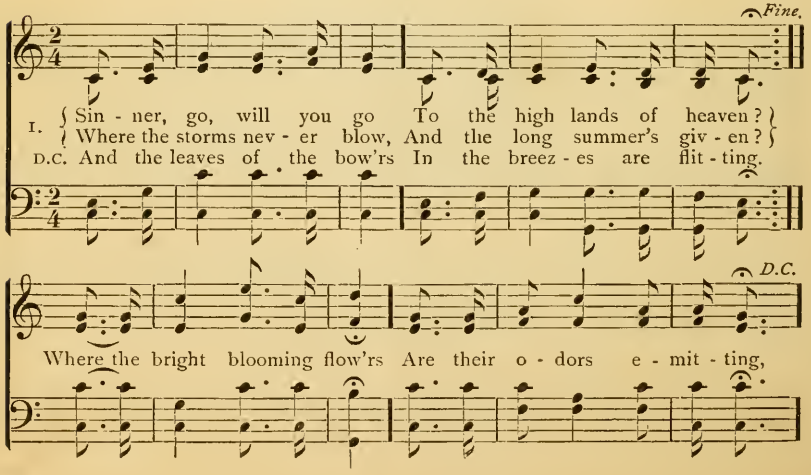
Words by Rev. H. F. Lyte. Music by W. H. Monk.



4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

THE INVITATION.



THE ROYAL WAY.

Music by Asa Hull.

Allegretto. *Fine.*

1. We may spread our couch with roses, And sleep thro' the snmmer day;
D.C. For the on - ly way to heav - en, Is the roy - al way of the cross.

But the soul that in sloth re - pos - es Is not in the nar-row way;

D.C.

If we fol - low the chart that is giv - en, We need not be at loss,

2 Unto those who live in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender,
Will shrink from the thorny road;
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be as dross;
For the only way to heaven,
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We may say we'll walk to-morrow,
The path we refuse to-day;
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven,
How fortune life might toss,
As they followed their Lord to heaven,
By the royal way of the Cross.

CONCLUSION OF **THE INVITATION,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

2 Where the rich golden fruit
In bright clusters are pending,
And the deep-laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending,
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.

3 Where the saints, robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
Shall inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Shall be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He's prepared thee a home;
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come;
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And for ever cease pleading.

JESUS IS THERE.

Words by Mrs. Emma Pitt. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O, have you not heard of that cit - y of light, Where they need not the
2. O, have you not heard of that cit - y so bright, That our Saviour has
3. I hope to be there, in that cit - y of light, Where my Saviour His

light of the sun; And the lov'd ones so dear, with Je - sus are there,
gone to pre - pare; There no gloom ev - er comes, nor darkness of night,
jew - els shall take; With my garments wash'd in His blood and made white,

CHORUS.

And they worship the glo - ri - fied One? Je - sus is there, yes!
And the saved of the Lord are all there?
In His likeness I there shall a - wake.—

Je - sus is there, Where sor - row and partings ne'er come; . . . .
Where sor - row, where sor - row and partings ne'er come;

Je-sus, my Saviour, is there, ... And I long to be with Him at home.
there, o-ver there,

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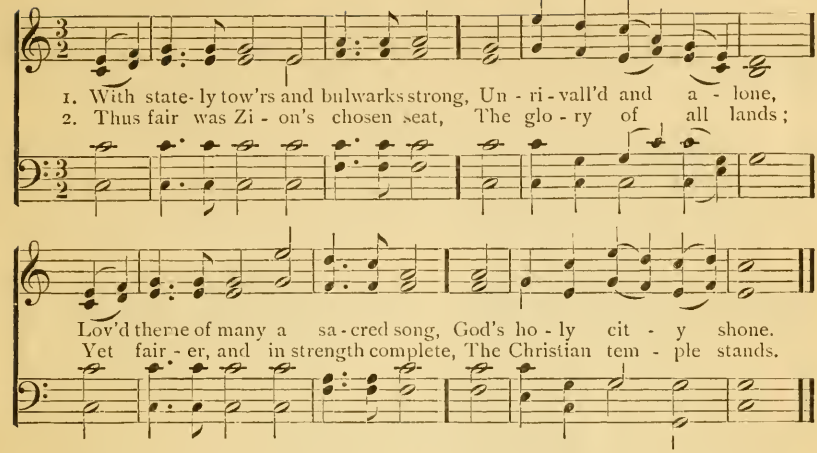
HEBER.

Words by Harriet Auber. Music by Geo. Kingsley.

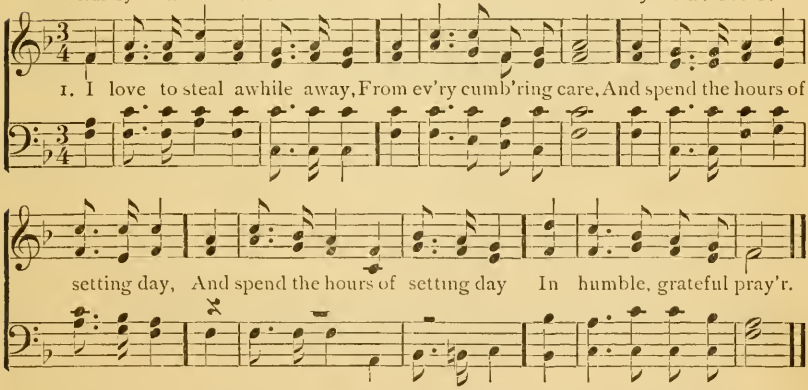


3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious Church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defence;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

WOODLAND.

Words by Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown. Music by N. D. Gould.



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempest driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by W. Church, Jr.

1. I saw a hap - py pil - grim On Zi - on's shining road,
2. The sum - mer sun was scorching, But as he traveled on,
3. And soon he came to Beu - lah, Where all the air is love,

Ex - ult - ing as he journey'd— His face with rap - ture glowed;
His head was o - ver - shadowed Un - til the heat was gone;
Where sweet re - fresh - ing breez - es Come from the world a - bove:

He'd passed thro' fi - 'ry tri - als But on - ly lost the dross,
He walked and talked with Je - sus, And lean - ing on His breast,
He heard ce - les - tial mu - sic— The grand tri - umph - ant song

And all his heav - y bur - dens He'd left be - neath the cross.
His sheltering wings a - bove him, He found the sweet - est rest.
Of ransomed ones in glo - ry— The ho - ly, blood-washed throng.

CHORUS.

Shout - ing vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Vic - t'ry through the Lamb!

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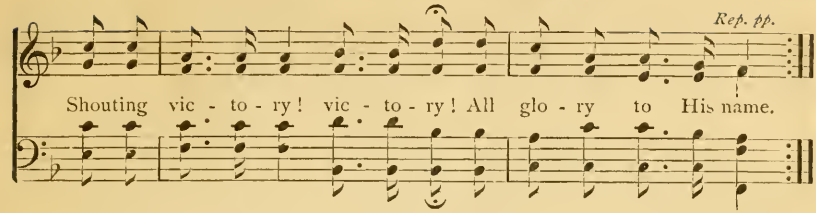
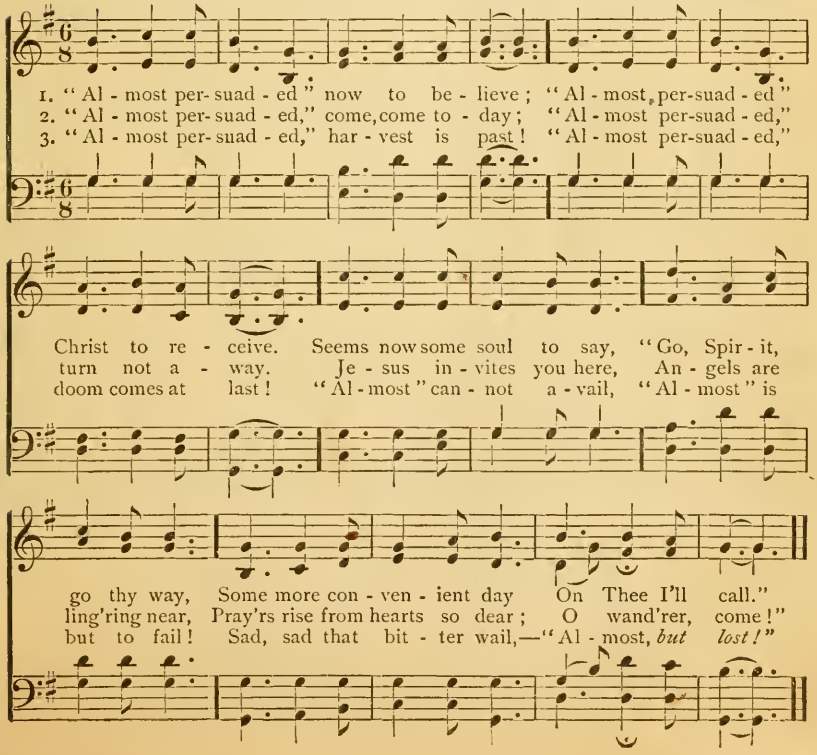


4 I saw him in the valley
Death's shadow drawing nigh,
And still he sang exulting,
For it "is gain to die;"
And when to Jordan's river
The pilgrim's feet had come,
'Twas but a step to cross it,
And he was safe at home.—*Cho.*

5 Then, at the pearly portals
I saw the white-robed band
Greet him with shouts of welcome
Into the glory-land!
O, then, what rapture thrilled him
To look on Jesus' face,
And cast his crown before Him,
Who saved him by His grace.—*Cho.*

ALMOST PERSUADED.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.



I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

Words by S. O'Malley Cluff. Music by Ira D. Sankey. By per.

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, loving Saviour tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten - der-ness o'er me;
2. I have a Fa- ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en,
3. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A-wait - ing in glo - ry my won - dering view; O, when I re - ceive it all shin-ing in brightness,

f CHORUS.

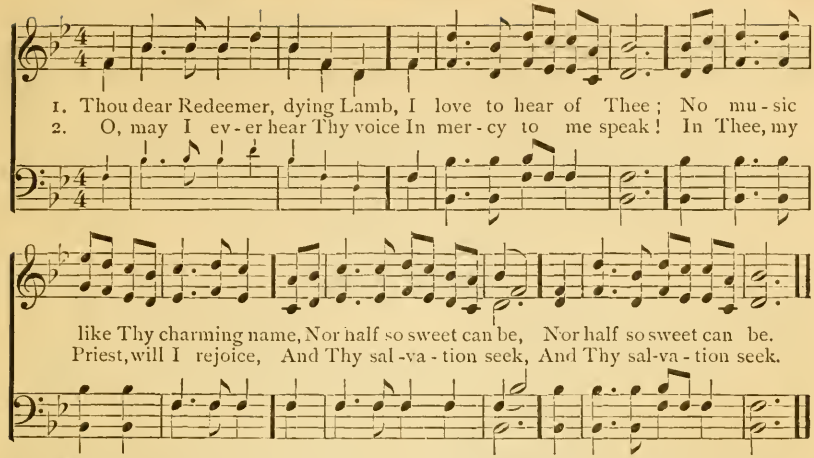
And O, that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.
But O, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv- ing one too!

p *f* *pp* *rall.*

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O, could I know it was given to you.

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

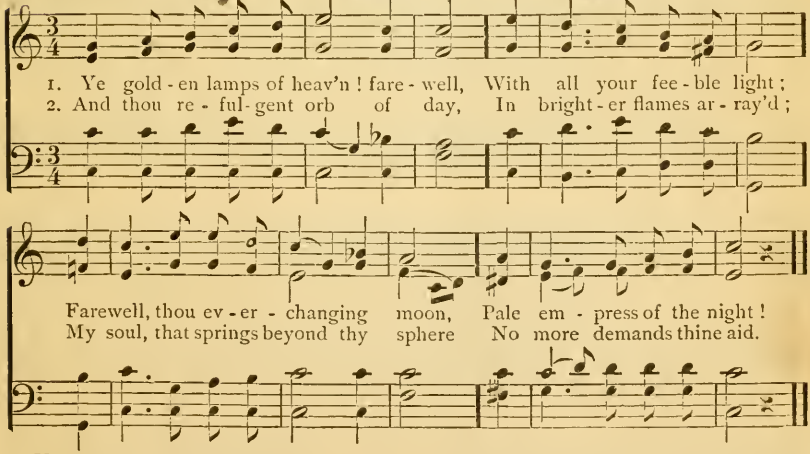
Words by J. Cennick. **EMMONS.** Arranged from Burgmuller.



3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay,
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

Words by Doddridge. **MERTON.** Music by H. K. Oliver.



3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief,
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

THE MASTER IS CALLING.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Haste, brother, haste! for the Master is calling, Wait not till night shades a-
2. Go in the strength of the Lord, who hath spoken; His word of promise was
3. Haste, brother, haste! for the moments are fleeting, Go join the harvesters,

round thee are fall-ing; Go while the sun in his beauty is shining;
nev-er yet bro-ken; Go while the morning-bells sweetly are chiming,
share in their greeting; Soon will the shout of the reapers be ringing,

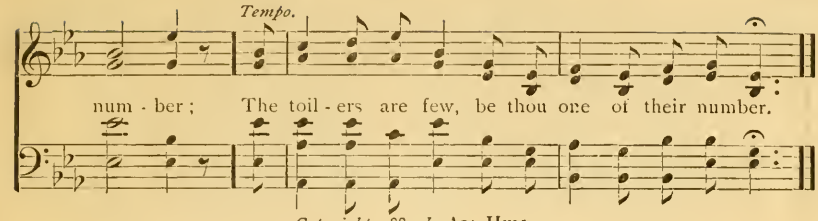
CHORUS.

Go to the vineyard and cease your re-pin-ing, Haste, brother, haste! a-
Go where the reapers are golden sheaves binding.
As they're re-turning, some precious sheaves bringing.

rise from thy slumber, The toil-ers are few, be thou one of their number.

Coda *ad lib.*

Be thou one, ... be thou one, ... be thou one..... of their
Be thou one, be thou one, be thou one



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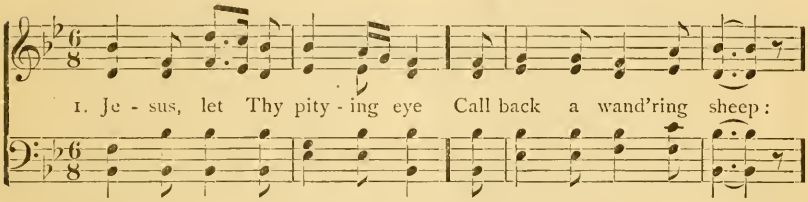
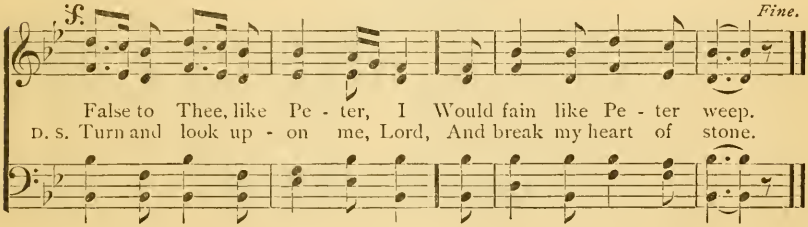
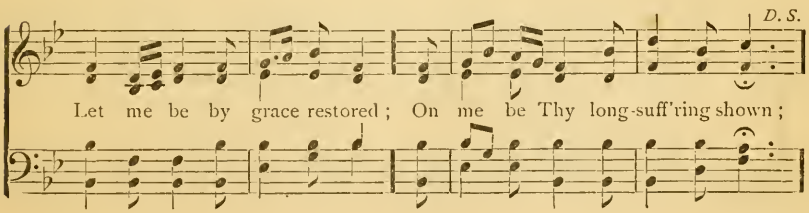
PENITENCE.

Words by C. WESLEY. Music arranged from W. H. OAKLEY.







2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,—
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If Thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

SOWING THE SEED.

Words by E. R. Latta. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sowing the seed of truth, Pa-tient-ly on we go,
Sowing it here and there, Knowing not which will grow;
2. Sowing at ear-ly dawn, Sowing in noontide ray,
Scat-ter-ing still at eve, Aft-er the bu-sy day;
3. Sowing from year to year, Ev-er till life is past;
Knowing that we shall reap Glo-ri-ous fruit at last;

Je-sus beholds it fall, He will the work re-cord;
Sowing the Word of life In the im-mor-tal soul,
Je-sus beholds it fall, He will our work re-ward;

Pa-tient-ly sow the seed, Leaving it with the Lord.
Wholly by sin un-done, Free-ly by grace made whole.
Pa-tient-ly sow the seed, Leaving it with the Lord.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing the precious seed, Pa - - tient-ly on we go,
Sowing and watching, Pa-tient-ly, lov-ing-ly,

Sowing it here, sowing it there, Knowing not which will grow.

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ELIM.

Words by G. T. Noel.

Fine.

1. { If hu - man kindness meets re - turn, And owns the grateful tie: }
{ If ten - der thoughts within us burn To feel a friend is nigh: }
D.C. To Him who died our fears to quell, And save from end - less woe?

D.C.

2. O, shall not warmer accents tell The grat - i - tude we owe,

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words display'd!
Meet and remember me.

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
The griefs which Thou didst bear!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
So deeply graven there.

BALERMA.

Words by W. Cowper.

Scottish Melody.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His wonders to perform;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,

He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treasures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

Words by W. Shirley. Music by J. Mazzinghi.

Solo or Duet.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain - tive moan Hath taught.... these
2. Come, free - ly come, by sin op - press'd, Un - bur - - den

rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
here thy weight - y load; Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest,

Full Chorus.

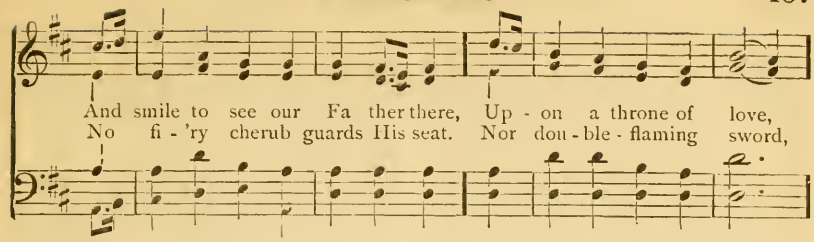
And let..... thy tears for - get to flow; Be - hold the precious
And trust..... the mer - cy of thy God; Thy God's thy Saviour—

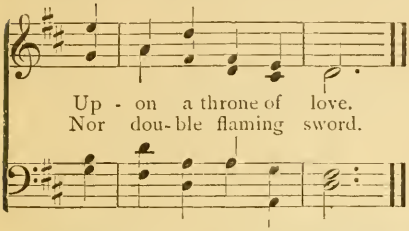
balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, to heal thy wound.
glo - rious word! For ev - - er love and praise the Lord.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by Isaac Watts. Arranged from Handel.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,
2. Come, let us bow be - fore His feet, And venture near the Lord·

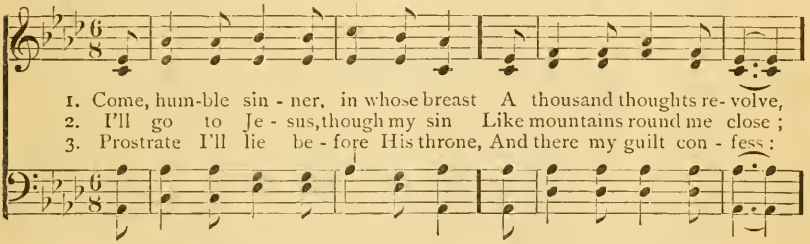


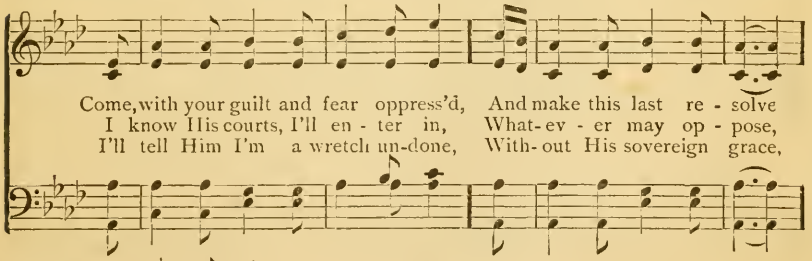


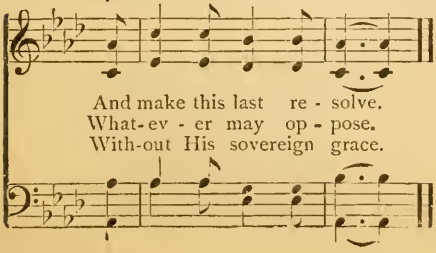
3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays His anger by.

Words by EDMUND JONES. **ORTONVILLE.** Music by T. HASTINGS.







4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish, if I go;
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Words by J. M. Neale. Music by Rev. H. L. Jenner.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest,
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.

I know not, O! I know not What joys a - wait me there;
There is the throng of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leased,

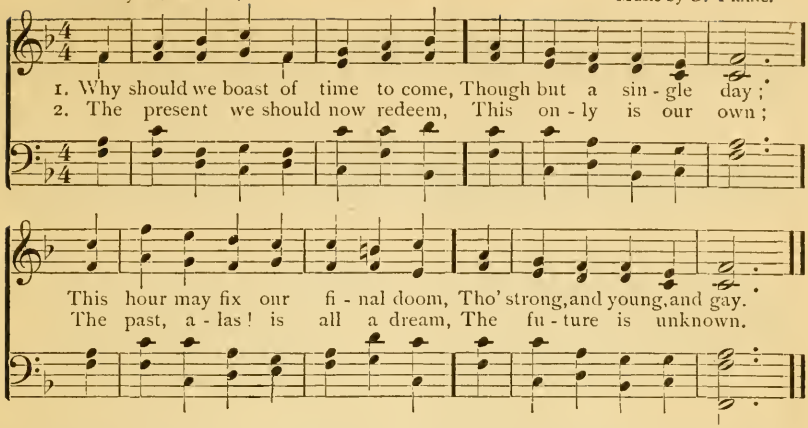
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
O lane that seest no sorrow!
O state that fear'st no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
O realms of home and life!

4 O sweet and blessed country
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

DUNDEE.

Words by M. Wilkes. Music by G. Franc.

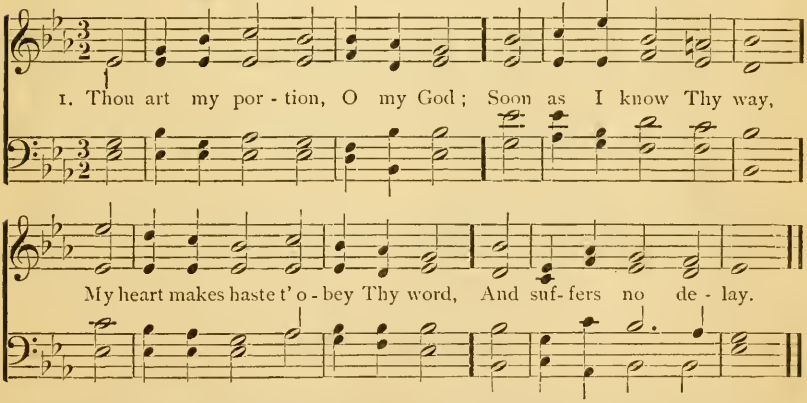


3 O, think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space;
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace.

4 O, for that pow'r which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

DOWNS.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by Dr. L. Mason.



2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength
And there my comfort lies.

4 If I once wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am Thine—forever Thine—
O, save Thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in Thy word.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Words by W. W. Walford. Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.

D.S. And oft escap'd the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

Fine.

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

D. S.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

Arranged by Asa Hull.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserv'd for me? }
{ Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }

CHORUS. *Rep. Cho. pp.*

God is love! I know, I feel, Jesus weeps and loves me still; Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.—*Cho.*

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.—*Cho.*

4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me, He now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.—*Cho.*

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His [hands;
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.—*Cho.*

TURN TO THE LORD.

Fine.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
D.C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

CHORUS. *D.C.*

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion; Sound the praise of His dear name

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.—*Cho.*

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.—*Cho.*

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.—*Cho.*

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies.—*Cho.*

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Words by WILLIE WILDER. Music by ASA HULL.

1. Thro' heav'n's clear arch the echoes rang, As morning stars to-geth-er sang;
2. From star to star the watchword flies; Each shouts it on-ward thro' the skies:

And na-ture fresh from cha-os woke, When on her ear the chorus broke,
From out the cha - os grim and black It speeds a - long its shining track,

As her Al-might - y Maker spoke, "Let there be light!"...."Let there be
Till earth the ech - o answers back, "Let there be light!"

light!"....."Let there be light!"..... ..... "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"
"Let there be light!" "Let there be light!" * AND THERE WAS LIGHT.

ff

ff

* For second verse.

3 The sons of morn with lasting song,
Will ever pass the word along;
And waking men with rapture thrill,
For, breaking o'er each eastern hill,
The early dawn is shouting still,
"Let there be light!"

4 The soul may feel the heavy blight
Of deepest ignorance and night;
Yet may the densest cloud be riven,
And back the darkness may be driven
By that command which God has given,
"Let there be light!"

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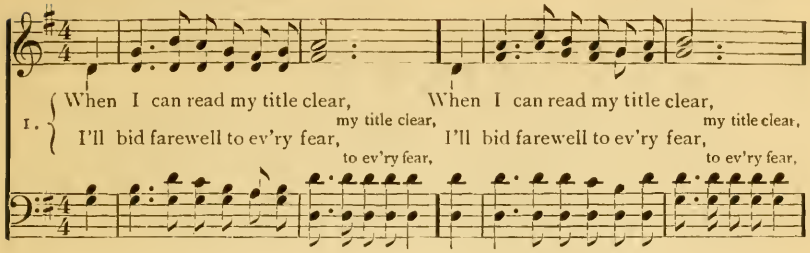
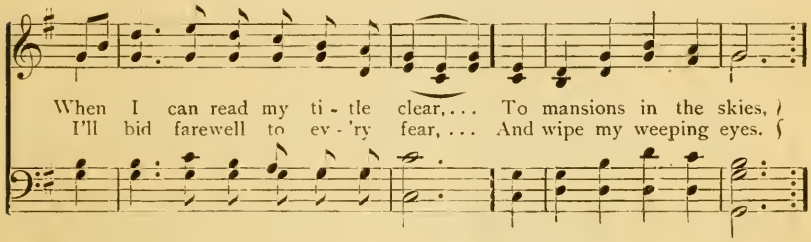
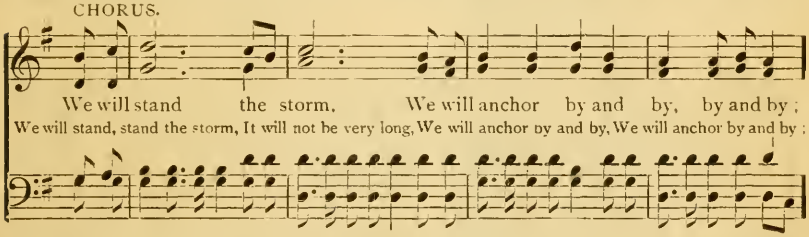
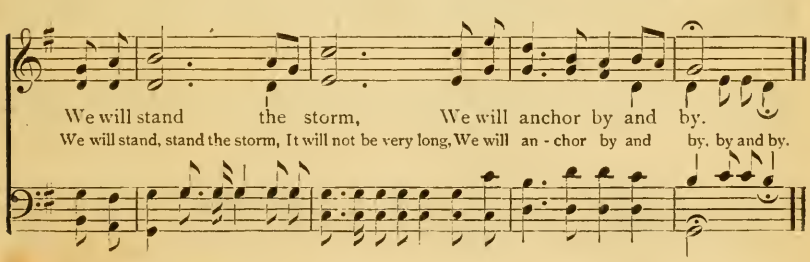
Words by ISAAC WATTS. Arranged by T. C. O'KANE.





CHORUS.





2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—*Chorus.*

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Chorus*

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—*Chorus*

194 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

By permission. Words and Music by Rev. E. A. Hoffmann.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour?
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright,
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,

CHORUS.

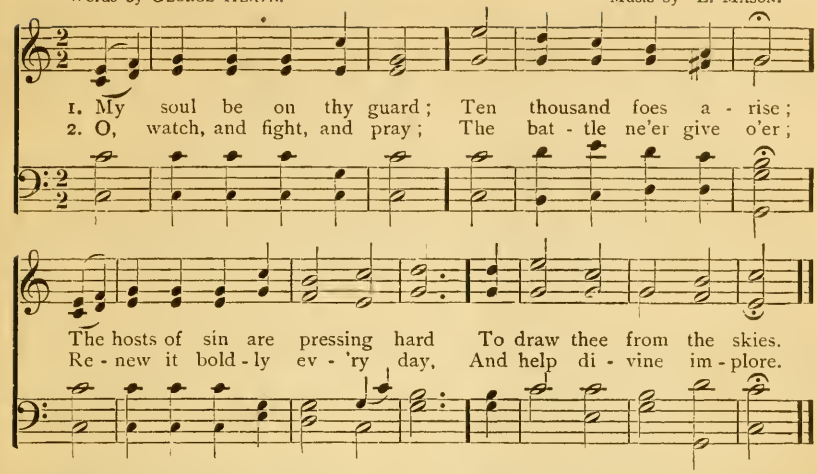
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
in the blood of the Lamb?

spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

LABAN.

Words by George Heath. Music by L. Mason.

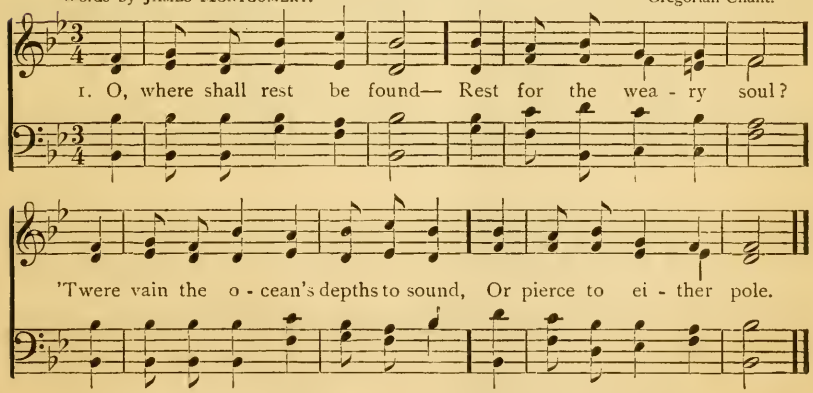


3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain a crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

OLMUTZ.

Words by James Montgomery. Gregorian Chant.



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

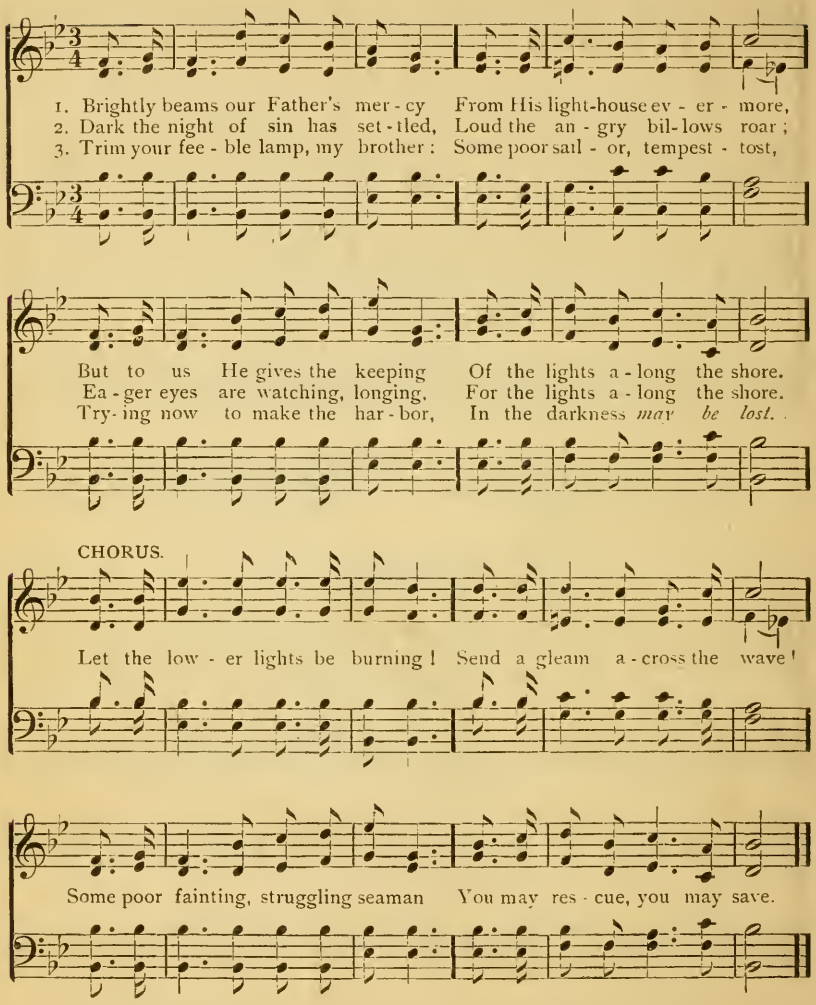
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone,

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.



4.

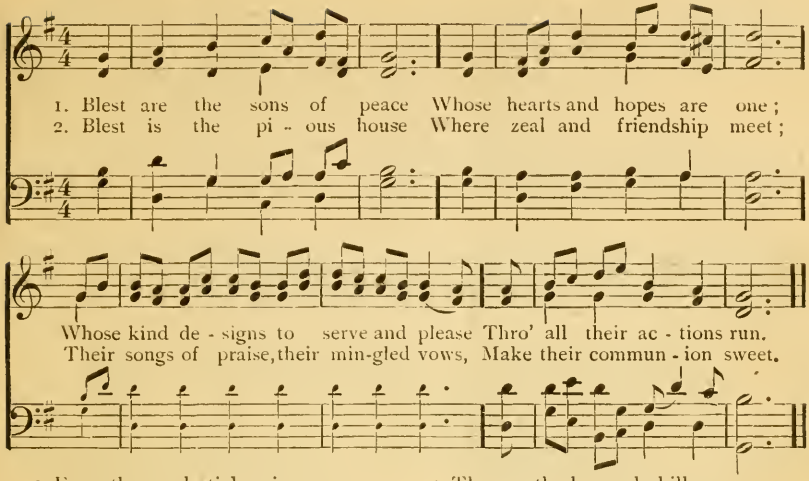
May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
Longing for the welcome sound;
Chorus.—Let the lower, etc.

5.

Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should He come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.
Chorus.—Let the lower, etc.

SHIRLAND.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by Samuel Stanley.

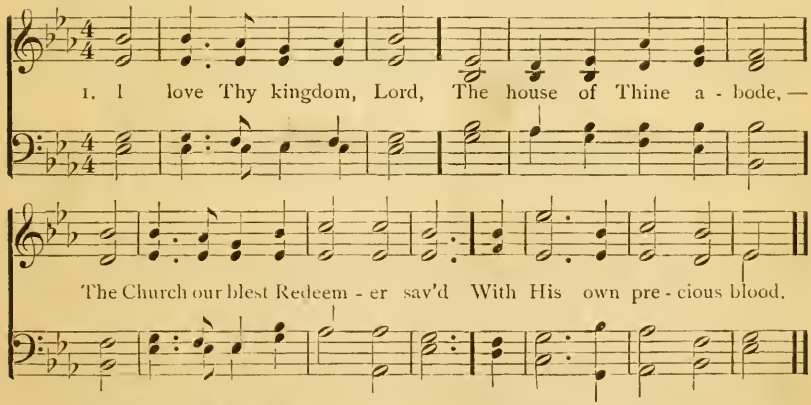


3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
There joy, like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

OLNEY.

Words by Timothy Dwight. Music by L. Mason.



2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the appple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

BETTER FURTHER ON.

SOLO OR DUET. Words and Music by ASA HULL.

1. A gen-tle breeze from Eden's land, Wafts o'er the stream a heavenly song;
2. I hear the soft, the glad refrain, I catch the sound and then 'tis gone;
3. By faith I look across the main, Where lov'd ones have al-read-y gone,
4. Hope ev - er sings the self-same song, To cheer the pilgrim, worn and wan.

They're singing on the shining strand, That it's bet - ter further on.
They're singing o'er and o'er a - gain, "It is bet - ter further on."
Lo! they have caught the sweet re - frain, "It is bet - ter further on."
Tho' rough the road and, may be, long, Yet, 'tis bet - ter further on.

REFRAIN.

"It is bet-ter, ... it is bet-ter, ... it is bet-ter, ... it is
Further on, fur-ther on, fur-ther on,

bet-ter, ... It is bet-ter, ... it is bet-ter, ... it is
fur-ther on, fur-ther on, fur-ther on,

Ritard. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

bet - ter, it is bet - ter, It is bet - ter fur - ther on."
bet - ter, bet - ter,

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PASSING MOMENTS.

Moderato. Music by Asa Hull.

1. An - oth - er day is past, The hours for - ev - er fled,

And time is bear - ing us a - way, To min - gle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For Thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On Thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

SEIR.

Words by Mrs. Steele. Music by L. Mason.

1. Ye wretched, starv- ing poor, Be - hold a roy - al feast!

Where mer - cy spreads her bounteous store For ev - 'ry hum- ble guest.

2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms;
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with us taste
The blessings of His love:
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstacies unknown.

5 Ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach,—there yet is room.

THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet;
4. And O, what rapture will it be With all the host a - bove,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
No re - al *joy* in life I know, But in His ser - vice sweet.
To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His *love*.

CHORUS.

The half.... was never told, The half.... was never told,
The half was nev - er, nev- er told, The half was nev - er, nev- er told,

1. Of grace di-vine, so won-der- ful, The half.... was never told.
2. Of peace di-vine, so won-der- ful, The half.... was never told.
3. Of joy di-vine, so won-der- ful, The half.... was never told.
4. Of love di-vine, so won-der- ful, The half.... was never told.
The half was nev - er, nev- er told.

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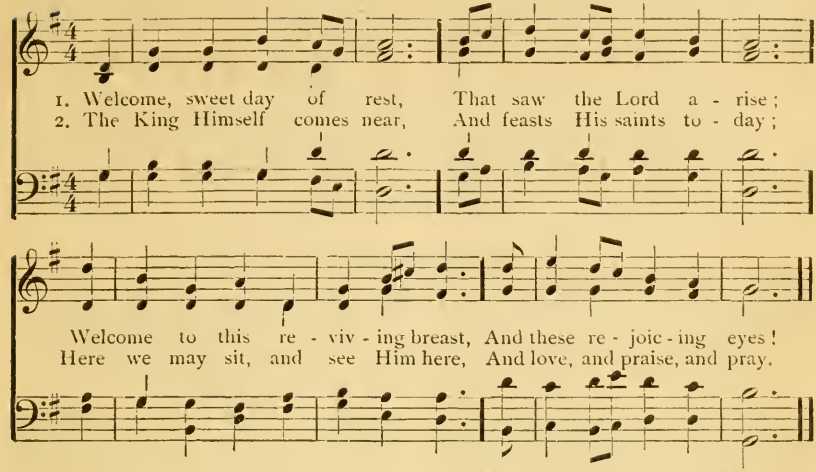
SAINT THOMAS.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by A. Williams.

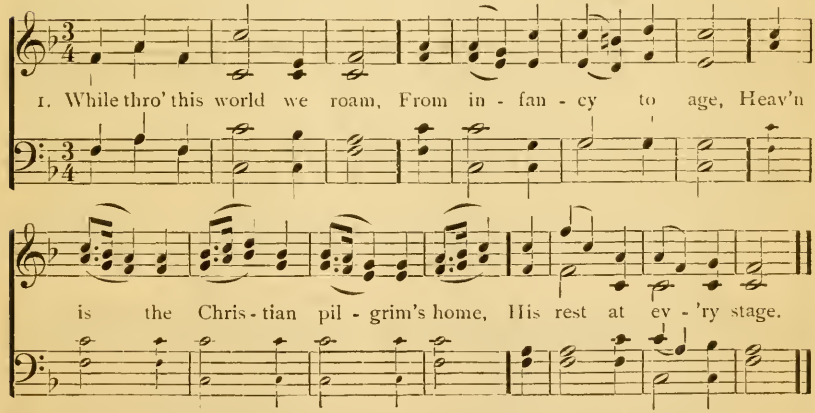


3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

GERAR.

Words by James Montgomery. Music by L. Mason.



2 Thither his soul ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 His freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,—
Where all is perfect love.

4 There we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our converse be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see
And know as we are known.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto.

1. From dis - tant lands ap - peal - ing, There comes a cry for aid;
2. God's lightnings cleave the o - cean To bear His words of cheer,
3. God's fin - ger points thee on - ward, Fear not the tempest's frown,

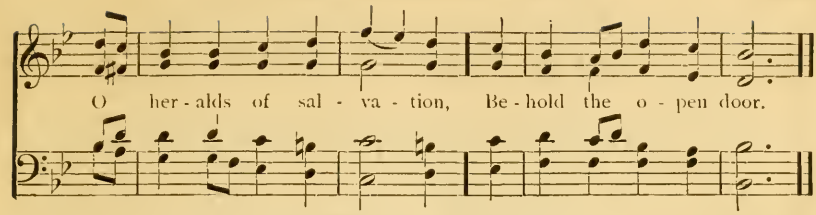
The day of Christ's re - veal - ing Breaks from the midnight shade;
He guides the storm's com - mo - tion To draw the lands more near;
The world is roll - ing sun - ward, The Cross shines out a Crown;

While each ex - pect - ant na - tion Stands wait - ing on the shore,
He breaks their bars a - sun - der, They melt His love be - fore,
Ye, to whom much is giv - en, O love and la - bor more;

O her - alds of sal - va - tion, Be - hold the o - pen door.
And men cry out in won - der, "Be - hold the o - pen door."
Then sweet the voice from heav - en, "Be - hold the o - pen door."

CHORUS.

Be - hold the o - pen door, Be - hold the o - pen door,
Be - hold, be - hold the o - pen door. Be - hold, be - hold the o - pen door,



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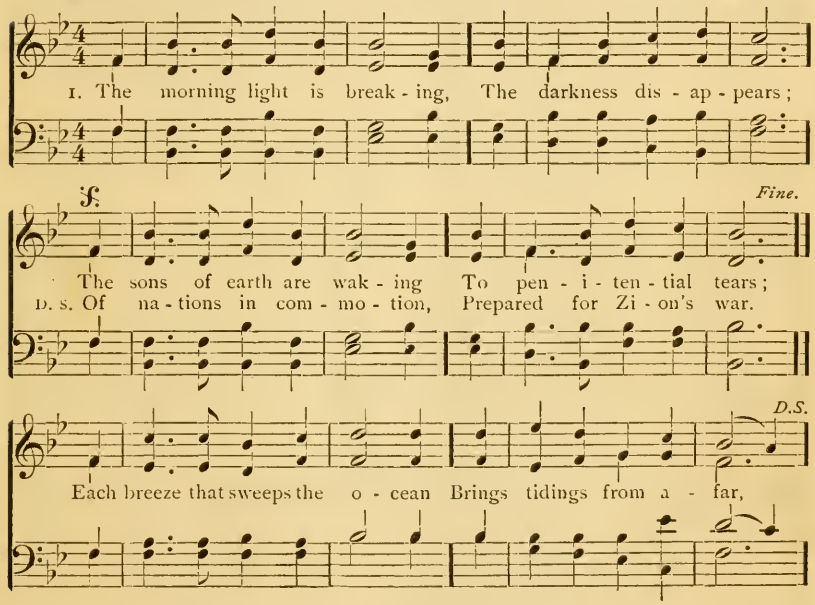
GOODWIN.

Words by S. F. SMITH. Music by G. J. WEBB.



2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

Words by Fanny Crosby, 1871. Music by Hubert P. Main. By per.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath- er O'er the Christian's na - tal skies,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end;
3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - bro - ken rest!

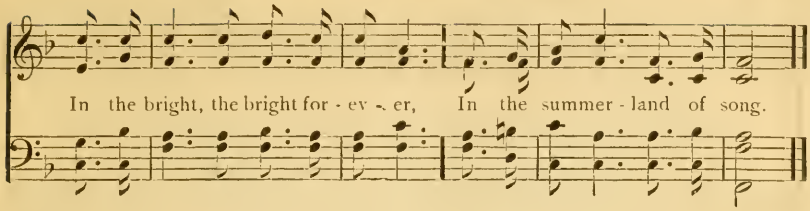
Distant beams, like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad surprise;
Yet a lit - tle while to la - bor, Ere the evening shades descend;
In the gold - en fields of pleasure, In the re gion of the blest;

And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
But to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be fore His throne to fall,

In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the summer - land of song.
In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, We shall wake, to sleep no more.
There to hear His gracious welcome— Will be sweeter far than all.

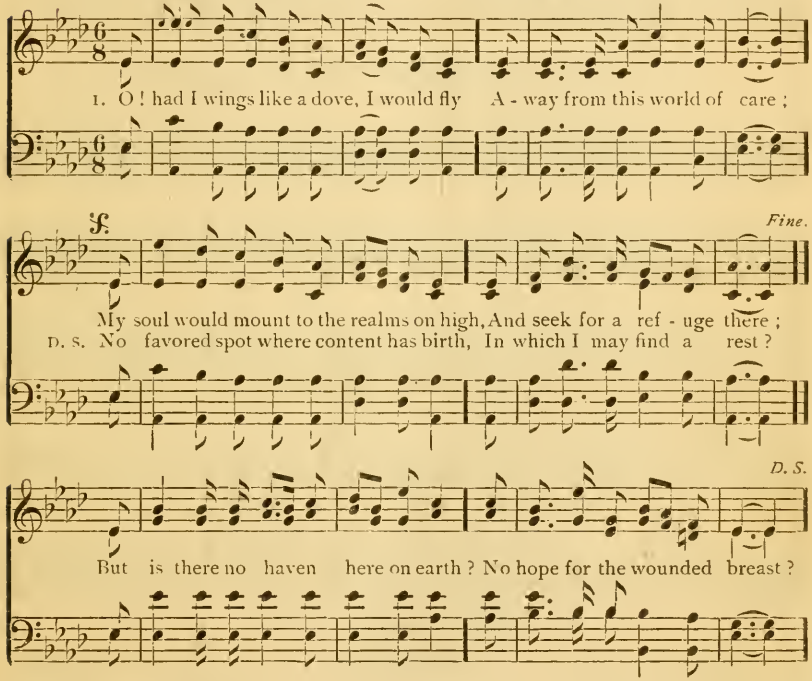
CHORUS.

On the banks beyond the riv - er, We shall meet, no more to sev - er;



WORDS OF PROMISE.

Arranged for this work. Words and Music by CHARLES JEFFREYS.



2.

O, is it not written, Believe and live?
The heart by bright hope allured
Shall find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assured; [frown,
Then why should we fear the cold world's
When truth to the heart has given
The light of religion to guide us on
In joy to the paths of heaven.

3.

There is, there is in Thy holy word—
Thy word which can ne'er depart—
There is a promise of mercy stored
For the lowly and meek of heart:
"My yoke is easy, My burden light,
Then come unto Me for rest;"—
These, these are the words of promise stored
For the wounded and wearied breast.

RUNNING THE RACE.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. On, tho' thy way may be drea - ry, On, tho' thou see not the end;
2. On, tho' thy feet may be wea - ry, Yonder remaineth a rest;
3. On, for thy time quickly pass - eth, Day is with thee on the wane;

On, and O, look not be - hind thee, Joy shall thy steps soon at - tend.
Sit thou not down, nor yet loit - er, On, and thy soul shall be blest.
On, lest the night should o'ertake thee, Ere the reward thou ob - tain.

CHORUS.

Run, then, the race set be - fore thee, Casting aside ev - 'ry sin;
O, for the bliss set be- fore thee, Run, and the prize thou shalt win.

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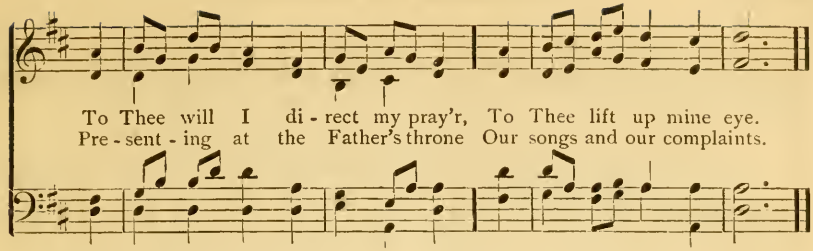
WARWICK.

Words by Isaac Watts. Music by S. Stanley.

1. Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,

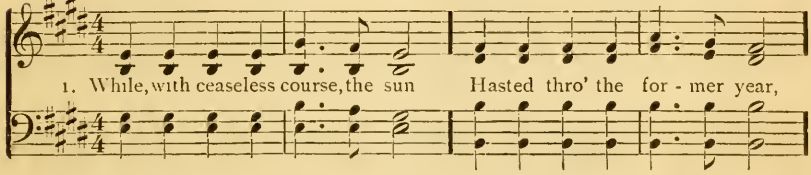


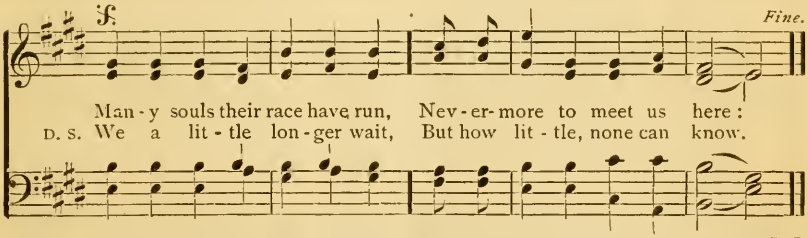
3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

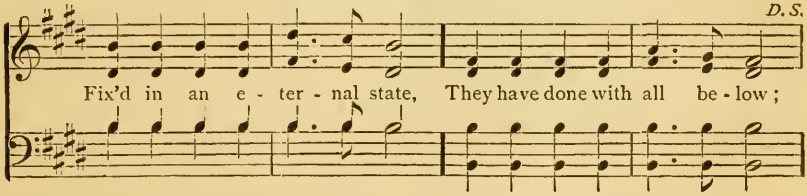
4 O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

BENEVENTO.

Words by JOHN NEWTON. Music by S. WEBBE.





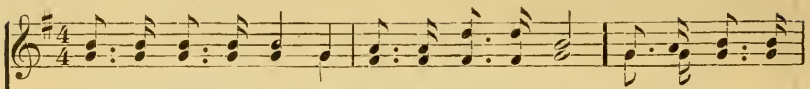


2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

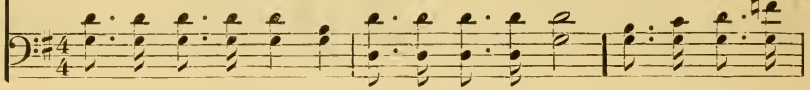
3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view :
Bless Thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with Thee above.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

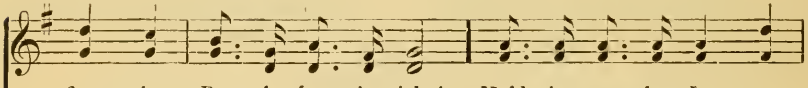
Words by Horace E. Kimball. Music by J. H. Tenney.



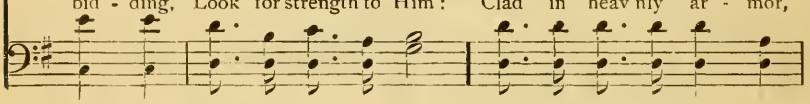
1. Onward, Christian sol - dier, Onward to the fight, Hold the ban - ner
2. Je - sus Christ, your Sav - iour, Says that you must win, If ye do His



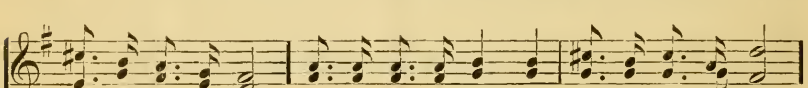
firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right! Hold the cross for Je - sus,
bid - ding, Look for strength to Him: Clad in heav'nly ar - mor,



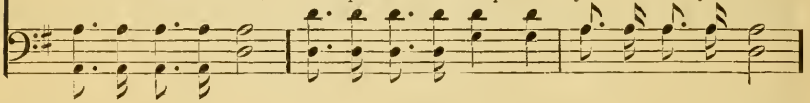
As your banner high, Nev - er must you fal - ter, Nev - er must you fly.
You'll o'ercome the foe, Triumph o'er the tempt - er, Je - sus tells you so.



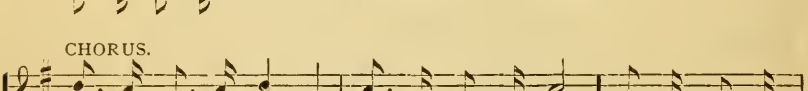
CHORUS.

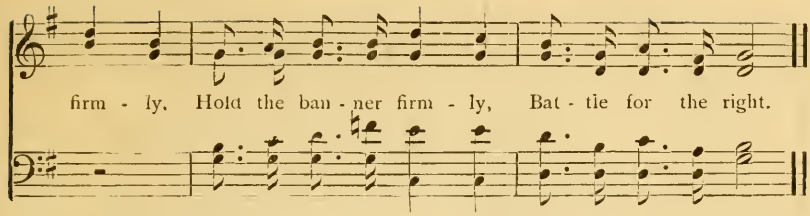


On-ward, Christian sol - dier, Onward to the fight, Hold the ban - ner



firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right; Hold the banner firm - ly, Hold the ban-ner



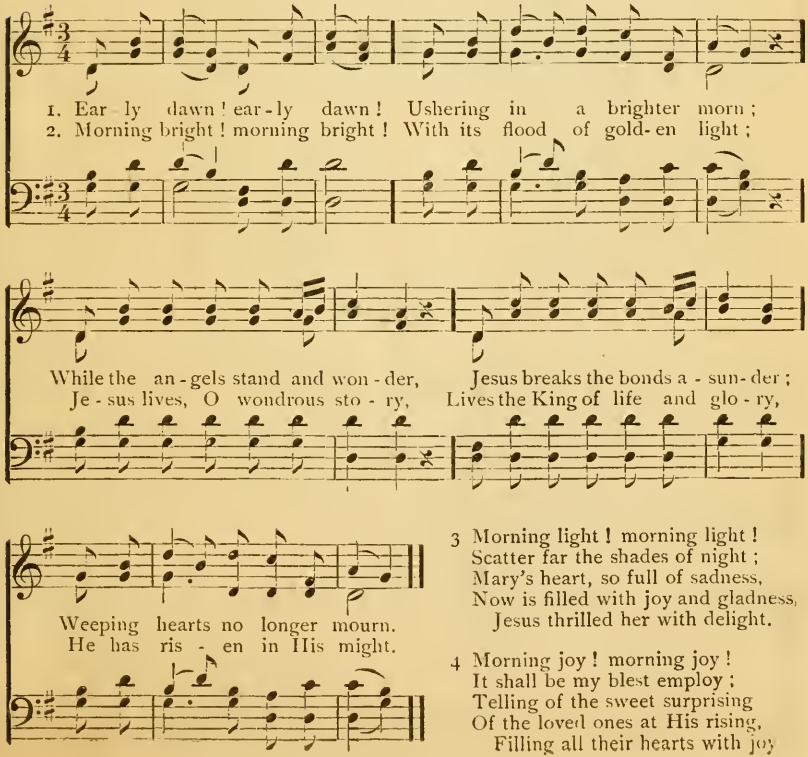


3 Then when warfare's over,
When the fight is done,
When the foes are vanquish'd,
When the victory's won,

Laying down your armor,
Clad in snowy white,
You shall reign with Jesus
In eternal light.

THE JOYOUS MORNING.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music arranged from the German.



3 Morning light! morning light!
Scatter far the shades of night;
Mary's heart, so full of sadness,
Now is filled with joy and gladness,
Jesus thrilled her with delight.

4 Morning joy! morning joy!
It shall be my blest employ;
Telling of the sweet surprising
Of the loved ones at His rising,
Filling all their hearts with joy

HEAV'N IS MY HOME.

Arranged for this work.

Adagio e Legato.

mp p f

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home ; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home ; } Danger and sorrow stand
2. { What tho' the tempest rage ? Heav'n is my home ; Short is my pil - grimage, Heav'n is my home ; } Time's cold and wintry blast

p

p

Round me on ev - 'ry hand ; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - ver-past ; I shall reach home at last ; Heav'n is my home.

p

3 Peace ! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home ;
I soon shall reach the goal ;
Heav'n is my home ;
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none ;
Forward ! the prize is won ;
Heav'n is my home.

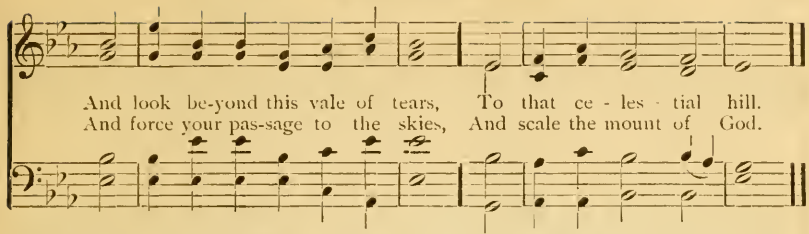
4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home ;
I shall be glorified ;
Heav'n is my home :
There are the good and blest,
Those I lov'd most and best ;
There, too, I soon shall rest ;
Heav'n is my home.

MERIBAH.

Words by C. Wesley. Music by Dr. L. Mason.

1. Come on, my part-ners in dis - tress, My comrades thro' the wilder - ness,
2. Be-yond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heav'nly place,

Who still your bod - ies feel, A - while for - get your griefs and fears,
The saints' se - cure a - bode ; On faith's strong ea-gle - pin-ions rise,

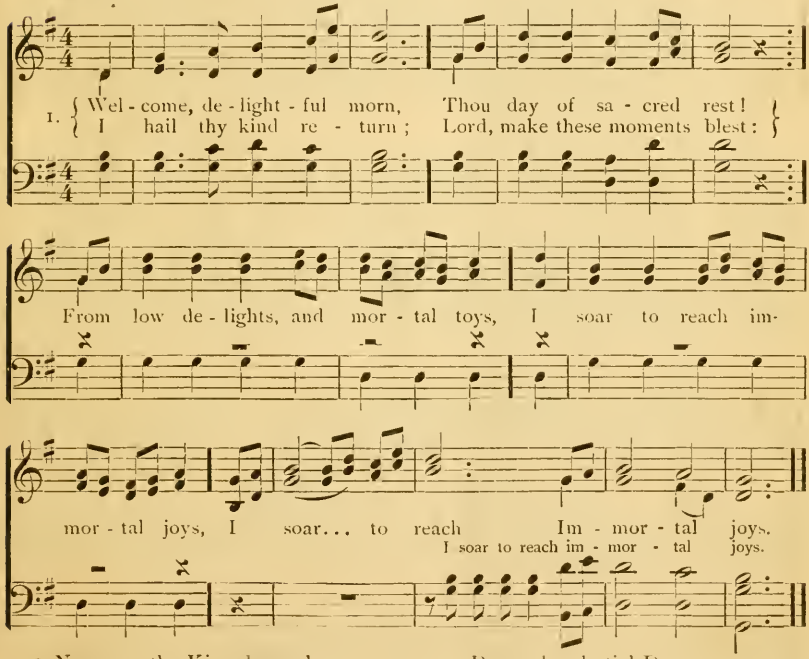


3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

LISCHER.

Words by HAYWARD. From the German, by L. MASON.



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Words by B. M. Adams. Music arranged from E. T. Coffin.

1. Sad and wea - ry with my long - ing, Fill'd with shame because of sin;
2. O, the joy of knowing Je - sus, It is dawning on my soul;
3. O re - fine me by Thy Spir - it, Make my earthly life sublime;

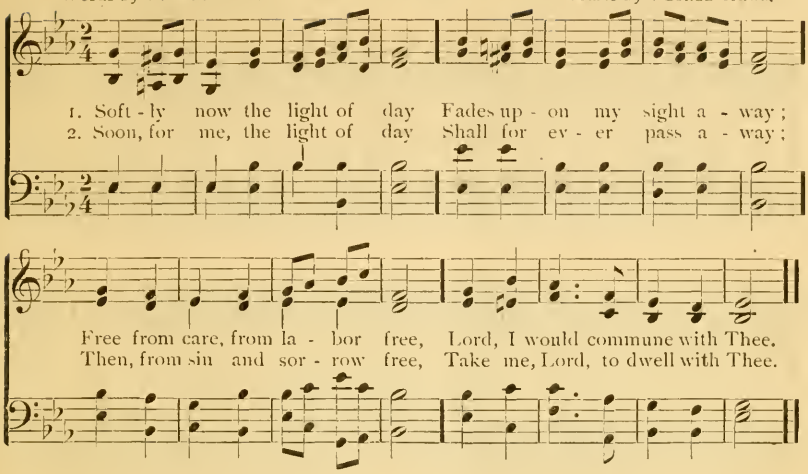
As I am in conscious weakness, Here I would sal- va - tion win.
I am find - ing His sal - va - tion, And the pow'r that makes me whole.
With my heart a home for Je - sus, Till I'm done with earth and time.

CHORUS.

All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross; I am coming to the Mas - ter, I am clinging to the cross; Clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

HOLLEY.

Words by G. W. Doane. Music by George Hews.

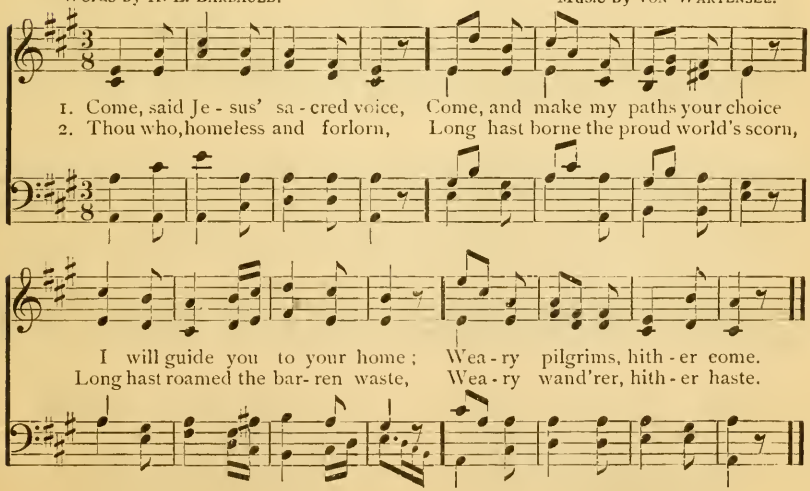


3 Thou, whose all-pervading eye,
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HORTON.

Words by A. L. Barbauld. Music by von Wartensee.



3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,—

4 Hither come; for here is found
Balm for ev'ry bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure.
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by Rev. S. B. Gould. Arranged from Haydn.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Going on be - fore: Christ, the Royal Mas- ter, Leads against the foe;

CHORUS.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See His banner go. Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided:
All one body we:
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

3 Crowns and thorns may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Words by John Newton. Music by Dr. L. Mason.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to - day.
Show Thy re - con - cil - ing face; Take a - way our guilt and shame.

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

Fine.

1. { Hail, Thou once des - pis - éd Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King! }
{ Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. }
D.C. By Thy mer- its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.

D.C.

Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays.
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

ZION.

Words by THOMAS OLIVERS. Music by Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. { O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Redeemer from all sin, } I will
{ Moved by Thy di - vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win, }
2. { Though unseen, I love the Saviour; He hath brought salvation near; } Soul and
{ Man - i - fests His pard'ning fa - vor; And when Je-sus doth ap- pear, }

[begin?
praise Thee: Where shall I Thy praise begin? I will praise Thee; Where shall I Thy praise
body Shall His glorious image bear; Soul and body Shall His glorious image bear.

Allegretto. Words and Music by G. H. Gabriel.

1. I heard the blessed Saviour say, "Poor, wea - ry child of grief,
2. I hearkened to His ten - der cry, And trembling - ly o - beyed·
3. O, what sweet comfort I have found; How calm and sweet my rest;

Come un - to me with all your woes, And I will give re - lief.
He whispered in my list'ning ear, "Thy ran - som has been paid."
How free - ly I con - fide my all, And lean on Je - sus' breast.

CHORUS.

He calls..... and waits, ... He calls..... and waits, ...
He calls and waits for thee, He calls and waits for thee,

O wea - ry one He calls and waits for thee.....
thee, for thee.

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CONCLUSION OF **ZION**, OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
‖: O, how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name! :‖

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song;
‖: Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong. :‖

THE GLORIOUS TREASURE.

Words by Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Music by Asa Hull.

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my spir - it cheer;
2. Man was lost, and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss
3. Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rov - ings led,

What hath earth like this to cov - et? O what stores of wealth are here!
Could he from earth's treasure bor- row, Till his way was cheered by this.
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.

CHORUS, *a little faster.*

Blessed Bi - ble! Blessed Bi - ble! God's own book to mortals giv'n;

Precious tidings of sal - va - tion, Glorious chart and guide to heav'n.

4 Blessed Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes! deeper in my heart!
Thou through all my life shalt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Chorus.—Blessed Bible! etc.

5 Part in death? No, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee,
Then in worlds above forever
Sweeter still thy truths shalt be.
Chorus.—Blessed Bible! etc.

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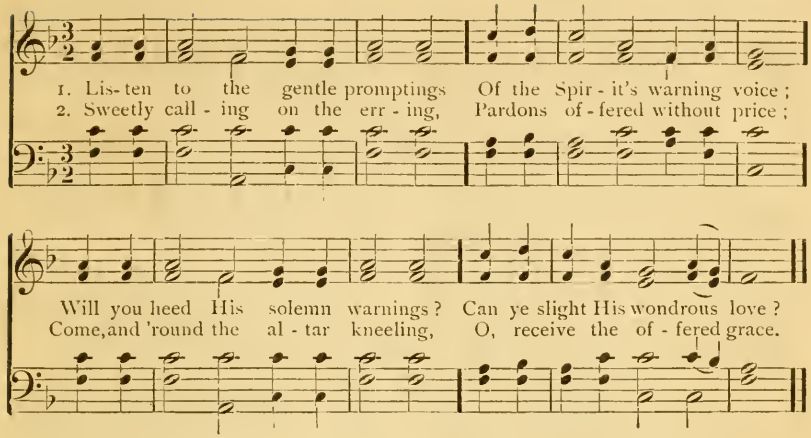
Allegretto. Music from I. B. Woodbury.

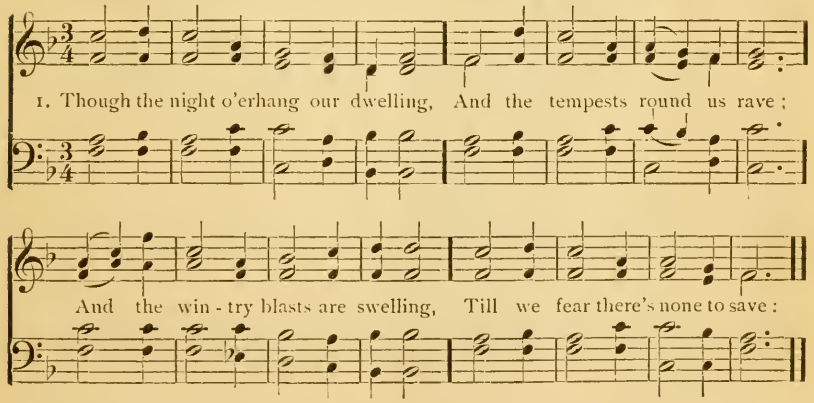


3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace;
Press ye, then, to realms of glory;
Run with joy the offered race.

4 Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee now and ever,
Never more to be deceived.

CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

Words by Rev. Thos. L. Poulson. Music by J. G. Robinson.



2 Still the gospel streamlets flowing
To the hearts of all mankind,
And the heavenly breezes blowing,
Cheer the waiting, trusting mind.

3 In the cause of God engaged,
Wrongs of Satan to redress,
When the battle hottest raged,
We have always won success.

4 With the Christian's banner o'er us,
As to duty we attend;
In the wide world spread before us
Christ shall ever be our friend.

5 In the morning of His coming,
When the warfare all is past,
We'll be counted in the morning
Of His jewels at the last.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by Asa Hull.

Lively.

1. Glad as the morning, swift as the light, Heralds of Zi - on go forth in might;
2. Earnest and eager, glad hearts of youth, Soft hands of childhood, speed on the truth:

O - ver the mountain, o - ver the deep, Go where the heathen weep.
List to the chil - dren o - ver the sea, Cry - ing for help from thee.

CHORUS.

Far and wide the Sabbath music roll, Peace and joy for each benighted soul,

Labor and triumph, God will provide, Tell them, tell them, tell them that Jesus died.

3.

Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way,
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain,
Teaching that Christ shall reign.
Chorus.—Far and wide, etc.

4.

Clothed with salvation, shielded with might,
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light,
Over the desert, waiting for thee,
See how the shadows flee.
Chorus.—Far and wide, etc.

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Words by JOHN NEWTON. Arranged.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no longer I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His presence dis - per - ses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice;

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cember's as pleasant as May.
No mor - tal so hap - py as I,— My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive those dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

SECRET PRAYER.

Music by Asa Hull.

1. Go, when the morning shin - eth, Go, when the moon is bright,
2. Re - mem-ber all who love thee, All who are lov'd by thee;

Go, when the eve de - clin - eth, Go, in the hush of night;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be;

Go, with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling earth - ly care a - way,
Then for thy - self, in meek - ness, A bless - ing hum - bly claim,

And, in thy clos - et kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
And blend with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re - deem - er's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;

Angels and men be - fore it fall, And de - vils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guil - ty fear; It turns their hell to heav'n.

CHORUS.

O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!
How can I for - get Thee? How can I for - get my Lord?

O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first lov'd me.
How can I for - get Thee? Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.—*Chorus.*

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.—*Chorus.*

5 His only righteousness I show;
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business, here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb!—*Chorus.*

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry, in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!—*Chorus.*

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Words by H. F. Lyte. Music arranged from Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
D. S. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

Fine. *D.S.*

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
O, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r!
Heav'n's eternal day before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Words by Rev. S. G. Harmer. Arranged from Rev. W. M'Donald.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;

There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the other side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,—
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.—*Cho.*

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*

4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed;
Hail with joy the rising morn.—*Cho.*

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go!
Zion's gates shall open for you;
You shall find an entrance thro'.—*Cho.*

LENOX.

Words by C. Wesley. Music by L. Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise ; Shake off thy guilty fears ; The bleeding Sac- ri-

fice In my be - half ap - pears : Be - fore the throne my

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be-

Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.

fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - - ten on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead ;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race, :‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me :—
‖: Forgive him, O forgive, they cry, :‖
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
‖: His Spirit answers to the blood, :‖
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled :
His pard'ning voice I hear :
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear :
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh, :‖
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

C. Wesley. Tune—*Lenox.*

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
‖: The year of jubilee is come ; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

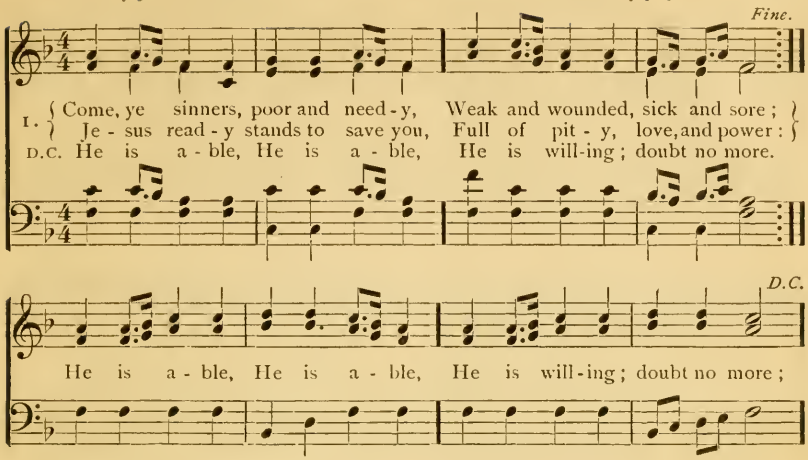
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
‖: The year of jubilee is come ; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in His blood,
Throughout the world proclaim :
‖: The year of jubilee is come ; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
‖: The year of jubilee is come ; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

GREENVILLE.

Words by JOSEPH HART. Music by J. J. ROUSSEAU.



2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
‖: Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy. :‖

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
‖: This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. :‖

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all;
‖: Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call. :‖

5 Agonizing in the garden
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
‖: It is finished!—
Sinners, will not this suffice? :‖

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
‖: None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. :‖

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
‖: Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same. :‖

FAR FROM MORTAL CARES.

J. TAYLOR. Tune—*Greenville.*

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes:
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Ev'ry pure and humble mind,
Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.

THE POLAR STAR.

Words by Fanny Crosby. Music by T. E. Perkins.

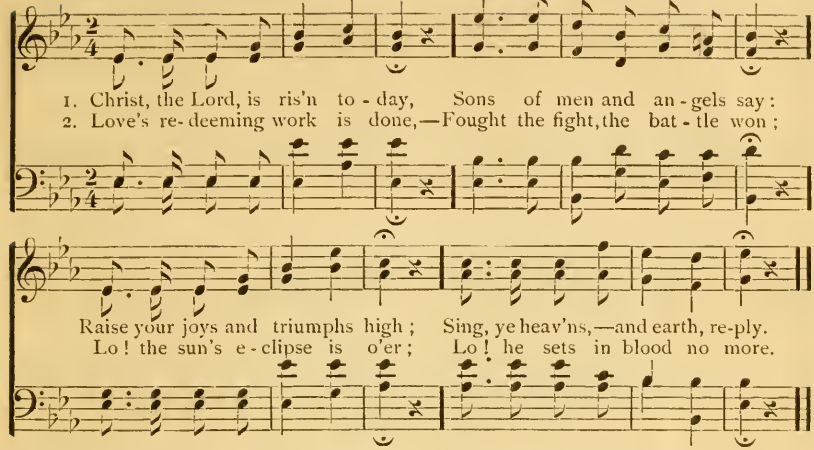
1. Wea-ry wand'rer o'er the main, Seeking for thy home a-gain,
Thro' the gath'ring mists that rise, Veil-ing thy na-tal skies;
Look be-yond, there's light for thee, Streaming o'er the tur-bid sea:
Soft-ly it smiles, tho' dis-tant far, The beau-ti-ful po-lar star.

2 Stranger on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy fatherland,
Thro' the gath'ring clouds that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's hope for thee,
Dawning o'er a tranquil sea:
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

3 Lonely watcher, pale with grief.
Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Look beyond, there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far.
The beautiful polar star.

CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Words by Chas. Wesley. Music by Chas. Zeuner.

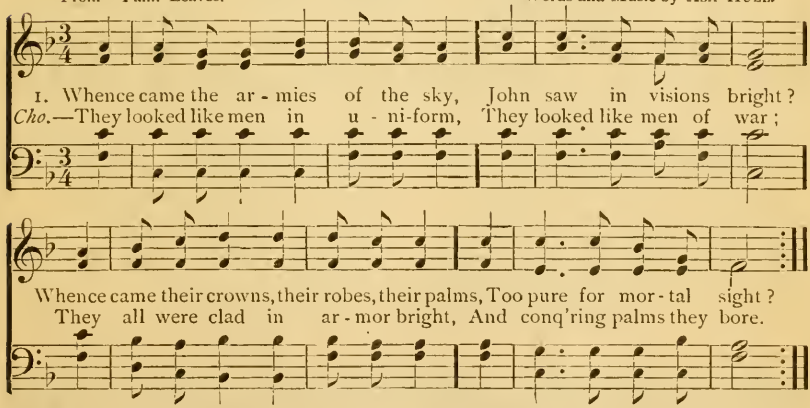


3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

From "Palm Leaves." Words and Music by Asa Hull.



2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross
Victorious in the fight?
Were these the trophies they had won,
Reserved in worlds of light?—*Cho.*

3 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.—*Cho.*

4 They saw the star of Bethlehem
Arise in splendor bright;
They followed long its guiding ray,
Till beamed a clearer light.—*Cho.*

5 From desert waste and cities full,
From dungeons dark they've come,
And now they claim their mansions fair:
They've found their long-sought home.

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NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Moderato.

Music by S. J. Vail. By per.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life;
2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain:

O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promis - es unkept,
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—

And reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves? nothing but leaves?

PERSEVERANCE AND TRUST.

Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Brother, is life's morning clouded? Has thy sun - light ceased to shine?
2. Brother, has life's hopes re - ced - ed, Hast thou sought its joys in vain?

Is the earth in darkness shrouded, Wouldst thou at thy lot re - pine?
Friends proved false when mostly needed, Foes re - joic - ing at thy pain?

Cheer up, brother, cheer up, brother, Look a - bove thee, light is near;
Cheer up, brother, there's a blessing Waiting for thee, nev - er fear;

Soon will come the next tran - si - tion, "Trust in God, and per - se - vere."
Foes for - giv - ing, sins con - fess - ing, "Trust in God, and per - se - vere."

CHORUS.

Trust in God,..... Trust in God,..... Trust in God, and per - se - vere.
and per - se - vere, and per - se - vere,
Trust in God, and perse - vere.

3.

Brother, all things round are calling,
With united voice, "be strong;"
Though the wrongs of earth be galling,
They must loose their force ere long.
Yes, my brother, though life's troubles
Drive thee near to dark despair,
Soon 'twill vanish like a bubble.
"Trust in God, and persevere."

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SO WILL I COMFORT THEE.

Words by Mary D. James. Music by J. W. Kirkpatrick.

1. So will I comfort thee, Poor sorrowing child of care; Thy heav - y load of woe, Up - on my heart I bear. I know thy pains, and griefs, and fears,
2. So will I comfort thee, Thro' all life's drea - ry way; I'll be thy constant guide, I'll keep thee night and day; No foes, no per - ils need'st thou fear,

I hear thy sighs, and count thy tears: So will I com- fort, comfort thee.
For I, thy God, am al - ways near: So will I com- fort, comfort thee.

3 So will I comfort thee,
E'en I, the *mighty God;*
Unchanging is My love,
Unfailing is My word.
No mother's love can equal Mine,
No arms so strong as arms Divine;
So will I comfort thee.

4 So will I comfort thee;
From every stormy blast,
I'll hide thee with My wings,
"Till all life's storms are past,"
Then bear thee to the heavenly shore,
Where sorrow's tears shall fall no more
So will I comfort thee.

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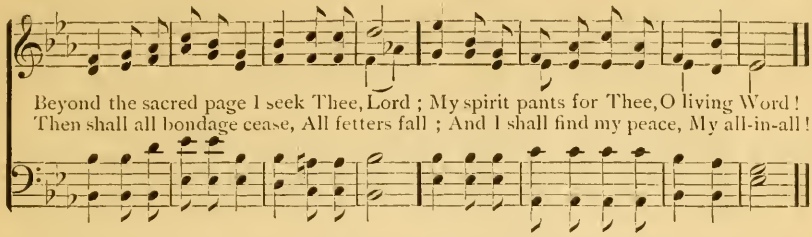
THE BREAD OF LIFE.

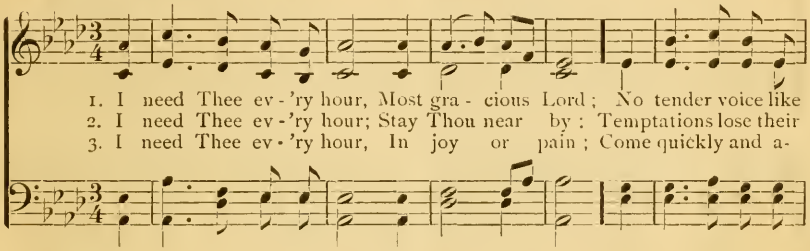
Words by M. A. Lathbury. Music by Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside [the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;

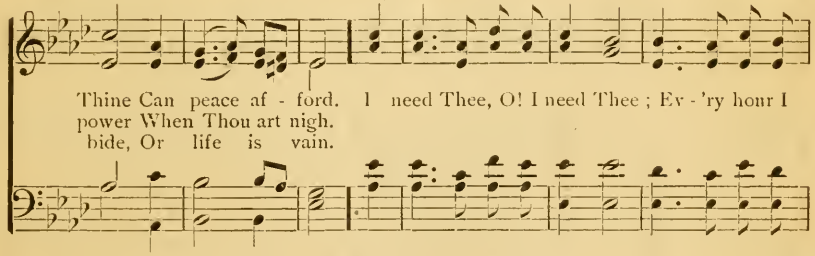


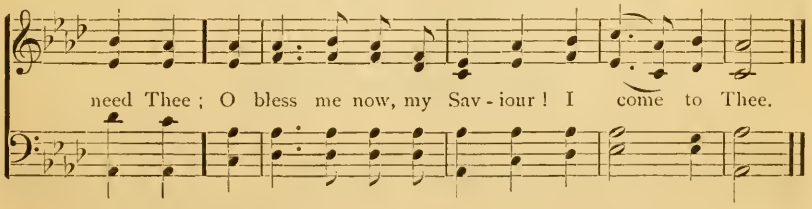
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Words by Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Music by Rev. Robert Lowry. By per.



CHORUS.





4 I need Thee ev'ry hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.
Chorus.—I need Thee, etc.

5 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One,
O, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.
Chorus.—I need Thee, etc.

STRANGER VOICES.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Stran - ger voi - ces oft I hear, Call - ing, soft - ly call - ing;
2. Strange the forms I sometimes see At the por - tal knocking;
3. Earth - ly good my soul has tried, Oft with plea - sure 'lur - ing,

Earth - ly mu - sic on my ear Fall - ing, sweet - ly fall - ing;
They my guests would glad - ly be,— I my heart un - lock - ing;
If I'll on - ly turn a - side, There my all se - cur - ing;

Sweet - er far those ac - cents mild, Fraught with Je - sus' bless - ing,
But the Fair - est of the fair Fills my low - ly dwell - ing;
But I seek a cit - y fair, Home and rest ex - pect - ing,

When He owns me for His child, Peace my soul pos - sess - ing.
In His love I dai - ly share, Joy my bo - som swell - ing.
When its glo - ries I shall share, And its grace re - flect - ing.

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HIS GUIDING HAND.

Words by E. P. Leland. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. He leadeth me, He leadeth me; How sweet to know that Jesus' hand
2. He leadeth me, He leadeth me; How calm the weary heart doth grow

CHORUS.

Leads me thro' the wildderness In - to the promised land. He leadeth
When He leads ; and O, what rest The burden'd soul may know !

me, He leadeth me, Like a ten-der shepherd, He leadeth me.

3 He leadeth me, He leadeth me ;
And knows the paths must thorny be,
Trav'ling up to heav'nly life,
By way of Calvary.—*Chorus.*

4 He leadeth me, He leadeth me ;
It is enough ; I'll joyful be,
For I know it is in love
That thus He leadeth me.—*Chorus.*

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O HOW HE LOVES!

From "Wreath of Praise." Music by ASA HULL, 1868.

1st. *2d.*

1. { I know that my Redeemer lives ; O how He loves !
What joy the blest assurance gives ; [OMIT.....] O how He loves !
2. { He lives, He lives who once was dead ! O how He loves !
He lives, my ev - er-lasting Head ; [OMIT.....] O how He loves !

CHORUS.

Rep. pp ad lib.

O 'tis love, that moves the mighty God ; O 'twas love, 'twas love that found out me.

3 He lives to bless me with His love ;
He lives to plead for me above.—*Cho.*

4 He lives my hungry soul to feed ;
He lives to help in time of need.—*Cho.*

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JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

Music by Asa Hull.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of Thee, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend; Praising Thy
2. When Thou wert here be - low, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend; Thou didst our
3. By Thy re-deem-ing grace, Je - sus, our heav'nly Friend; We hope to

love so free, Je - sus, our Friend. O, for a heart to praise,
sor - rows know, Je - sus, our Friend. Grant to each heart to feel,
see Thy face, Je - sus, our Friend. Then will we joy - ful praise,

Through all our earthly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je-sus, our Friend.
That Thou hast pow'r to heal, And O, Thyself re-veal, Je - sus, our Friend.
Throughout e - ter - nal days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je-sus, our Friend.

FOLSOM.

Music from Mozart.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our
2. Cold, on His cra - dle, the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies His

dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him, in

FOLSOM.

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deemer is laid.
slumbers re - clin - ing,— Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HENLEY.

Music by Dr. L. Mason

1. Come un - to Me when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were ta - ken, When the ripe

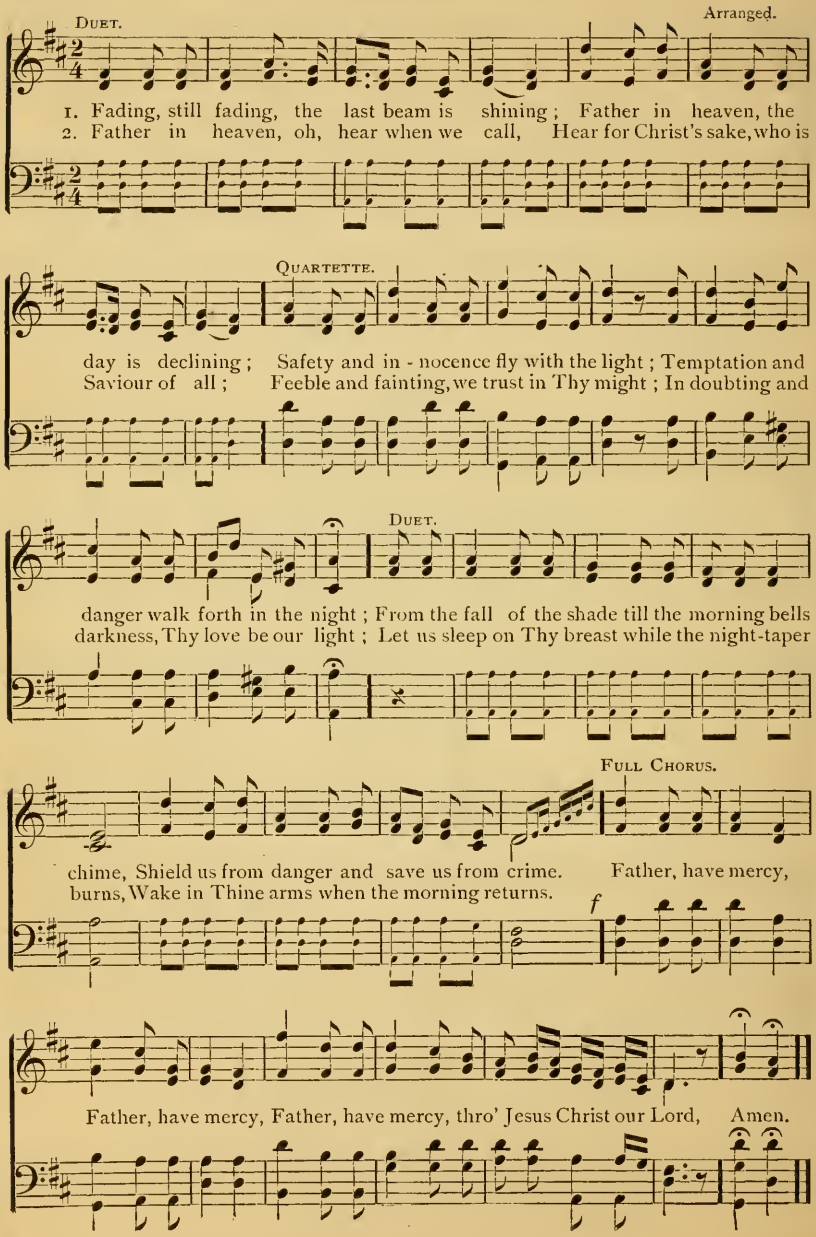
heart is wea - ry and distressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your
fruit fell rich - ly to the ground, When the lov'd slept, in brighter

heav'nly Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.
homes to wak - en, Where their pale brows with spir - it wreaths are crown'd.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling;
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

FADING, STILL FADING.



WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Words by Mary P. Griffin. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its billows loud - ly roar,
Cho.—We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watching on the shore,—

Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Wafted from the oth - er shore.
On - ly waiting for the an - gels; Soon they'll come to bear us o'er.

2 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its tow'rs, like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

3 He has called for many a lov'd one;
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

4 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright celestial city
We shall evermore abide.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

5 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I a crown of life shall wear.
Chorus.—We are waiting, etc.

MEET AGAIN.

Slow, and with expression. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Meet a - gain! when life is o'er; Meet a - gain! to part no more;

How it cheers the drooping heart When from friends we're called to part.

2 Meet again! where endless joy
We shall taste without alloy;
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3 Meet again! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet;
Careworn souls by tempest driven,
O, how sweet to meet in heaven.

PASTOR'S WELCOME.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby. Music by John Fox.

1. By our Fa - ther called to la - bor In the cause to us so dear;
2. Sound a - loud the trump of Zi - on, Let its joy - ful tones be heard;

Take, O take our warmest greeting,— Faithful Pas - tor, welcome here.
Full sal - va - tion, grace un-bounded, Free to all thro' Christ the Lord.

We are gathered where the glo - ry Of the Lord so oft has shone;
Warn the care - less, win the err - ing, Cheer the mourner, help the weak;

While around this sa - cred al - tar Precious sea - sons we have known.
Preach the word of God with boldness, He will tell thee what to speak.

CHORUS.

Welcome here, ... thrice welcome here, Faithful Pas - - tor, welcome
Welcome here, Welcome here, Faithful Pas-tor, welcome

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here, Sent of God..... our hearts to cheer, Faithful
here, welcome here; Sent of God, our hearts to cheer,

Pas - tor, wel - come here.....
welcome here.

3

Fear thou not though duties press thee,
As thy day thy strength shall be;
Sow the seed and wait with patience,
There's a harvest time for thee.
When thy work of love is ended,
Be it thine a crown to wear,
With the souls thy God will give thee.
Set like fadeless jewels there.—*Cho.*

THE SABBATIC YEAR.

Music by Asa Hull.

1. When shall I see the day That ends my woes? When will the trumpet sound
When shall I vict'ry gain O'er all my foes?
2. A crown of glo-ry bright By faith I see, O, may I faithful prove,
In yonder realms of light, Prepared for me;

That calls the ex - ile home? The grand Sabbat-ic year, When will it come?
And keep the prize in view, And thro' the storms of life My way pur - sue.

3 Jesus, be Thou my Guide!
My steps attend;
O, keep me near Thy side;
Be Thou my Friend:
Be Thou my Shield and Sun,
My Saviour and my Guard,
And, when my work is done,
My great Reward.

4 O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin, and pain
Shall flee away;
When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long-sought home;
The jubilee of heaven.—
When will it come?

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Words by G. Keith. Music by J. Reading.

1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dis - mayed; For I am thy

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

you He hath said, Who un - to the Sav-iour for ref - uge have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent

fled, Who un - to the Saviour for ref - uge have fled:—
hand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
‖: And sanctify, to thee thy deepest distress. :‖

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
‖: I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!" :‖

THE SAINT'S HOME.

Words by DAVID DENHAM. Music from a German Melody.

1st. 2d.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints,
{ How sweet to my soul is com- [OMIT.....] munion with saints!

1st. 2d.

{ To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
{ And feel in the presence of [OMIT..... ...] Je - sus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home!

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.—*Chorus.*

3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me—I'll go to His arms:
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O! there may I feast with His children at home.—*Chorus.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. Tune—*The Saint's Home.*

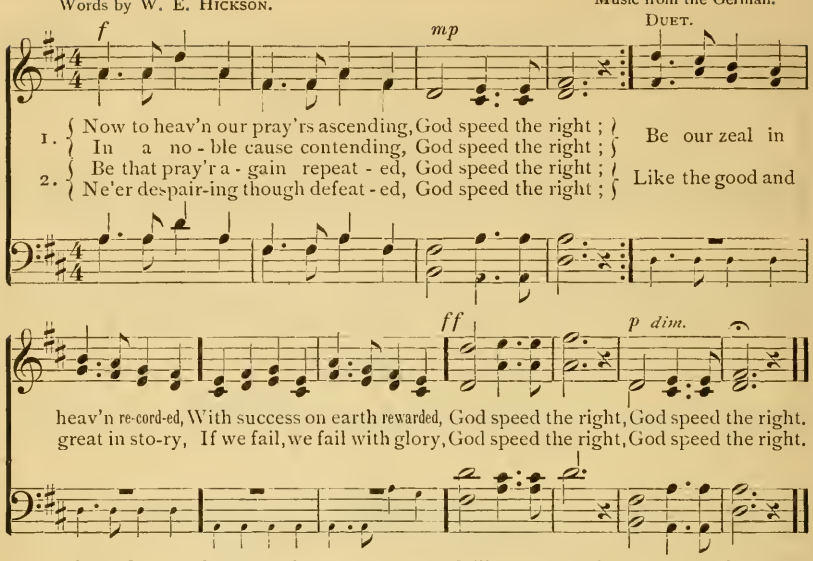
1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Chorus.—Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,—
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.—*Chorus.*

3 I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parents now think of their child:
They look on that moon from their own cottage door,
Thro' woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.—*Chorus.*

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Words by W. E. Hickson. Music from the German.

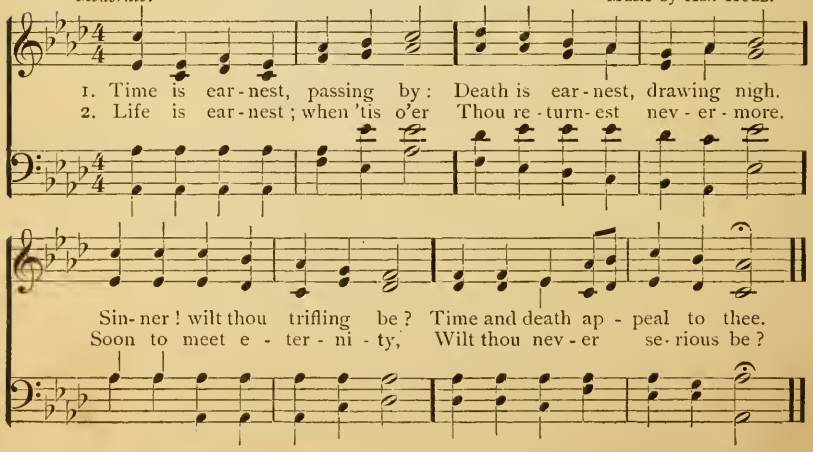


3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right ;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right ;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
‖: God speed the right. :‖

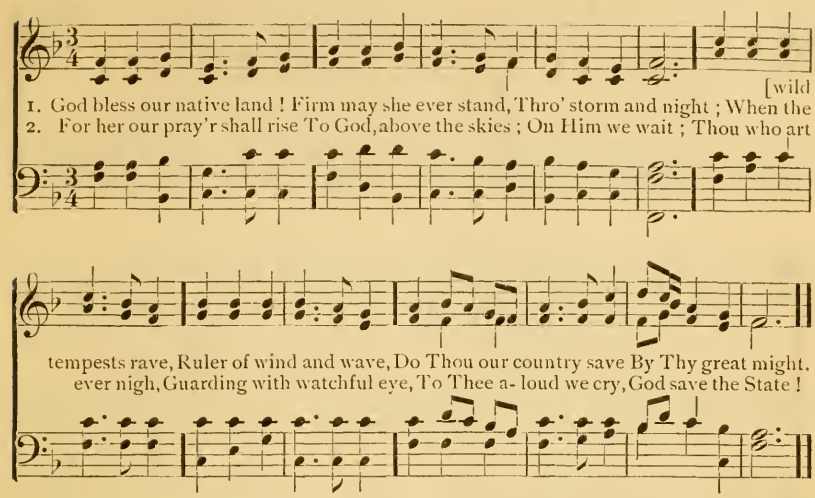
4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right ;
Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
God speed the right ;
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it ;
‖: God speed the right. :‖

BE IN EARNEST.

Moderato. Music by Asa Hull.



Words by John S. Dwight. Music by Henry Carey.



NATIONAL HYMN.

Samuel F. Smith. Tune—*America.*

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country ! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song !
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break ;
The sound prolong !

4 Our father's God ! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

CONCLUSION OF **BE IN EARNEST,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 Heaven is earnest ; solemnly
Float its voices down to thee.
O, thou mortal ! art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day ?

4 God is earnest ; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away ;
Ere be set His judgment throne—
Vengeance ready, mercy gone !

5 Christ is earnest ; bids thee come !
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum.
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above ?

6 Thou refusest, wretched one !
Thou despisest God's dear Son !
Madness ! dying sinner, turn.
Lest His wrath within thee burn.

BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

Words by H. K. White. Music by Asa Hull.

1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host be-stud the sky,
2. Once on the rag - ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark;
3. It was my guide, my life, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease;

One star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye:
The ocean yawned, and rude-ly blowed The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me, to the port of peace.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem;
Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
Now safe- ly moored, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a- dem,

Soli. *Tutti.* *Cres.*

But one alone, the Saviour, speaks; It is the Star, it is the Star,
When sud-den-ly a star a - rose; It was the Star, it was the Star,
For ev - er and for ev - er - more, It was the Star, etc.

ff

It is the Star of Beth- le - hem, It is the Star of Beth - le- hem.
It was the Star of Beth- le - hem, It was the Star of Beth - le- hem.

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1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re - joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

Lis - ten to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—

Lis-ten to Which they chant

Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!

2 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
Glory be to God on high!
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

PRAISE THE LORD.—Anthem.

Words arranged and Music by Asa Hull.

Full Chorus. *Allegretto.*

ff *mp*

1. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Praise the Lord..... in the
2. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Praise the Lord..... in a

Praise the Lord,

ff

beau - - - ty of ho - - - li - ness; Praise Him
new..... and a joy - - - ful song; Praise Him

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

with..... the lute and harp,..... Praise Him in the voice of mel - o - dy.
for..... His mighty acts,..... Praise Him in the sound of har - mo-ny.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

Quartette. *Moderato.*

mp

For His mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for ev - er, For His
mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

mp

mer - - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - - eth for - ev - er, For His
mer - cy en - - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - - ev - er,

mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, For His mer - cy en-
mer - cy en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, mer - cy, etc.

Return to 2d verse. 1st. 2d. FULL CHORUS.

dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, ev - er. For His mer - cy en-

ff *ff*

dur - eth, en - dur - eth, en - dur - eth, For His mer - cy en-

Accelerando.

dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, For - ev - er and for - ev - er and

Slow.

ev - er. A - men. For - ev - er and for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

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A WORD FOR JESUS.

Words by F. R. Havergal. Music by S. J. Vail.

1. Have you not a word for Je - sus, Not a word to speak for Him?
2. Have you not a word for Je - sus, Will the world His praise proclaim?
3. "Cannot!" tho' He suf-fered for you, Died that you His love might know?

He is list' - ning thro' the cho - rus Of the burn - ing ser - a - phim!
Who shall speak if you are si - lent, You who know and love His name?
"Cannot!" tho' He has for - giv - en Mak-ing scar - let white as snow?

He is list-'ning, does He hear you Speaking of the things of earth?
You whom He hath called and chosen His own wit - ness-es to be,
"Cannot!" tho' His grace a-bound-ing Is your free - ly prom-ised aid?

On - ly of its pass-ing pleasures, Self-ish sor - row, emp-ty mirth?
Will you tell your gra-cious Mas-ter, Lord, we can - not speak for Thee?
"Cannot!" tho' He stands be-side you, Tho' He says, "Be not a - fraid?"

CHORUS.

Yes, we have a word for Je - sus! We will bold - ly speak His name!

f Yes, we have

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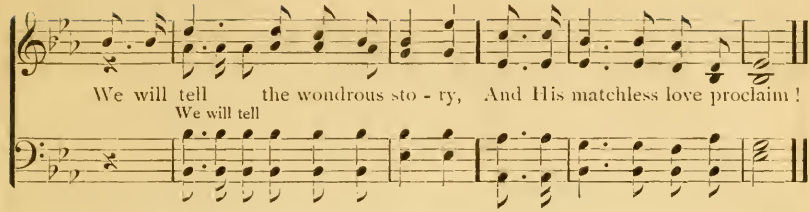
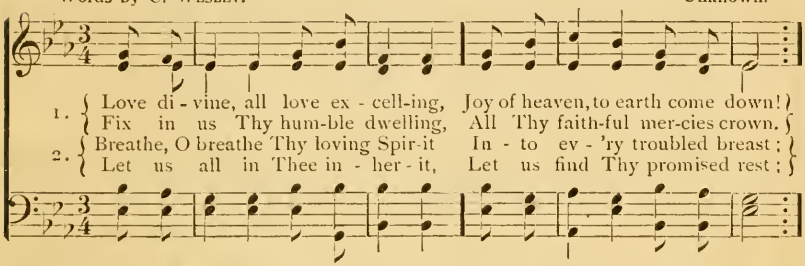
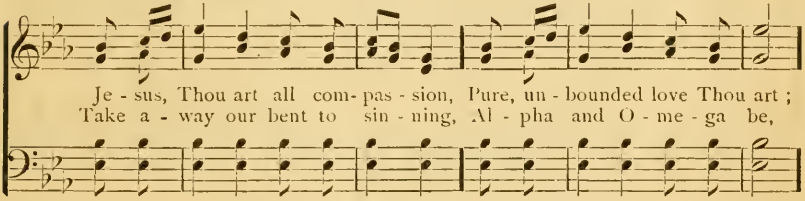
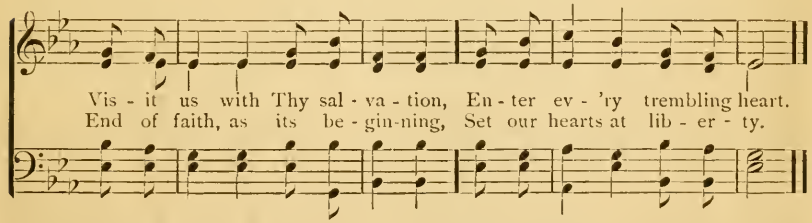


NETTLETON.

Words by C. Wesley. Unknown.







3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
Pure and spottess let us be ;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

SINGING ALL THE DAY.

Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. I sing of Je-sus' wondrous love, His sweet, His gentle, loving sway!
2. My soul with sin was all de-filed, His blood has washed the stain away,
3. By faith I see the gold-en gate, Swung by the angels far a-way;

My heart is melt-ed with the song, That I'm sing-ing all the day!
And now He owns me as His child, So I'm sing-ing all the day!
With joy I hope to en-ter there, So I'm sing-ing all the day!

CHORUS.

I am singing, I am singing, Light is shining on my way, on my way all the day; I am singing, I am singing, I am singing, I am sing-ing, I am singing all the day!

all the day, all the day, all the day, all the day, all the day,

Ritard.

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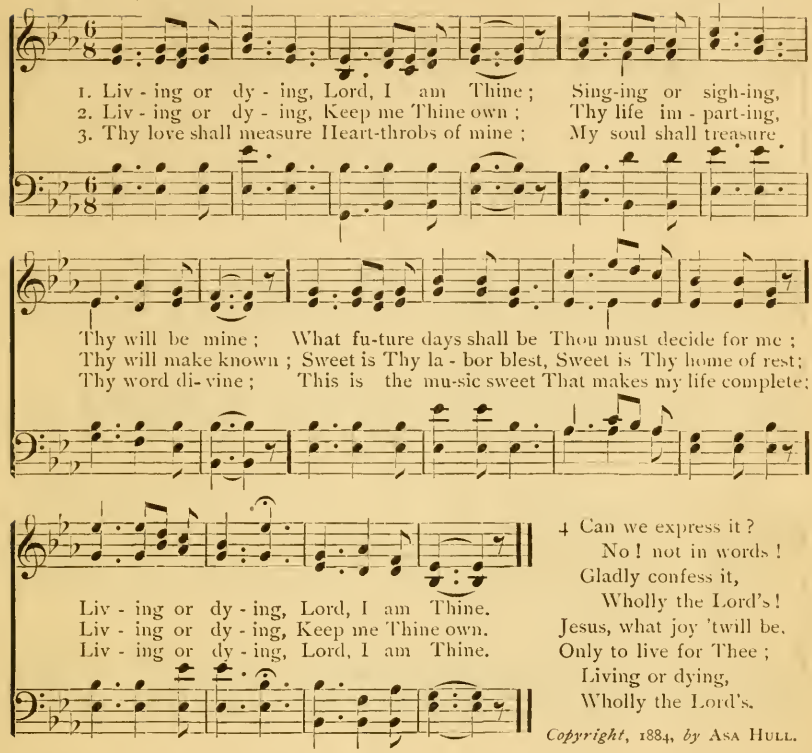
WHOLLY THE LORD'S.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



4 Can we express it?
No! not in words!
Gladly confess it,
Wholly the Lord's!
Jesus, what joy 'twill be,
Only to live for Thee;
Living or dying,
Wholly the Lord's.

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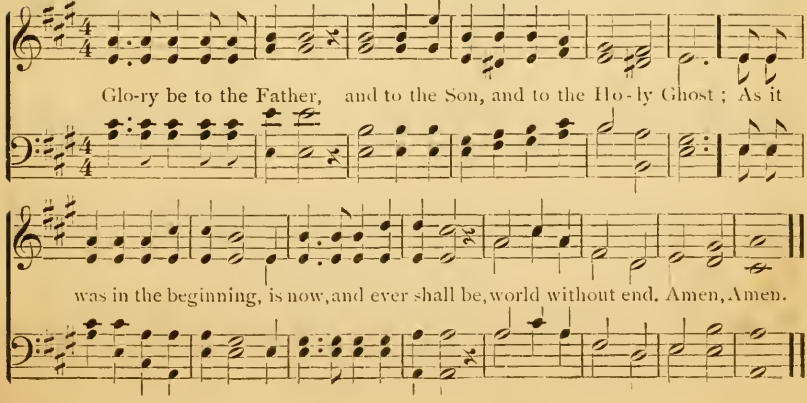
GLORIA PATRI.

Charles Meineke.



NOW IS THE TIME.

Words by L. E. Russell. Music by S. J. Vail.

1. Now is the time; for this day's setting sun May be the signal that thy
2. Now is the time; the Spir-it's gen-tle voice Is call-ing thee to make the
3. Now is the time; be-yond the narrow grave Re-pentance there will have no

race is run; Je-sus is wait-ing at the mer-cy-seat; O come and
bet-ter choice; Kind-ly per-sua-sive is the lov-ing call, Which of-fers
pow'r to save; O, turn from sin, and heav'nward set your face, Ac-cept sal-

cres..... ..... CHORUS. *Omit the Alto when used as a male trio.*

Alto.

lay your bur-dens at His feet. Come, O come! the Spir-it bids you come!
peace and par-don un-to all.
va-tion as the gift of grace. Male Trio.

Come, O come and seek your heav'nly home! Je-sus still in-vites you,

why then lon-ger wait? Has-ten, for to-mor-row may be too late!

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Words by MARIAN FROELICH. Music by ASA HULL.

1. When 'mid the mu - sic of the spheres I en - ter Ca-naan's gate,
2. O, fair the man-sions of the blest, The sil - ver stream of life,

And all the joy of heav'n ap - pears Which ran-somed ones a - wait;
The gates of gems and glist-'ning pearls; The scenes with beau - ty rife!

And when I've walked the gold - en streets, And heard the an - gels sing,
But these are but the ra - diant glow, And from God's presence spring,

1st time. 2d time.

That sight most grand to view I'll crave—The palace of the King; of the King.
The source from whence heav'n's beauties flow—The palace of the King; of the King.

3 O falt'ring tongue, how canst thou tell
The raptured ecstasy,
That wraps the soul in wond'ring spell
When from the world set free?
Ye cherubim and seraphim,
Your highest praises bring;
And fill with chant and psalm and hymn
The palace of the King.

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NO ROOM FOR THE CROSS.

Words by Miss P. J. Owens. Music by Harry Sanders.

1. As we trav-el on from day to day, On the road to mansions shining,
2. Hard and heav-y may its bur-den be, But its weight I'll dread no longer;
3. Then take up the cross with a firm hand, Take the cross of Christ's ordaining,

Let us meet the ills of the rug-ged way, With a true heart un-re-pin-ing.
Since it is the cross that was framed for me, It will make me bold-er, stronger.
Onward press to bounds of the heav'nly land, Thou wilt feel His might sustaining.

And when we have done our work at last, For the Mas-ter no-bly striv-en,
My Lord will its heav-i-ness di-vide, While His joy and strength are given;
The feet may get wea-ry in the way, But if faith is kept un-riv-en,

The crown will shine, and the cross be past,—No room for the cross in heav'n.
The realms of glo-ry are vast and wide,—No room for the cross in heav'n.
We'll hear the gra-cious Re-deem-er say,—No room for the cross in heav'n.

CHORUS.

No room, no room, No room for the cross in heav'n,
for the cross, for the cross, no room,

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Repeat pp ad lib.

No room, no room, No room for the cross in heav'n.
for the cross, for the cross,

SILENT MERCIES.

Words by W. E. Penney. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Si - lent - ly as twi-light shadows Fall when daylight fades a - way ;
2. Si - lent - ly, but oh! how sweet-ly Comes the Spir-it, full of grace ;
3. Si - lent - ly as falling snowflakes, Speed the white-winged angels down ;

mf

So the mer - cies of our Fa - ther Come to bless us day by day.
Whisp'ring joy and hope and com-fort, Point-ing up to His dear face.
Cheer-ing us in life's great bat - tle, Bringing some the vic - tor's crown.

mf

CHORUS.

mp *mf*

Silently, so silently, But still fraught with gracious pow'r, Come the blessings of the

mf

Fa-ther To His children ev'ry hour.

4 Silently as comes the starlight,
Softly banishing night's gloom ;
So the love of our dear Father
Lights the passage to the tomb.—*Cho.*

5 Silently, oh! blessed Spirit,
Come and dwell in every heart ,
Till we reach Thy glorious presence
And behold Thee as Thou art.—*Cho.*

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THE CHRIST OF NAZARETH.

Words by E. R. Latta. Music by J. H. Tennev.

1. There is a name that on my ear More sweet than mu-sic lin-ger-eth;
2. That precious name how sweet it sounds, As I pur-sue life's winding path;
3. There is a voice, my name shall speak, As I shall yield my lat-est breath;

The name of Him whom most I love, The bless-ed Christ of Naz-a-reth!
In storm and calm the same to me—The bless-ed Christ of Naz-a-reth!
The voice that gave my spir-it peace—The bless-ed Christ of Naz-a-reth!

CHORUS.

He laid His robes of glo-ry by, To save the world from endless death;

And I will praise Him more and more—The blessed Christ of Naz a-reth!

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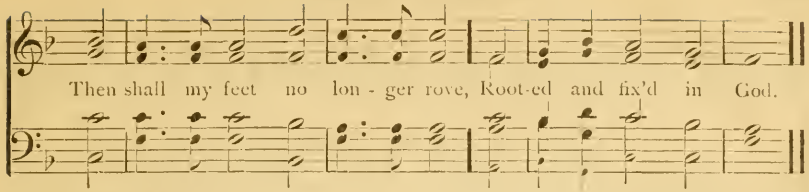
ARLINGTON.

1. Je-sus, Thine all-vic-to-rious love, Shed in my heart a-broad:



2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

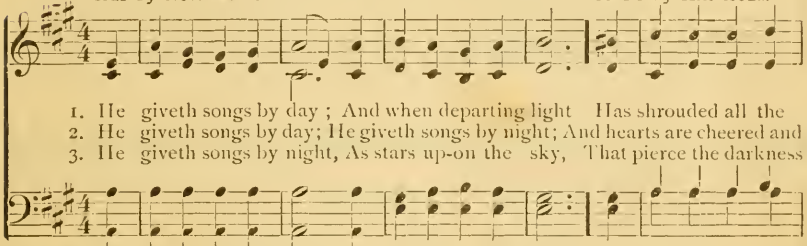
3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

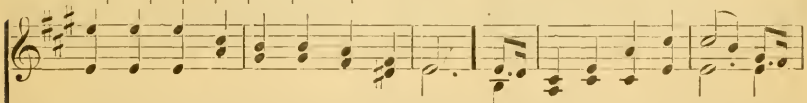
4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

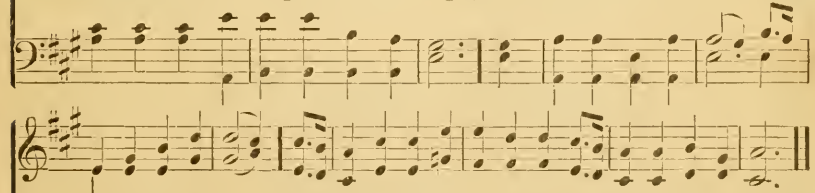
5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

SONGS BY NIGHT.

Words by Rev. M. L. Hofford. Music by Asa Hull.







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JESUS ON THE SEA.

Words by Fanny Crosby. Music by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O I love to think of Je - sus on the dark and stormy sea, When it
2. O I love to think of Je - sus in the midnight on the sea, When His
3. O I love to think of Je - sus when the ev'ning shades descend, When the

broke in awful grandeur on the shore; How He spoke and all was still, How the
lonely men were troubled and dismayed; How their hearts were filled with fear, For they
stormy winds are moaning wild and free; When the distant surges roar, When they

waves obeyed His will, And the tem-pest in a moment ceased to roar.
thought a spir-it near, But He said to them, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."
beat up on the shore, O I love to think of Je - sus on the sea.

CHORUS.

On the sea, on the sea, O I love to think of
On the sea, on the sea,

Je - sus on the sea; He whispered, "Peace, be still," And the

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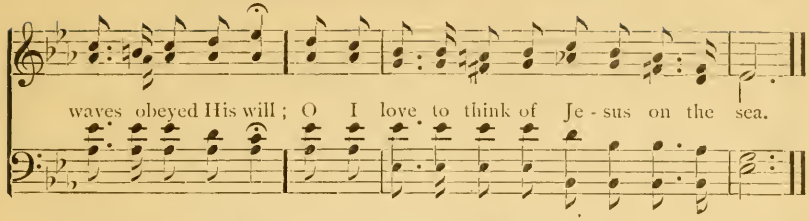
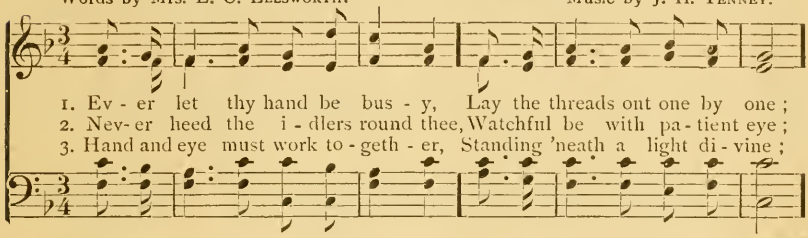
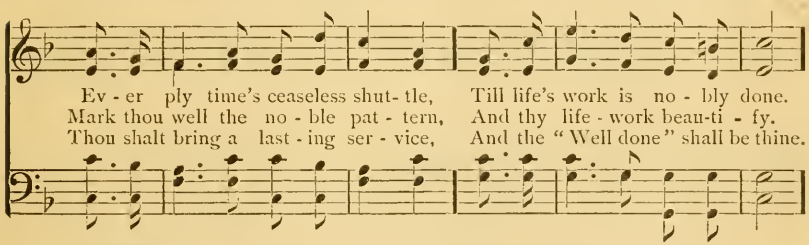


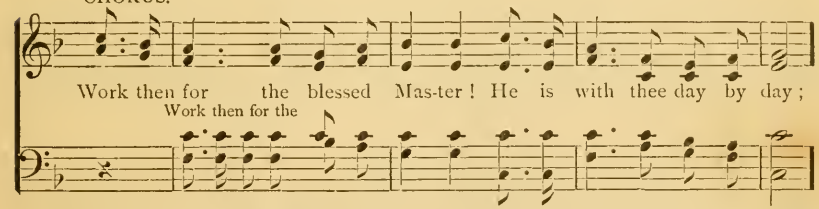
WORK FOR THE MASTER.

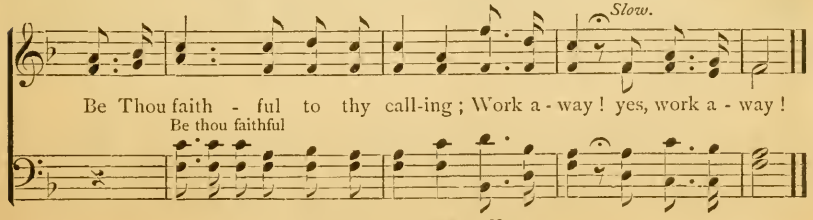
Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by J. H. Tenney.





CHORUS.





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SHALL IT BE FOR NOUGHT?

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. Turn, O sin - ner, turn and look, See our Sav - iour dy - ing;
2. Look, O sin - ner, look a - gain, See our Sav - iour ris - ing;
3. Turn, O sin - ner, turn and hear, 'Tis the Spir - it call - ing;

On the cross He yields His life, Yields it now for thee. Justice doomed thy
Hast'ning to His Father's throne, There to in - ter - cede. Death could bind our
Turn and hear the still, small voice, Pleading now for thee. Tell-ing thee of

soul to die, Je - sus heard the helpless cry, Bows His head, In thy stead,
Lord in vain, Love for thee would burst the chain; Won-drous love! Boundless love!
love di-vine, Plead-ing that it may be thine, Thine to - day, Thine al - way,

CHORUS.

Dies, He dies for thee. Oh, shall it be for nought? His dy - ing
Love for thee to plead.
Thine for-ev - er be.

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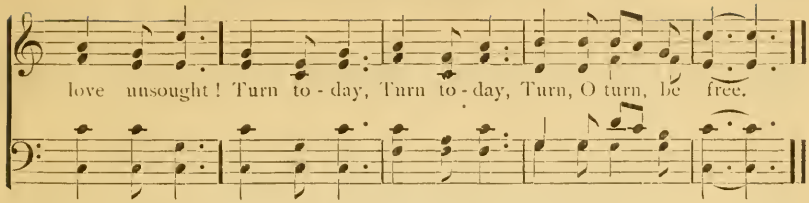
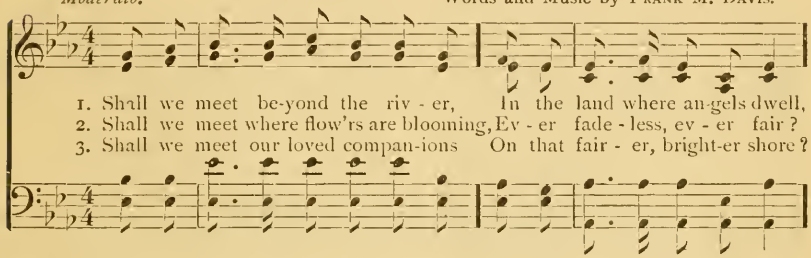
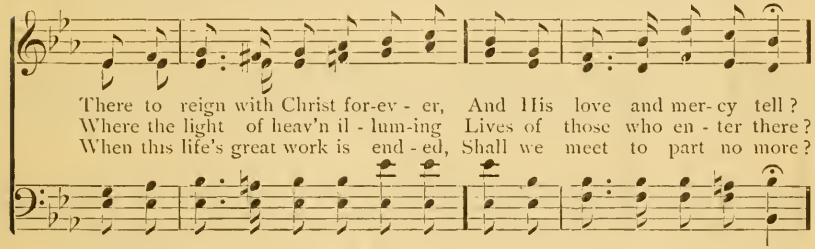


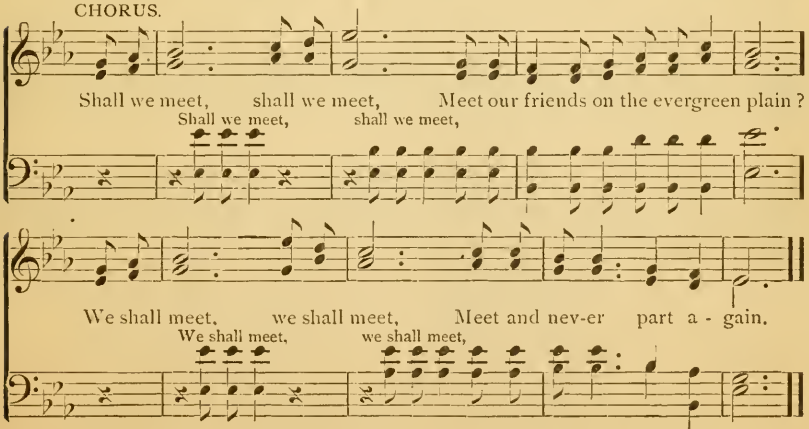
THE EVERGREEN PLAIN.

Moderato. Words and Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.





CHORUS.



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THE STANDARD OF JESUS WAVE.

Words by MARIAN FEOELICH. Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Down from the ramparts of glo-ry and might Ringeth the war-cry clear ;
2. Fight 'gainst the princes of darkness and night, Powers of earth and sin ;

Soldier, the order has come, you must fight, Take then the sword and spear.
Tho' they may rage, yet for God and the right Glo-ry and vic-t'ry win.

CHORUS.

Fight, for the God of bat- tles fight ! True be your arm, and brave !

O - ver the ar - my's con-quer-ing host, Stan-dard of Je - sus, wave !

3 Fierce though the heat of the battle's wild glare,
Loud though the cannons roar,
Glimpses of crowns and of palms waving there,
Promise a rest once more.—*Chorus.*

4 Then when the night ends the warfare and strife,
Hear the Commander call :
Soldier and victor, thy prize endless life,
Enter the banquet hall.—*Chorus.*

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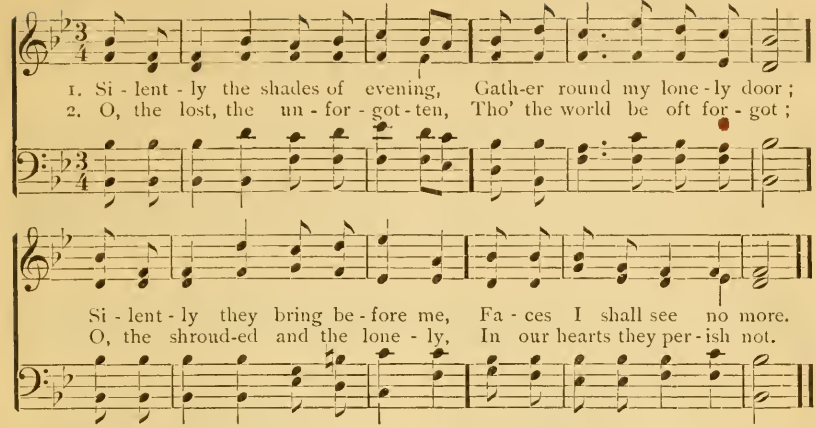
STOCKWELL.

Words by C. C. Cox. Music by D. E. Jones.

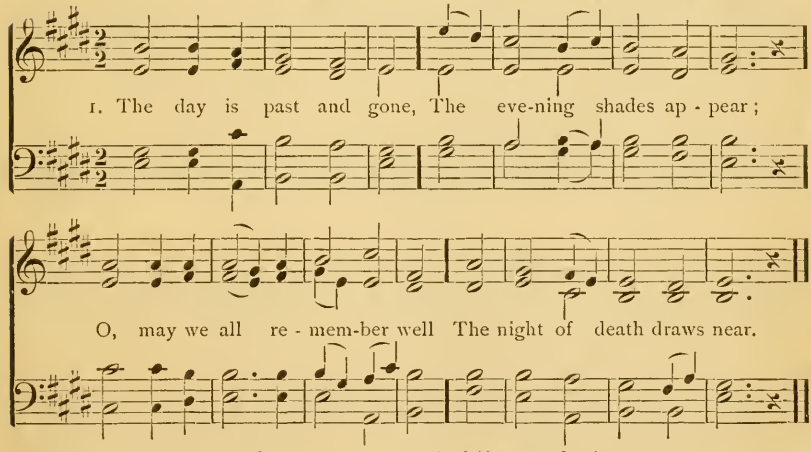


3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked from earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that fair haven,
We may hope to gain at last.

MORNINGTON.

Music by Mornington.



2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in Thy bosom rest—
The bosom of Thy love!

SHALL I BE THERE?

Words by MARIAN FROELICH. Music by ASA HULL.

1. When the harps of gold are ring - ing, In the cit - y of our King,
2. In Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, On the crys - tal riv - er's shore,

Where the an - gels praise are bring - ing, Shall I join the songs they sing?
Will I tell the sto - ry old - en, That is new for ev - er - more?

CHORUS.

Shall I be there? Shall I be there? Tell me, ye seraphs bright, Shall I be there?

Yes, I'll be there! Yes, I'll be there! Thro' God's abounding grace I shall be there!

3 Where the garments of salvation
Fold the fair, angelic forms,
That have come from ev'ry nation,
Out of tribulation's storms!
Chorus.—Shall I be there, etc.

4 Where are crowns of matchless splendor,
That will grace the victor's brow,—
Where they joyful homage render,
And with rev'rent love they bow.
Chorus.—Shall I be there, etc.

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MARLOW.

1. In mem'ry of the Saviour's love, We keep the sa - cred feast,
Where ev - 'ry hum - ble, con-trite heart Is made a wel - come guest.

2 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed;
The cup, in token of His blood,
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heav'nly feast above.

MANOAH.

Words by James Montgomery. Arr. from Haydn.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gracious word In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, brok-en for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be;
This will I do, my dy - ing Lord,— I will re-mem - ber Thee.
Thy tes - ta - ment-al cup I take, And thus re-mem - ber Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee!

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

A CROWN OF LIFE.

Words by Rev. M. L. Hofford. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. A crown of life laid up a - bove, A crown of glo - ry bright!
2. A crown of life for one of earth, O Sav - iour, can it be,
3. A roy - al crown, not to a - dorn A - lone the head of kings!

A crown whose peer - less ra - di - ance Out - shines the beams of light.
That such a gift of sovereign grace Has been reserved for me?
A crown that thro' e - ter - nal life Im - mor - tal hon - or brings!

CHORUS.

A crown of life With splen - dor all di - vine!
A crown of life laid up a - bove,

O wond - - 'rous love, A crown al - read - y mine!
O wond - 'rous depth of love di - vine,

4 A crown of life with many stars,
Dear Saviour, shall it be,
That I may win a cluster bright
By turning souls to Thee?
Chorus.—A crown of life, etc.

5 A crown of life from Jesus' hand,
Without a single gem,
Would rob it of its highest joy
And cause a blush of shame.
Chorus.—A crown of life, etc.

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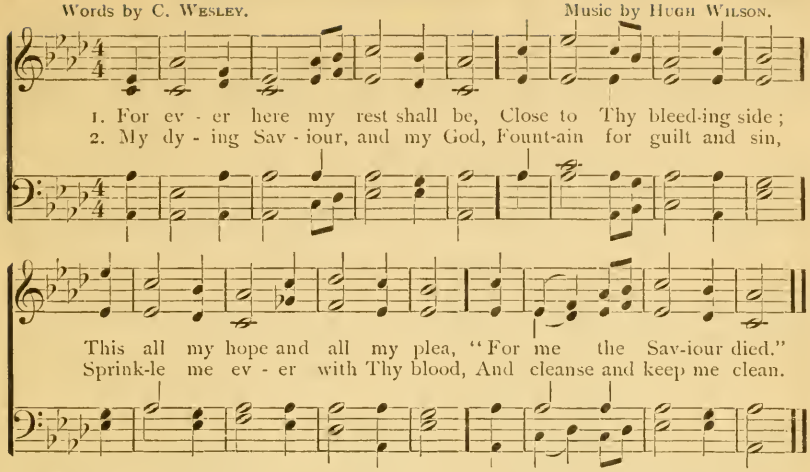
AVON.

Words by C. Wesley. Music by Hugh Wilson.

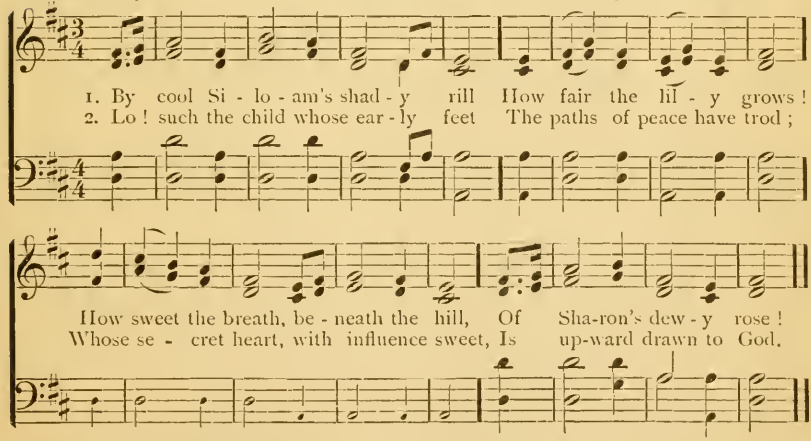


3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

SILOAM.

Words by R. Heber. Music by I. B. Woodbury.



3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO RIGHT.

Words by Marian Froelich. Music by F. A. Atkins.

1. From the earth with time's pro-ba-tion, To the cit-y veiled from sight,
2. O'er thy way the mists may gath-er, But they'll flee be-fore the light;

What-so-ev-er be thy sta-tion, Trust in God and do the right!
Nev-er fal-ter, but the ra-ther Trust in God and do the right!

CHORUS.

{Trust in God..... and do the right!..... Yes, trust in
{Trust in God..... and do the right!..... And He will
Trust in God and do the right, and do the right!

1st time. 2d time.

Him..... tho' dark the night!..... make.....
Yes, trust in Him tho' dark the night, tho' dark the night! And He will make

thy pathway bright!.....
thy path-way bright, thy path-way bright!

3.
What tho' foes with frowning faces
Should unite to cause affright;
Vict'ry ever truth embraces,
Trust in God and do the right!—*Cho.*

4.
Round thee twines the everlasting
Arm of strength, supremest might;
To the winds thy weakness casting,
Trust in God and do the right!—*Cho.*

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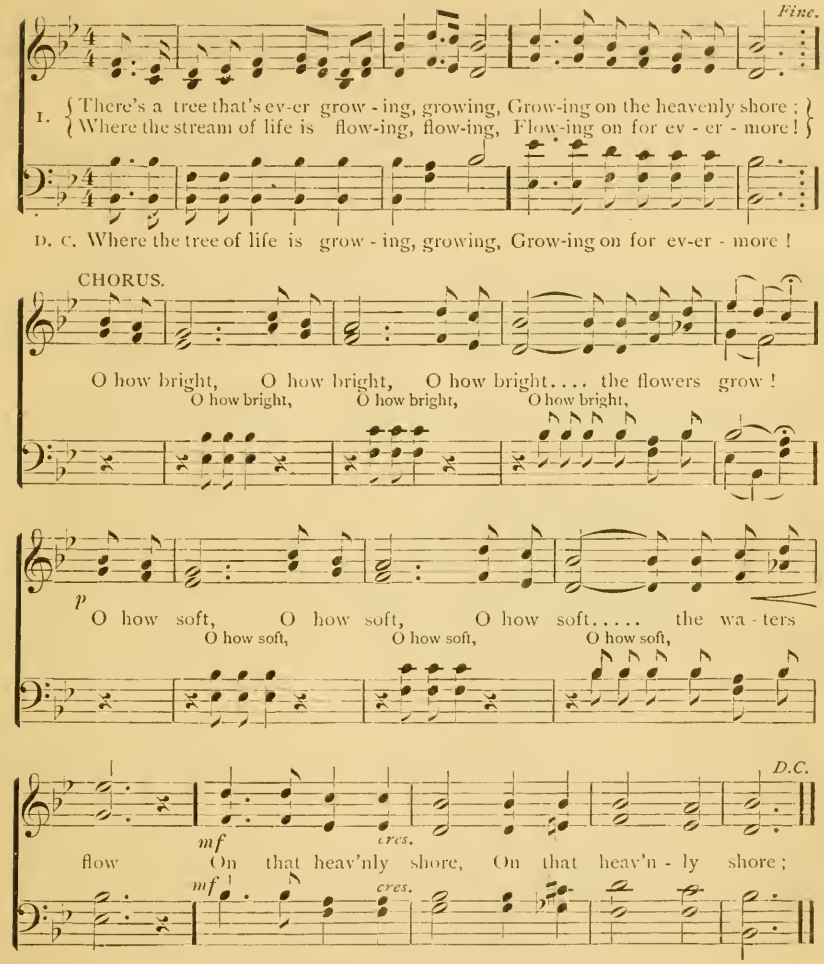
Words by R. Torrey. Music by Asa Hull.



2 Its bright flow'rs are ever flinging, flinging,
Flinging perfume on the air ;
While angelic harps are ringing, ringing,
Ringing heav'nly music there !—*Chorus.*

3 And its leaves are for the healing, healing,
Healing of the nations all ;
Send the glorious tidings pealing, pealing,
Pealing like the trumpet's call !—*Chorus.*

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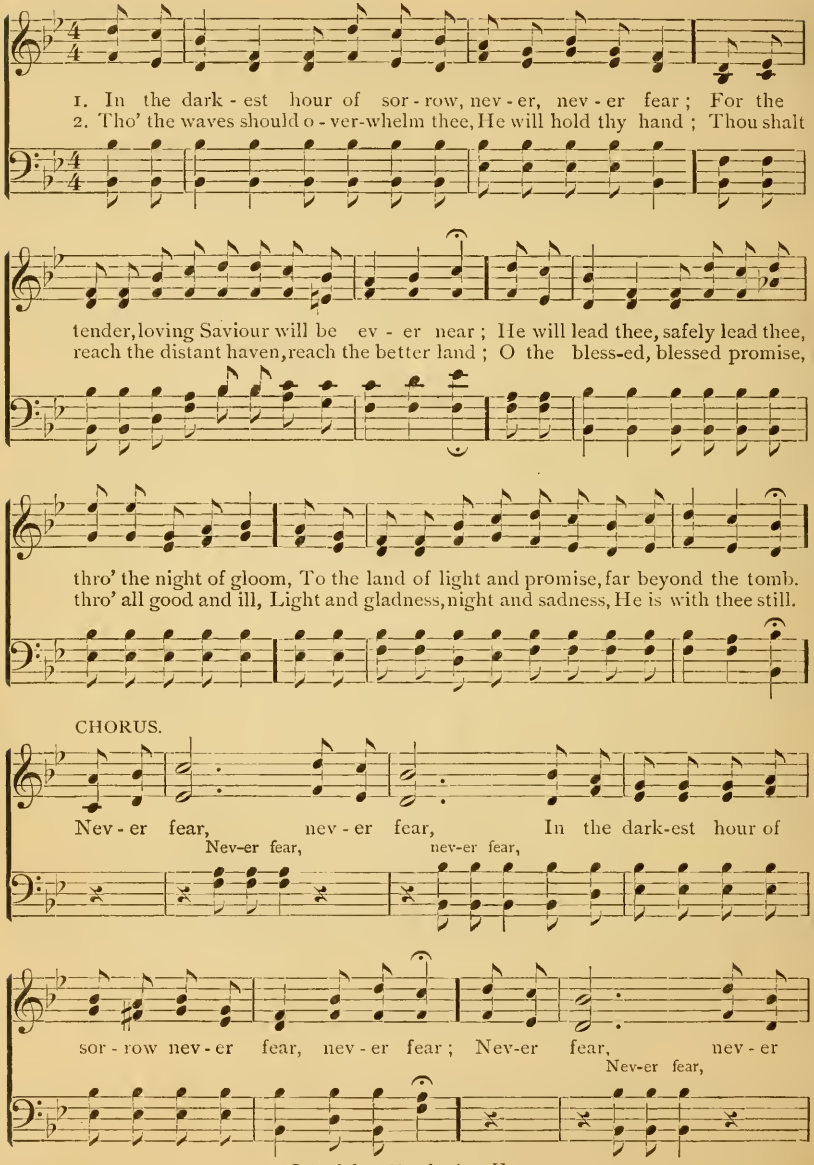
A PRESENT HELP.

Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Music by T. Frank Allen.



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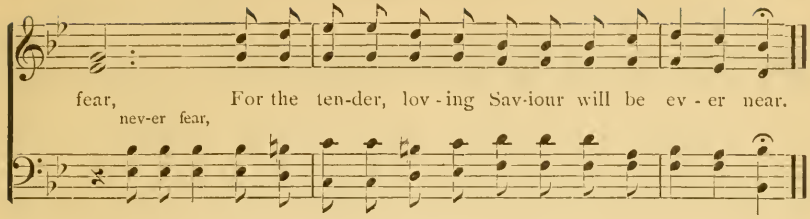
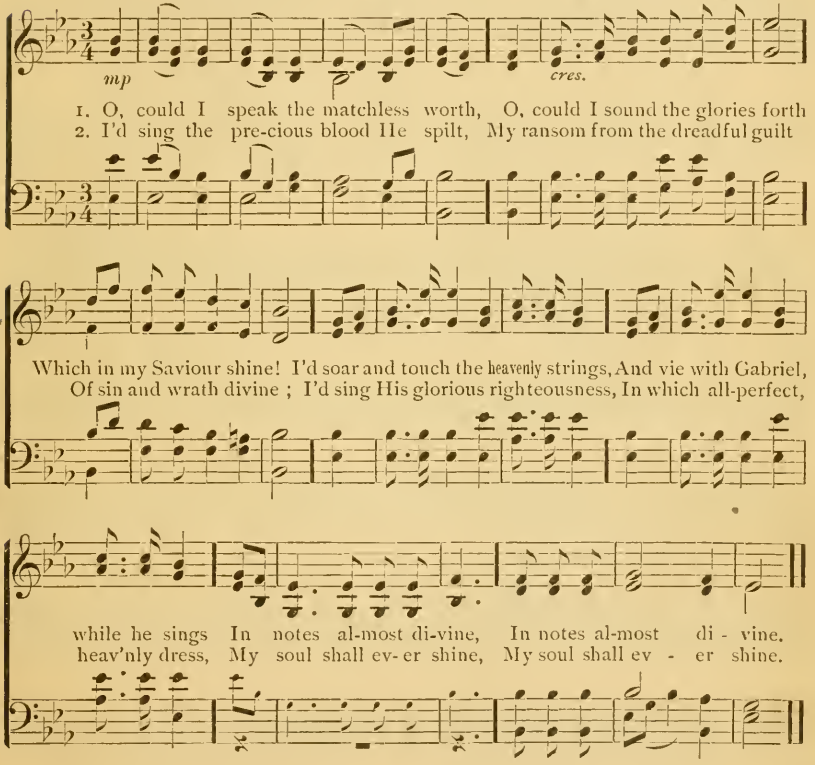


ARIEL.

Words by SAMUEL MEDLEY. Music by Dr. L. MASON.



3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the form of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

ANOTHER DAY FOR JESUS.

Words by Anna Warner. Music by Asa Hull.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me!
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been,

But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than yes - ter - day to me.
To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry When Christ's flock enter in!

His love and light Fill all my soul to - night, Fill all my soul to-night.
How it did shine In this poor heart of mine, In this poor heart of mine!

CHORUS.

One *more* day's work for Je - sus; One *less* of life for me!

But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter-day to me.

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Words by Asa Hull. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Bless - ed Bi - ble, book di - vine! What glo - ry gilds thy page!
2. Bless - ed book! O ho - ly word! For our in - struc-tion giv'n!

D. C. Book of books, and Chart of charts, A light up - on the way;

Fine.

Out of dark-ness thou dost shine, A light to ev - ery age!
Light and life its truths af - ford, It tells of home and heav'n!

Guid - ing youth and hoa - ry age Up to the realms of day!

CHORUS.

Book of in - spi - ra - tion, Will of God made known; Book of in - vi -

D. C.

ta - tion, Bid-ding all to come.

3 Blessed message from above,
Revealing mercy's plan!
Telling of the Father's love,
To lost, rebellious man!—*Cho.*

4 Blessed tidings! bear them on
To earth's remotest bound!
Bid the gloom of night be gone,
Repeat the joyful sound!—*Cho.*

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CONCLUSION OF **ANOTHER DAY FOR JESUS,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 One more day's work for Jesus,
O yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
‖: Before His face I fall. :‖—*Chorus.*

4 O, blessed work for Jesus!
O, rest at His dear feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord if I may,
‖: I'll serve another day. :‖—*Chorus.*

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

Words by Mrs. M. E. Mills. Music by Asa Hull.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its path-way of gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels most rare;

And oft are its glo - ries confess'd; But what must it be to be there?
Its wonders and pleasures un - told, But what must it be to be there?

CHORUS.

What must it be to be there? What must it be to be there? If its

won-ders and pleasures can ne'er be told, O what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?
Chorus.—What must it be, etc.

4 Then let us 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.
Chorus.—What must it be, etc.

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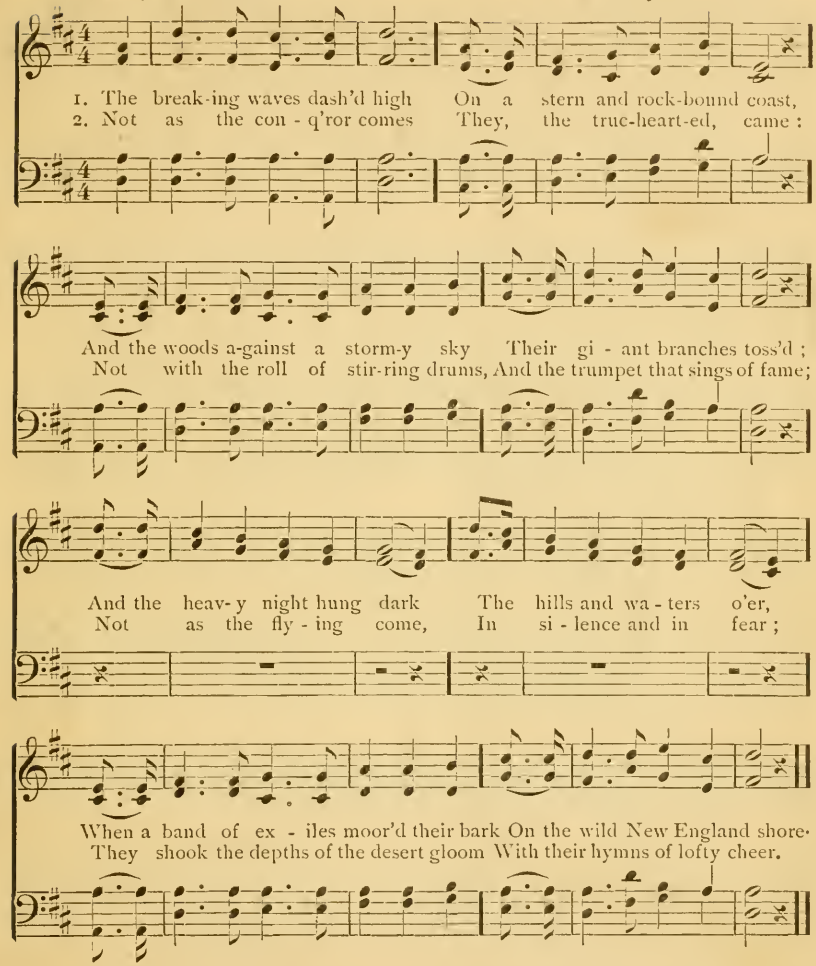
Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by Miss Browne.



3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam, [roar'd,—
And the rocking pines of the forest
This was their welcome home!

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They've left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

HE IS MY ROCK.

Words by D. R. Lucas. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. He is my Rock, I build on Him, He is my strength for time to come!
2. He is my Rock, be-yond the veil, By faith and hope I'm anchor'd fast!
3. He is my Rock, be-neath its shade I find a ref - uge and a rest;

In sunshine bright or shadow dim, He'll safe-ly guide me to my home.
Thro' gen - tle breeze or boist'rous gale, I'll reach the port of heav'n at last.
A cool - ing stream, a grass-y glade, A mansion fair a - mong the blest.

CHORUS.

He is my Rock,..... on Him I build,..... My firm foun-
He is my Rock, on Him I build,

da - - tion ne'er shall yield! The pow'rs of sin..... shall not pre-vail,
My firm foundation The pow'rs of sin

My rock is sure and cannot fail!

SECOND HYMN.

1 Jesus, I fain would walk with Thee,—
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way,—my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.—*Cho.*

2 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out Thy gracious hand:
Only on Thee for help I call,—
Only by faith in Thee I stand.—*Cho.*

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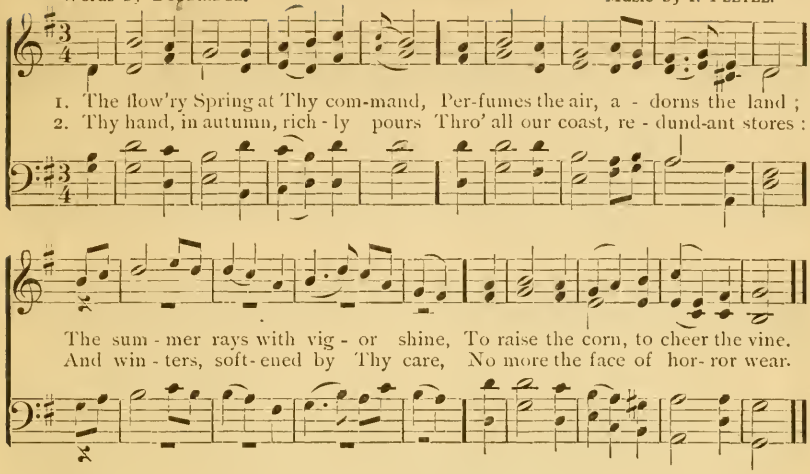
SEASONS.

Words by Doddridge. Music by I. Pleyel.

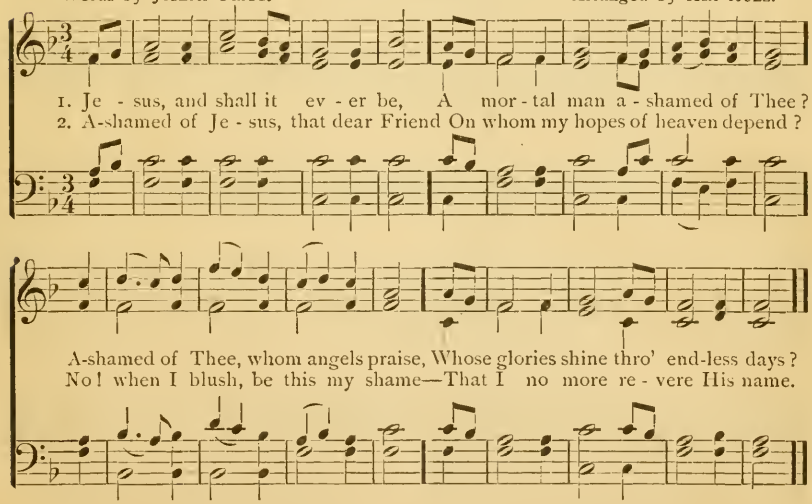


3 The changing seasons, months, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

4 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

FLORENCE.

Words by Joseph Grigg. Arranged by Asa Hull.



3 Ashamed of Jesus ?—yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away ;
No tear to wipe ; no good to crave ;
No fears to quell ; no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And oh, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME?

Music by S. J. Vail.

1. What shall it prof-it me by - and - by, O, what shall it prof-it me then?
2. What shall it prof-it me by - and - by, O, what shall it prof-it me then?

Whether my pathway on earth was bright, Whether it led me thro' dark or light,
Whether in weariness, toil and pain I have been striving my home to gain—

Un-der a gray or a gold - en sky, When I look back on it by - and-by?
Striving, not questioning how or why, If I but rest with Him by - and-by?

REFRAIN.

What shall it profit me then?..... What shall it profit me then?....
What shall it prof-it me then? What shall it prof-it me then?

When I look back on it by - and-by, O, what shall it profit me then?

I'LL GO TO THE SAVIOUR.

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. I'll go to my Saviour to - day! He stoops from His glo-ry a - bove,
2. I'll go to my Saviour to - day! I sure - ly shall per-ish in sin;
3. I'll go to my Saviour to - day! Tho' foes all my pathway sur - round;

He bids me no lon - ger de - lay, But touch the bright sceptre of love!
His hand shall not turn me a- way, But lead me so gen - tly with - in.
Tho' fears fill my soul with dis-may, His love and His grace shall a - bound.

CHORUS.

I nev - er, no, nev-er can per - ish, Com-mit-ting my way to the Lord;
My soul He se-cure-ly will cher - ish, If com-ing by faith in His word.

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CONCLUSION OF **WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME,** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
If I have answered the heavenly call,
Trusted in God as my all in all,
I shall be welcomed to dwell on high—
Dwell with the ransom'd ones by-and-by.
Cho.—‖:Thus shall it profit me then, :‖
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.

4 What shall it profit me by-and-by—
O, what shall it profit me then?
Profit me this—that my gain and loss,
Taught my weak spirit to bear the cross,
Bid me look upward to joys on high—
Heaven and happiness by-and-by.
Cho.—‖:Thus shall it profit me then, :‖
When I look back on it by-and-by,
O, thus shall it profit me then.

REDEEMED!

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.

Duet or Quartette.

1. Redeemed! re-deemed!..... O precious thought!.... My Sav-iour

Redeemed! redeemed! O precious thought!

Tenor or Alto.

hath..... redemption brought;... From Satan and..... his bondage

My Saviour hath redemption brought; From Satan and

free..... I am, for Christ..... hath ran-somed me...

his bondage free I am, for Christ

CHORUS.

Redeemed! re-deemed!..... I've been re - deemed!..... Thro' Je - sus'

Redeemed! redeemed! I've been redeemed!

blood..... I've been re - deemed! Yes! by His death..... on Cal-va-

Thro' Jesus' blood Yes! by His death

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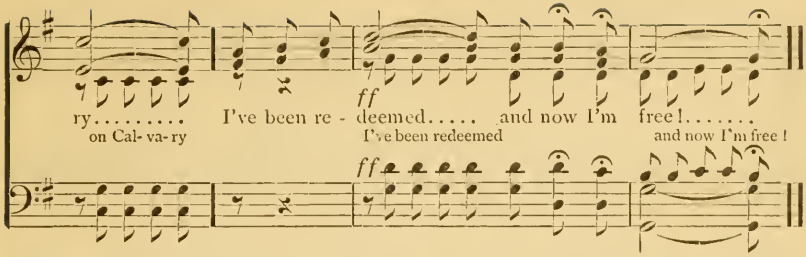


2.

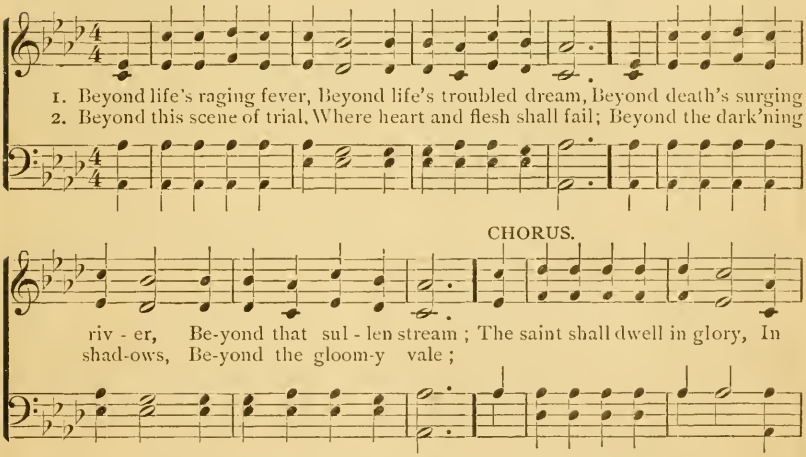
Redeemed, redeemed, the Saviour reigns
My fetters gone, no more in chains;
Exultingly His praise I sing,
And to His cross in hope I'll cling.—*Cho.*

3.

Redeemed, redeemed, ye blood-washed throng!
The wondrous strains to you belong;
Strike all your harps, the chorus raise,
The Saviour claims your noblest praise.—*Cho.*

BEYOND.

Arranged from H. L. Hastings. Music by Asa Hull.



3 Beyond the thought of grieving
A kind and gracious God;
Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod;—*Cho.*

4 Beyond earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God.—*Cho.*

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF ZION.

Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Cit - y of Zi - on! wond'rous and fair, Shin - ing in splen - dor thy pal - a - ces are; Like un - to glass with thy sapphire and gold, Half of thy beau - ty can nev - er be told.
2. Cit - y of Zi - on! glo - ri - ous, bright, Glit-t'ring thy tow'rs in the heav - en - ly light; Garnished with em-'ralds and gems from the mine Flash pear-ly gates of the cit - y di - vine!
3. Cit - y of Zi - on! home of the blest! Oft - en I dream of thy sweetness and rest; Oft - en there floats on the still ev-'ning air, Songs from the lips of the glo - ri - fied there!

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful cit - y of Zi - - on, Glo - ri-ous, golden and fair;
Beau - ti - ful cit - y, blest cit - y of Zi - on, so Glo - ri - ous, gold-en and fair:

Repeat pp ad lib.

Beau-ti - ful cit - y of Zi - - on, O, how I long to be there!
Beau - ti - ful cit - y, blest cit - y of Zi - on,

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LATE! TOO LATE.

Words by TENNYSON. Music by ASA HULL.

QUARTET—*The Foolish Virgins.*

1. Late! late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late! late, so late! but

CHORUS.—*The Bridegroom's Answer.*

mp *mp*

we can en - ter still! Too late!..... too late!..... ye

Too late! too late!

f *f*

QUARTET.—*The Foolish Virgins.*

can-not en - ter now! 2. No light had we; for that we do re - pent,
3. Though we are late—and dark and chill the night!
4. Have we not heard, the Bridegroom is so sweet,

CHORUS.—*For 4th verse.*

f

And learn-ing this the Bridegroom will re - lent.
O may we yet find fa - vor in His sight.
O let us in that we may kiss His feet.
} Too late!..... too

Too late!

f

late!.... ye cannot en-ter now; Too late! too late! ye cannot en-ter now.

too late!

ff

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WHAT SHALL WE INHERIT?

Words by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. 'Tis not the gold that's mix'd with dross, 'Tis not the sil - ver yet un - tried;
2. 'Tis not the morn o'erspread with clouds, 'Tis not the day that ends in night;
3. 'Tis not the joy that's quench'd in tears, 'Tis not the faith that's put to flight;

'Tis not the gain that proves but loss, 'Tis not the wealth un - sanc - ti - fied.
'Tis not the light that dark-ness shrouds, 'Tis not the sun that sinks from sight.
'Tis not the hope that's chang'd to fears, 'Tis not the love that sin can blight.

CHORUS.

O no, 'tis glo - ry. glo - ry fair, Un-fail - ing as the God we love;
O no, 'tis glo - ry, glo-ry fair, Un-failing as the God we love;

'Twill brighter grow, yea, brighter there, Thro' all the life we live a - bove.

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HE CARES FOR ME.

Music by B. F. Brown.

1. Thou, Lord, my path shalt choose And guide shalt be! What shall I
2. Sweet words of peace and love Whisper'd to me! Bear - ing my
3. To Thee, the on - ly wise, What - ev - er be, I will lift

CHORUS.

fear to lose While I have Thee? This be my por-tion blest, On my Re-
soul a-bove Life's troubled sea!
up mine eyes Joy-ful to Thee.

deem-er's breast, In peace-ful trust to rest; He cares for me!

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MY NAME.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. My name on Je-sus' hands In crimson lines is traced; And not one let-ter
2. My name is on His heart, His grace and love are mine; And with His jewels
3. My name within His book Is writ with pen di-vine; And when with Him I

CHORUS.

there Can ev-er be ef-faced. My name my Sav-iour knows, He
bright, My soul at last shall shine.
reign, His "New Name" shall be mine.

knows from whence I came; And when in heav'n He calls, I'll answer to my name.

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JESUS WILL NEVER FORGET ME.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by C. C. Converse.

1. Friends and lov'd ones may leave us, Foes may pain-ful - ly grieve us,
2. When I'm tried by temp - ta - tion, Reft of all con - so - la - tion,
3. When my feet are a - wea - ry, When my eyes are all tear - y,

Death may sore - ly be-reave us, But Je - sus will love us still.
And in great trib - u - la - tion, My Je - sus will love me still.
When life's pathway is drear - y, My Je - sus will love me still.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will nev - er for - get me, No! nev - er for - get me;

Repeat pp.

Nev - er, no nev - er for - get me, Je - sus will love me still!

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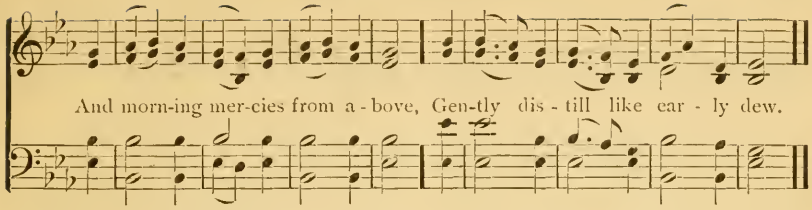
GRATITUDE.

Words by Isaac Watts. Arranged by T. Hastings.

1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry evening new;

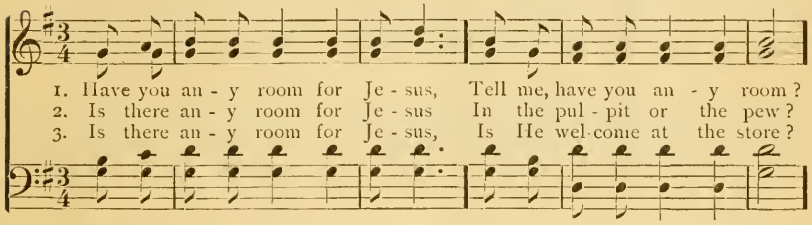


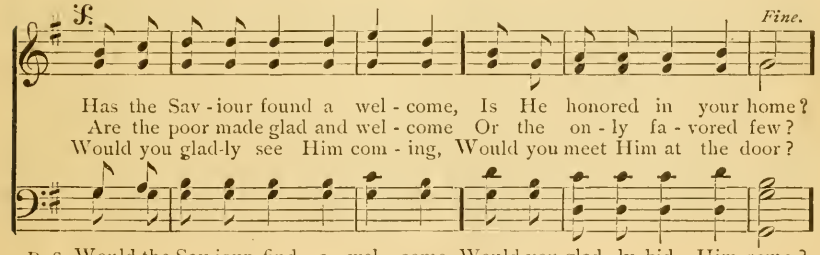
2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

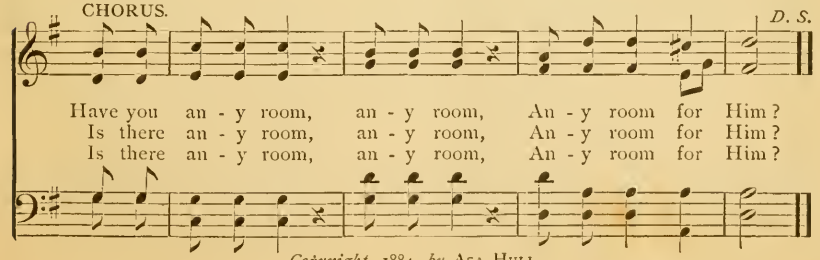
IS THERE ANY ROOM FOR JESUS?

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.





D. S. Would the Sav-iour find a wel-come, Would you glad-ly bid Him come?



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SAFE AT HOME.

Words by W. F. Cossner. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Ah, this heart shall cease its long-ing, Safe at home! safe at home!
2. There are friends who with me part-ed, Safe at home! safe at home!
3. Dear ones gone be-fore will meet me, Safe at home! safe at home!

Safe at home! safe at home!

Where no anxious cares are thronging, Safe at home! safe at home!
No more wand'ring brok-en-heart-ed, Safe at home! safe at home!
At the pearl - y gate will greet me, Safe at home! safe at home!

Safe at home! safe at home!

Now a heav - y bur - den press-es, And I walk thro' thor-ny plac - es,
Un - disturbed while storms are sweeping, Calm-ly now the loved are sleeping,
Sav - iour, dear-est Sav - iour, hear me, I am wea - ry, be Thou near me;

Till my wea - ry wand'ring ceas-es, Safe at home! safe at home!
E - ven in their Fa-ther's keeping, Safe at home! safe at home!
O, sus - tain me till Thou cheer me, Safe at home! safe at home!

Safe at home! safe at home!

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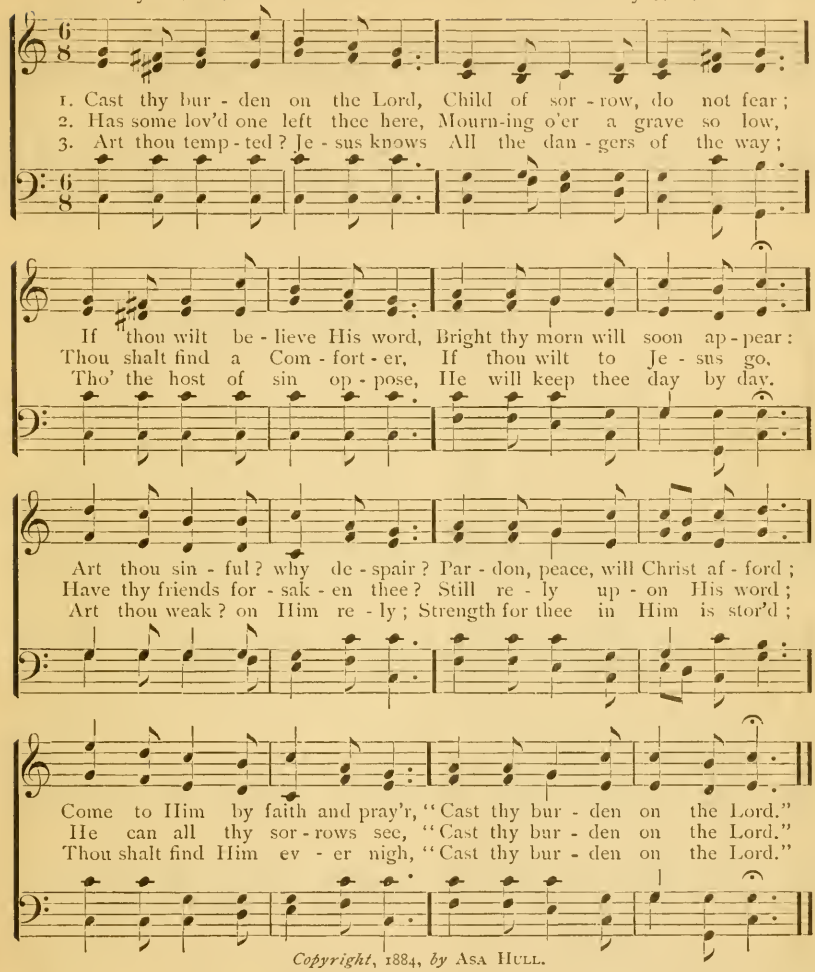
Words by Rev. W. F. Casner. Music by C. H. Gabriel.



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T. Scott. **THE RESURRECTION.**—SECOND HYMN.

1 Angels! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hark! the wond'ring angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See Him high in glory rise;
Ranks of angels on the road,
Hail Him—the incarnate God.
Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of Glory! mount Thy throne,
Boundless empire is Thine own.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Words by R. A. Searles. Music by Asa Hull.

Moderato.

1. When mountains of doubt hem me in on each side, And the waves of af
2. When storms of deep trouble rage fierce-ly around; When forebodings of

flic - tion roll in like a tide; When vain - ly I seek some new
ill in my spir - it a - bound; When hopes of a life - time are

path - way to try, O, lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.
blight - ed and die, O, lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O, lead me to the Rock, O, lead me to the Rock, O,

lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I; O, lead me to the

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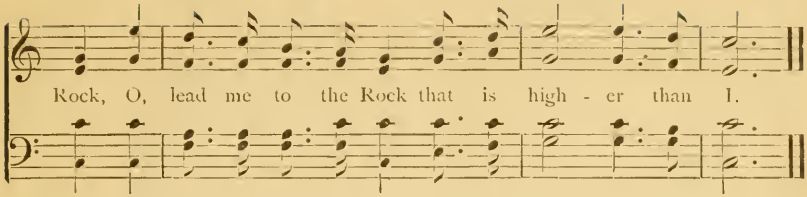
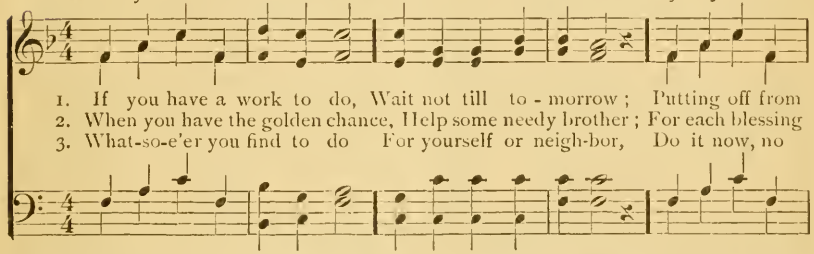


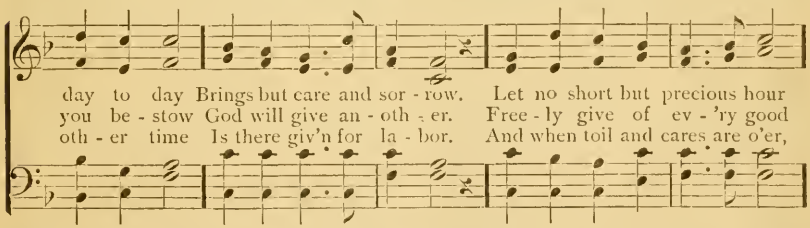
3 When nearing the shore of the river of death.
And the moments fly swiftly with each labored breath;
When losing my hold of each dear earthly tie,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

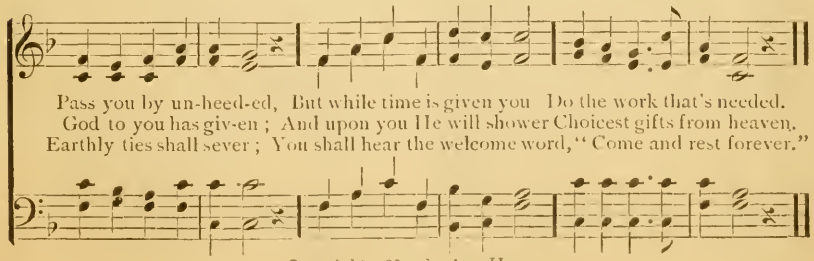
4 Whatever my lot, be it wearily sad,
Or if actively busy, or joyously glad;
In each joy and sorrow, my God, be Thou nigh,
And lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

THE TIME FOR ACTION.

Words by R. S. Cummings. Music by S. J. Vail.







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THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE.

Words by Marian Froelich. Music by G. Froelich.

1. Like a riv - er flow - ing Gen-tly to the sea, Flow-ers sweetly
2. Up a-mong the mountains, Near the vaulted skies, Streamlets have their

grow - ing On its ver - dant lea; On - ward to that o - cean,
fount-ains, Pure and clear they rise, Ten-der, sweet, ca - ress - ing,

Hast'ning as its goal; Blessing by its mo-tion, Flow thou on, my soul.
Thro' the val-leys roll; Cheering, soothing, blessing, Flow thou thus, my soul.

CHORUS.

Flow on, my soul,..... Flow on, my soul,.....
Flow on, my soul, for - ev - er flow on; Flow on, my soul, for - ev - er flow on;

Flow thou on for - ev - er; Flow thou on, my soul.

3.

Still the river floweth
Tow'rd the ocean wide;
Never languor knoweth,
Be it ebb or tide;
So, my soul, flow ever,
From thy source above,
T'ward this sea forever,
Ocean of God's love.
Cho.—Flow on, etc.

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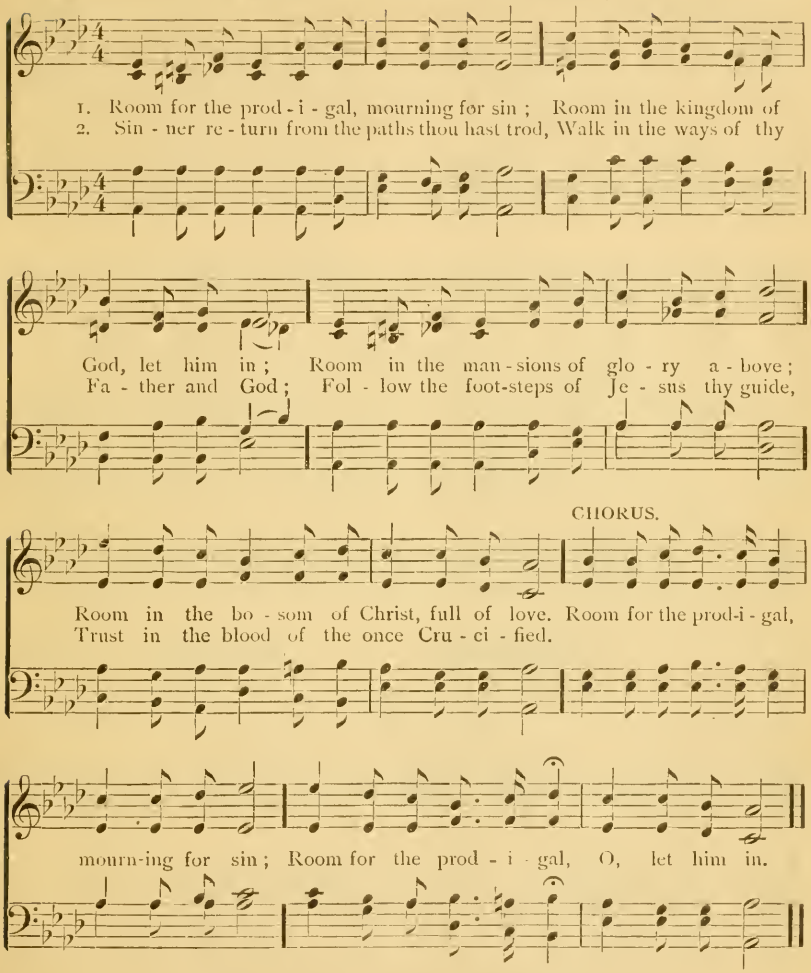
ROOM FOR THE PRODIGAL.

Words by Rev. J. H. Martin. Music by T. Frank Allen.



3 Come unto Jesus for pardon and rest,
Come in contrition and lean on His breast ;
Burdened with guilt, He will give thee release ;
Troubled with sorrow He'll fill thee with peace.—*Chorus.*

4 Loosed from the bondage of Satan and sin,
Run in the race, and the victory win ;
Fight unto death, then thy armor lay down,
Enter thy rest and receive a bright crown.—*Chorus.*

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THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

Words by Rev. W. T. Dale. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. Go forth, ye her - alds of the cross, Pre-pare the highway of the Lord;
2. A - rise with morning's ear - ly dawn! And as the sun ascends the sky,
3. A gold - en har - vest lies in view, And there's a-bundant work for all;

His cause must nev - er suf - fer loss, Go forth! proclaim His gracious Word!
With cease-less step your way pur-sue, Improve the moments as they fly.
Be - hold! the har-vest - ers are few, O who will an-swer to the call?

CHORUS.

We have a glo - - - rious work to do,..... Let each one
We have a work, a work to do,

with..... the dawn be - gin;..... And as we
Let each one with the dawn be - gin;

sow,..... God sends the dew,..... At last the sheaves are gathered in.
And as we sow, God sends the dew,

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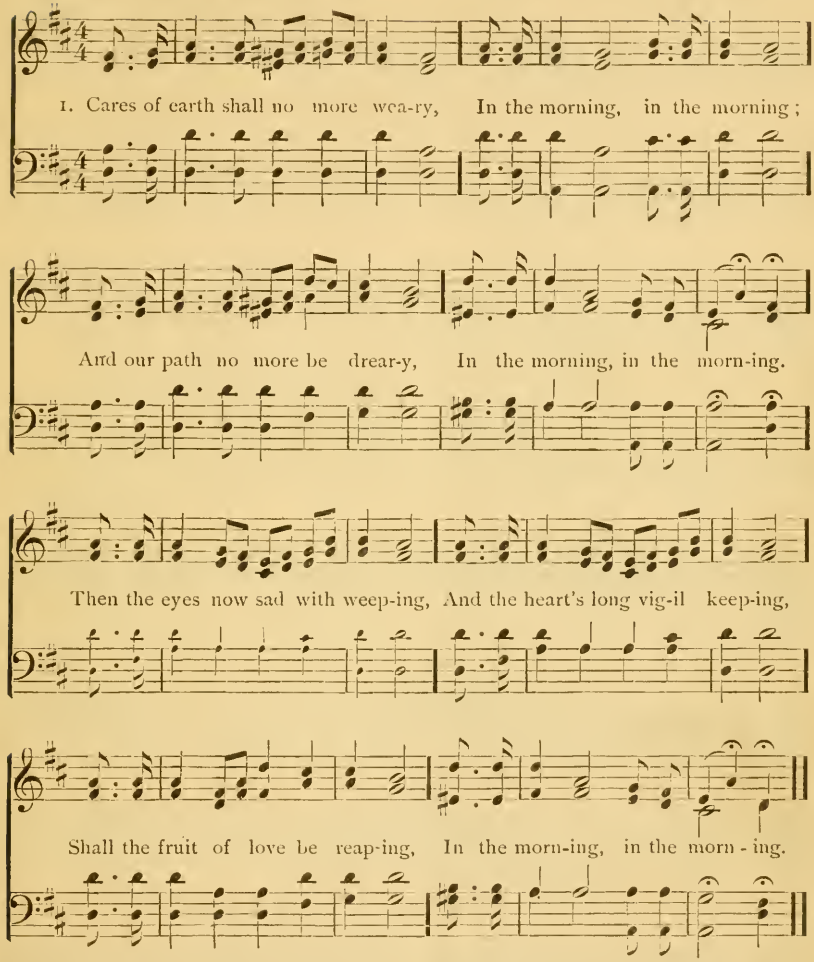
IN THE MORNING.

Words by Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Music by J. H. Tenney.



2 Glorious sunlight will be gleaming,
In the morning, in the morning;
Heav'n with pleasures will be teeming,
In the morning, in the morning.
Friends of yore will gather round us,
And renew the ties that bound us,
While we sing of grace that found us,
In the morning, in the morning.

3 With the hand of Jesus leading,
In the morning, in the morning;
Where there'll be no anxious pleading,
In the morning, in the morning.
Glad hosannas we'll be singing,
Till the arch of heaven is ringing,
With the praises we are bringing,
In the morning, in the morning.

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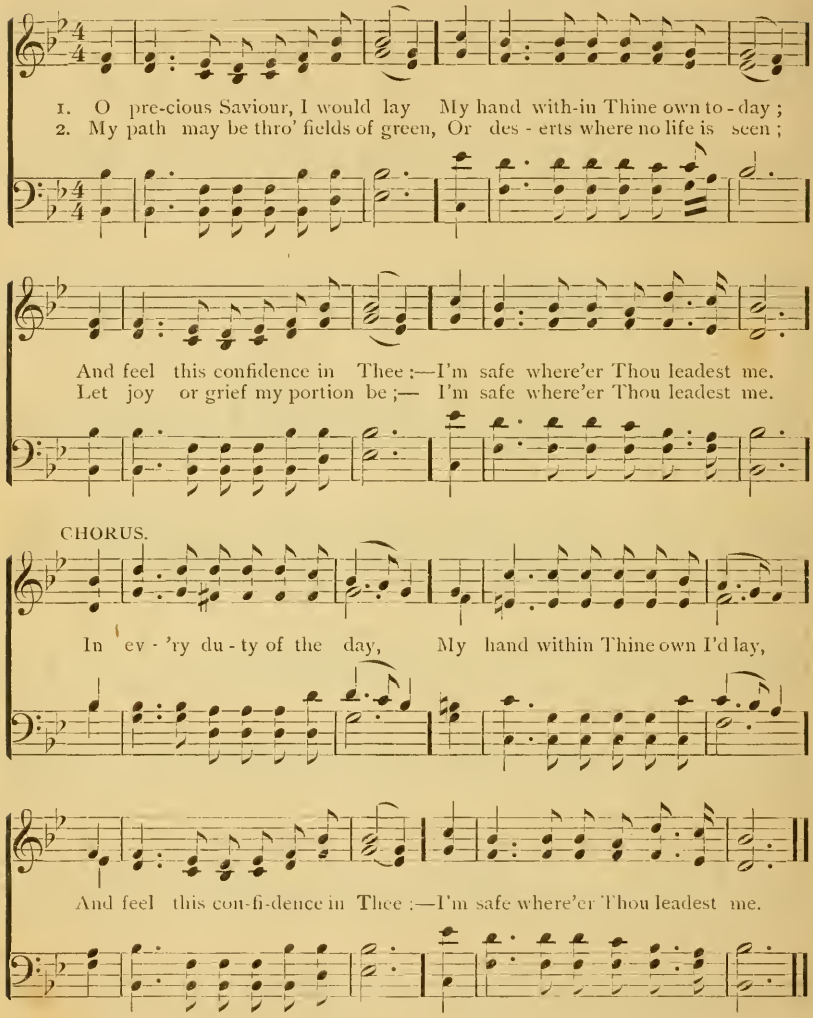
SAFE WHERE JESUS LEADS.

Words by Rev. M. L. Hofford. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.



3 Afflictions may be sharp and strong;
Temptation's power may try me long;
The reason though I fail to see,
I'm safe where'er Thou leadest me.
Chorus.—In ev'ry duty, etc.

4 Then in the hour when death draws nigh,
And darkness veils the earth and sky;
'Mid pierceless gloom I'll trust in Thee,
I'm safe where'er Thou leadest me.
Chorus.—In ev'ry duty, etc.

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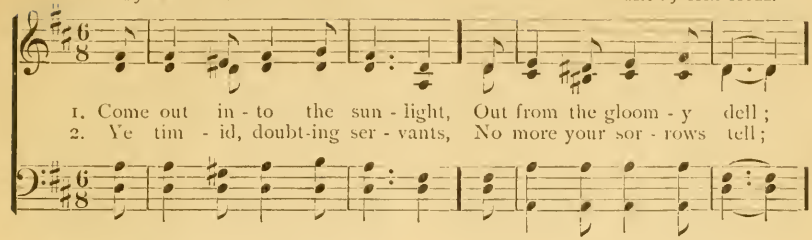
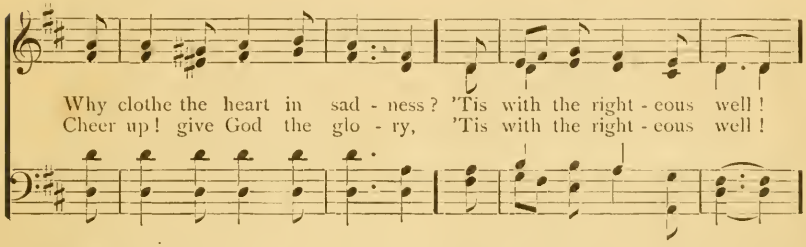
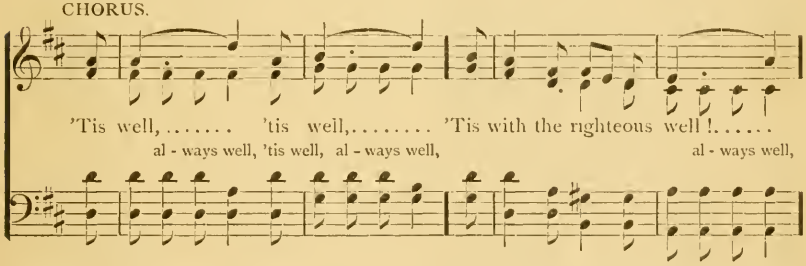
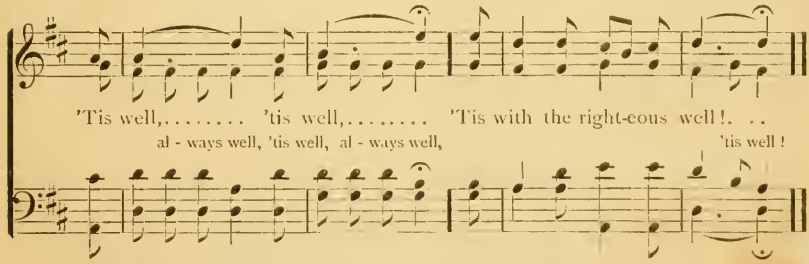
Words by MATTIE CHILDS. Music by ASA HULL.





CHORUS.





3 He giveth songs of triumph,
Why sound the solemn knell?
Thy face should glow with gladness,
'Tis with the righteous well!
Cho.—'Tis well, etc.

4 If heirs to heav'nly mansions,
Where ye with Christ shall dwell;
Thine is the blest assurance,
'Tis with the righteous well!
Cho.—'Tis well, etc.

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STAY WITH ME.

Words by Wm. R. Scott. Music by Wm. H. Dana.

1. Stay with me, O lov - ing Sav-iour, I am sin - ful and de - pressed;
2. Stay with me, O lov - ing Sav-iour, Thro' this bu - sy world of care;
3. Stay with me, O bless - ed Je - sus, Pre-cious is Thy name to me;

Keep me in Thine arms so ten - der, Let me on Thy bo - som rest.
Guide my wea - ry footsteps ev - er On Thy earth be - low so fair.
Thou art ten - der, kind and gra-cious, To Thy lov - ing arms I flee.

CHORUS.

Stay with me, stay with me, God of glo - ry, God of love,
Guide my err - ing feet, I pray Thee, To Thy heav'n-ly home a - bove.

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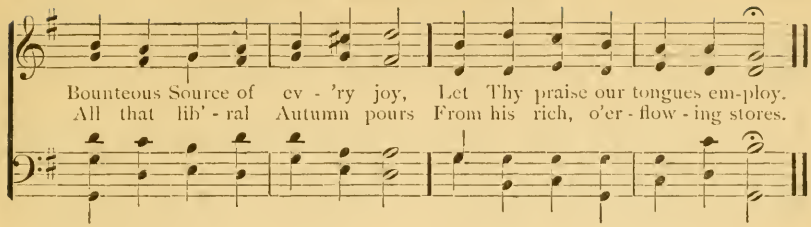
PRAISE TO GOD.

Words by A. L. Barbauld. Music by Asa Hull.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scattered o'er the smil - ing land;

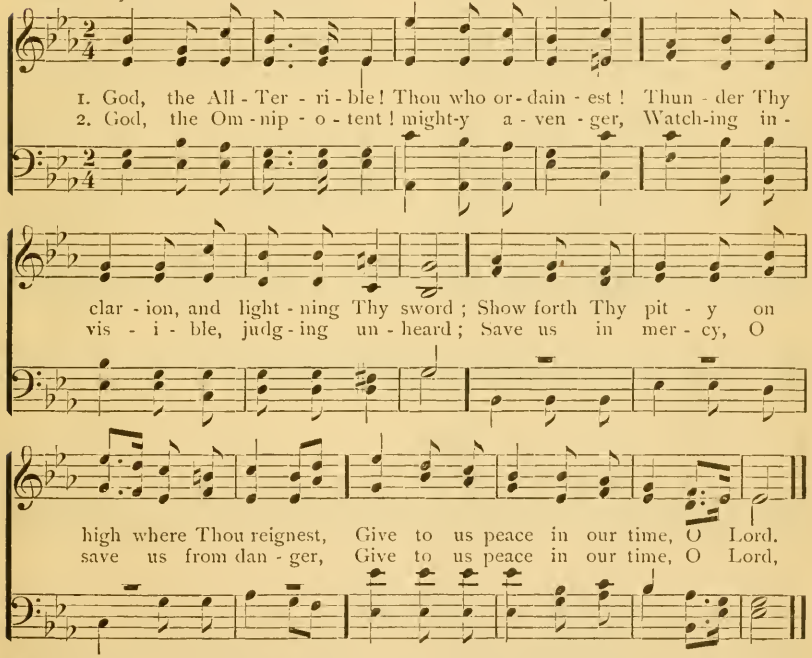


3 These to that dear Source we owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4 Lord, to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

Words by Henry F. Chorley. Music by Alexis L. Lwoff.



3 God, the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword;
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

ROBES AND CROWNS.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Music by T. Frank Allen.

1. Earth-ly mon-archs wear a crown, And are robed in gor - geous hue ;
2. Earth-ly crowns, tho' lus - trous now, Soon will dim and pale a - way ;
3. Earth-ly robes, tho' pure and white, Soon are soiled and stained with sin ;

But a bright-er robe and crown... Is re-served in heav'n for you.
But the crown which Je - sus gives... Nev - er, nev er can de - cay.
But the robes which Je - sus gives... Will for ev - er - more be clean.

CHORUS.

Crowns of gold, pure gold. Robes of white, pure white,
Crowns of gold, pure gold, Robes of white, pure white,

We shall wear for - ev - er there,.... In yon - der world of light.
We shall wear for - ev - er there. of light.

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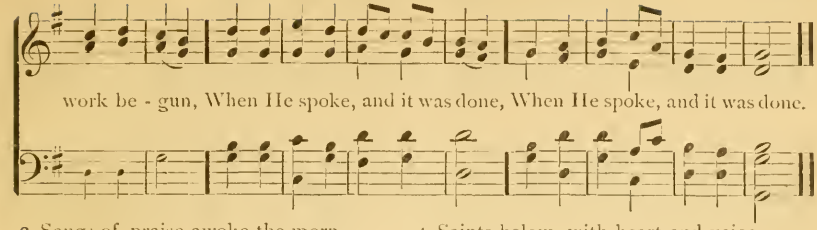
HENDON.

Words by J. Montgomery. Music by Dr. Malan.

1. Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Je-ho-vah's



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born :
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

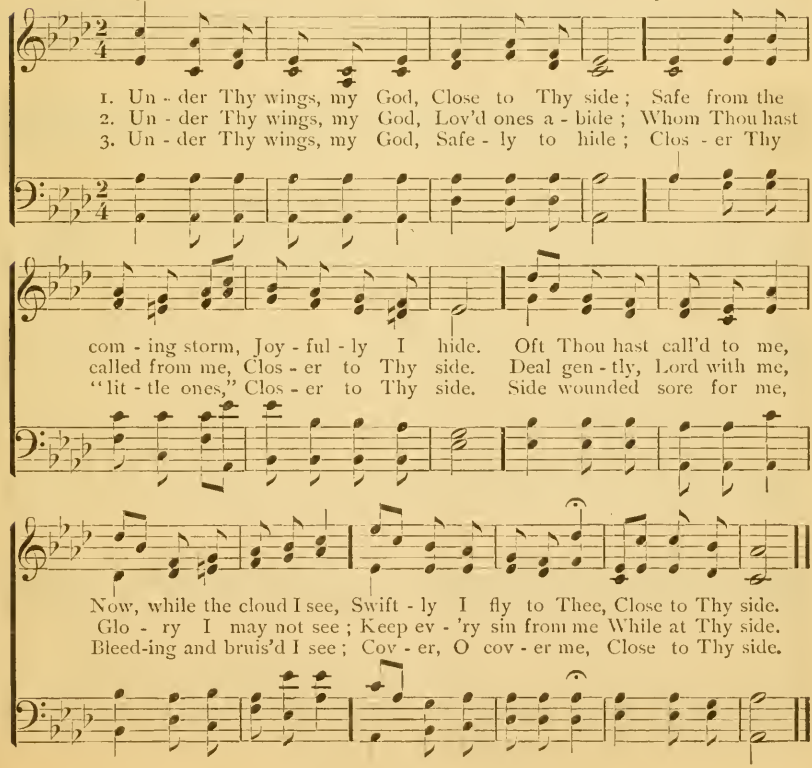
3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heav'ns and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

CLOSE TO THY SIDE.

Words by Alvira Whitney. Music by A. B. Hoag.



EDEN FAIR AND BRIGHT.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH. Music by G. FROELICH.

1. O Par - a - dise! O E - den bright! O could I pierce the veil
2. O Par - a - dise! O E - den bright! When first the earth was born
3. O Par - a - dise! O E - den bright! Thou home of in - no - cence;

That hides thee from my long - ing sight, But earth-ly sens - es fail.
Thou stood'st revealed in heav - en's light With all that could a - dorn:
'Twas sin that winged from earth thy flight And sent thee griev - ing hence.

I know that glorious scenes a - bound With - in thy por - tals fair,
There fair - est flow'rs of rich - est hue On purl - ing wa - ters smiled,
No cher - ub now with flam - ing sword Stands guard be-fore thy gate,

That an - gel's har - mo - nies re - sound And thrill thy balm - y air.
And fruit - age sweet on bran-ches grew, That wav'd in breez - es mild.
But lov - ing an - gels of the Lord Our com - ing long - ing wait.

CHORUS.

O Par - a - dise! O E - den fair! I long to en - ter there;

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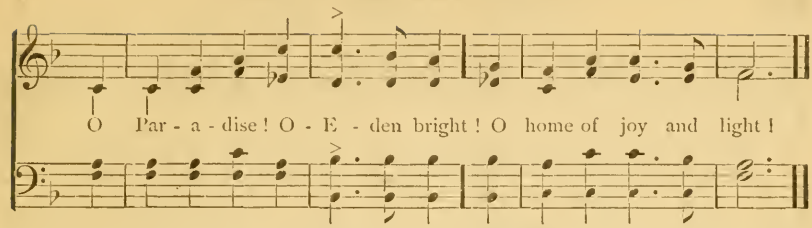
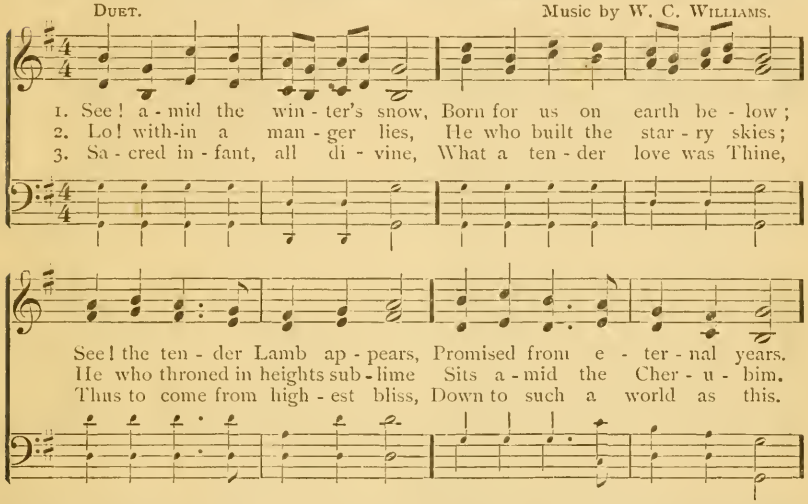
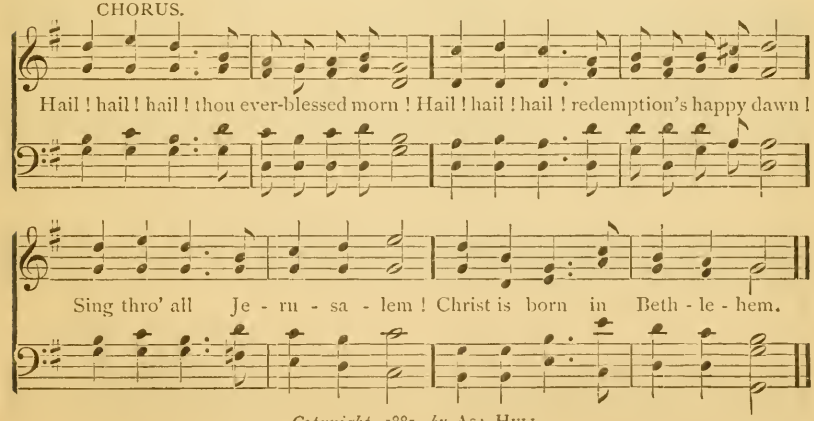


CHRIST IS BORN.

DUET. Music by W. C. WILLIAMS.



CHORUS.



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STAR OF THE EAST.

Words and Music by Asa Hull.

1. Star of the East, O beau-ti- ful star, That brought the wise men from afar;
2. It led where Christ in Bethlehem lay, A might-y Sav-iour born this day;
3. The shepherds saw thy wonderful light, And came to wor-ship Him by night;

Thy wondrous light had been foretold By prophets and seers of old.
A - bove His low - ly bed stood still, While angels proclaimed "Good-will."
The wise men brought their gifts along, And seraphs poured forth their song.

CHORUS.

Star, beau-ti - ful star! Star..... of Beth - le - hem;
Beau - ti - ful star,

p Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star! *f* Star..... of Beth - le - hem;
Beau-ti- ful star

Rit.

p *cres.* Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star!.....
Beau - ti - ful star! beau - ti - ful star!

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THE ANGELS' SONG.

Words by Worth Andrews. Music by J. H. Tenney.

1. Quick-ly the bright an - gel - ic host Descend from heaven to earth;
2. Quick-ly the bright an - gel - ic throng Still car - ry tid - ings sweet;

Glad - ly. where man in sin is lost, They tell a Sav - iour's birth.
Glad - ly they bear the soul a - long Up to the mer - cy - seat.

CHORUS.

"Glo - ry to God!" the an - gels sing, Nor shall their songs be vain;

"Glo - ry to God," shall sweet-ly ring, Till earth shall catch the strain.

3 Quickly the bright angelic wing
The distant azure cleave;
Gladly the heavenly arches ring,
When souls repent and live.
Chorus.—Glory to God, etc.

4 Quickly the tiding pass along,
From earth to heav'n's high dome;
Gladly bright seraphs join the song,
When prodigals come home.
Chorus.—Glory to God, etc.

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LOVE IN THE HEART.

Words by E. Rinehart. Music by Asa Hull.

1. The world is full of beau - ty, When the heart is fill'd with love;
2. 'Tis love that lifts the bur - den, And 'tis love that lights the way;
3. Love cheers the sad - der mo - ments Of our pil - grim-age be - low;

And clear - er skies and bright-er stars Will greet us from a - bove.
She sings her soft - est, sweet - est notes By night as well as day.
And by its wand of mag - ic pow'r Our path-ways bright-er grow.

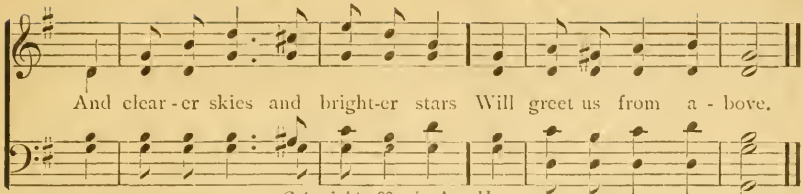
Duet, or Trio. *Alto may sing small notes, omitting the Tenor if prefered.*

The sun sends out its gold - en beams Much brighter in its shin - ing,
When gloom-y shad - ows deep'ning fall, In - stead of sad re - pin - ing,
And pre-cious is the thought, that when Our lat - est sun's de - clin - ing,

And dark-est clouds that o'er us spread, Will have a sil - ver lin - ing.
Looks up and sees that darksome clouds All have a sil - ver lin - ing.
No threat'ning cloud shall then be seen, With-out its sil - ver lin - ing.

CHORUS.

The world is full of beau - ty, When the heart is fill'd with love;



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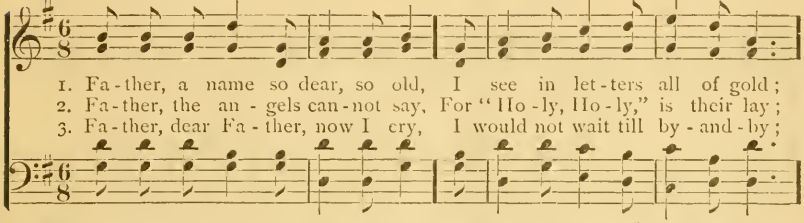
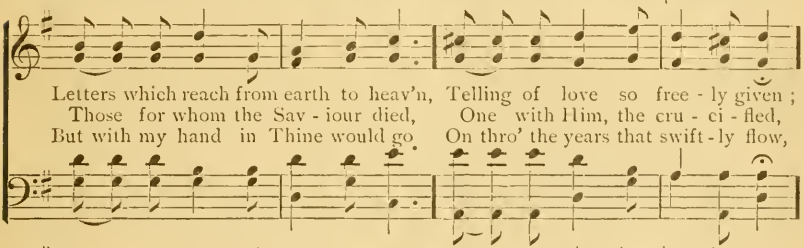
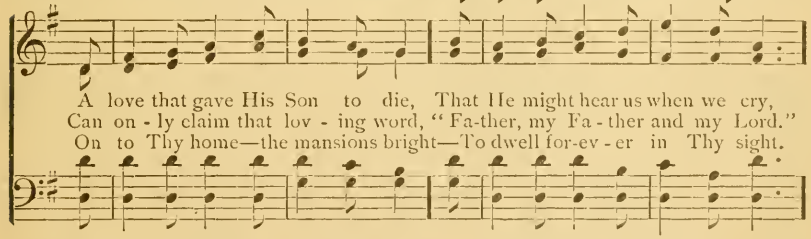
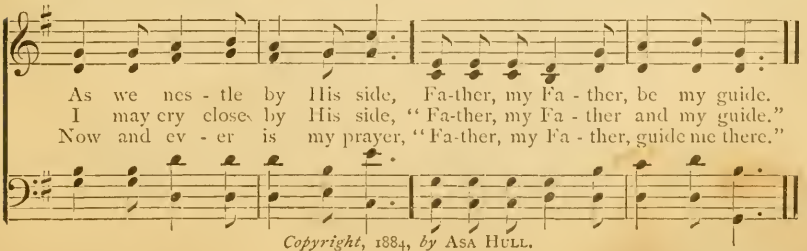
FATHER, MY FATHER.

Words by Lady Liston Foulis. Music by Harry Sanders.









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RESTING IN JESUS.

Words by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Music by J. H. Rosecrans.

1. I am not wea - ry, tho' long is the road Lead - ing to heav - en, my
2. Gen-tly He lead-eth my foot-steps a - right, Out of the darkness and

fu - ture a - bode; On - ward I'm pressing, tho' far from the goal,
in - to the light; E - ven tho' per - ils and dan-gers are near,

D. S. Glad - ly I fol - low my Lord and my King!

Fine. CHORUS.

Rest - ing in Je - sus, the hope of the soul. Rest - ing in Je - sus I
Trust-ing my Sav-iour, O why should I fear!

Ransom'd for - ev - er, I joy - ful - ly sing!

D. S.

faint not nor fall, For trust-ing my Sav-iour no dan-gers ap - pall;

3 All of my burdens He beareth for me,
Tenderly-loving and gracious is He;
He is my comfort, my strength and my stay,
Following Jesus, O how can I stray!—*Chorus.*

4 When through the portals of light I have pass'd,
Safe in the mansions of glory at last,
Joyful hosannas with angels I'll sing,
Ransomed by Jesus, my Lord and my King!—*Chorus.*

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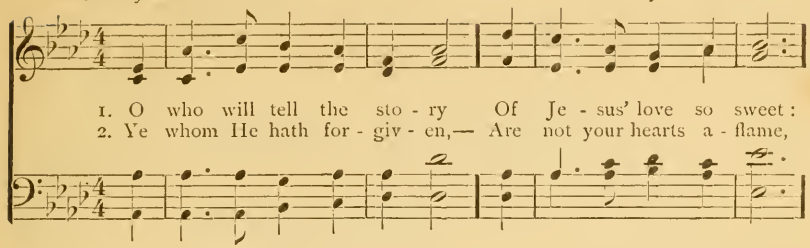
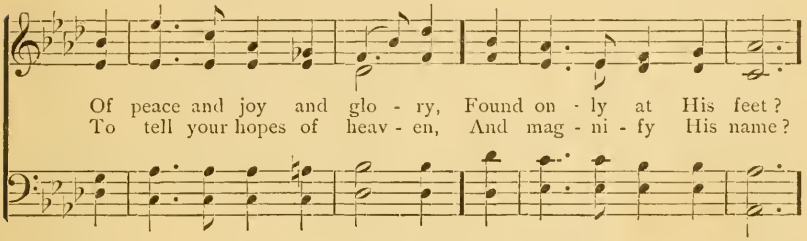
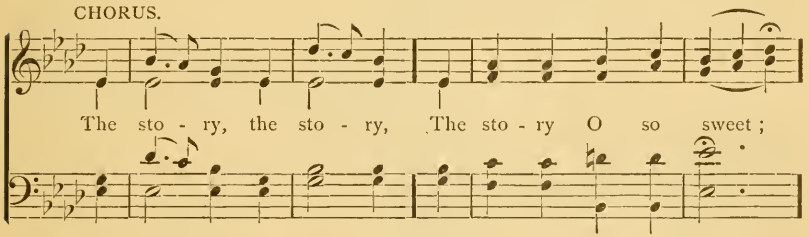
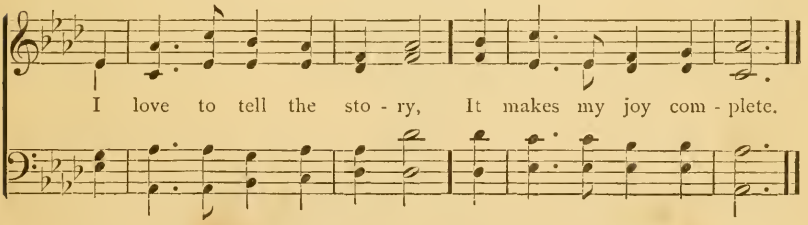
Words by MARIAN FROELICH. Music by G. FROELICH.





CHORUS.





3 Out of the night, He's taken
You into marv'lous light,
Nor has He e'er forsaken,
But led you by His might.
Cho.—The story, etc.

4 His mercies without number
Commend with loving heart,
That sinners wake from slumber,
And choose the better part.
Cho.—The story, etc.

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